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An Autumn Threnody

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LANTS the rain 'cross the seared moorland
 In the midst of whose wastes stand;
 The blast cuts along
 With its piercing song,
 And the clouds race by,
 Twixt me and the sky,
 And the roar of the sea
 Comes a-sounding to me,
 As alone I stand, on the bleak moorland.

Mists of tears fill the mem'ry land
 In the midst of whole wastes I stand,
 All torn is my heart
 With regrets apart,
 And sorrow stands fast
 Twixt me and the past,
 And the voice of the Thief
 Comes a-mocking my grief,
 As alone I stand, in sad mem'ry land.

James Fitzgerald, '13.

The Man Carrier

MARK A. LIES, '13.



At last we fly. We leave mother earth far below us as we speed up, up, up. We journey long distances from city to city, we cross large bodies of water, we turn, we twist, we soar, much like the feathered inhabitants of the sky. At last man has gained his highest ambition, that of conquering the air.

This desire of man to fly has been uppermost in his mind from the very earliest ages. What delightful dreams must the author of that imaginative story of Icarus have had when he could so vividly portray the construction of the wings, the subsequent flight and the sad death of the flyer. Man has erected buildings that tower vauntingly into the sky, he has climbed mountains thousands of feet in height, but he had never launched himself out into the blue and sailed like a ship on a quiet sea. To him, the sky was a place of perfect quiet, where the little birds held sway and whence the lazy clouds looked down upon the toil and bustle of a grimy world. Indeed its pure simplicity had fascinated man and he must needs examine it at close hand.

But what an enormous undertaking had he attempted and what great obstacles were to be overcome! Working with what knowledge science had given him man began to study the air. He found that it was an extremely light element and that, consequently, to sustain a body in it, rapid movements like those of a bird's wings were required. Hence he examined the bird and to his chagrin found that the muscular energy which a bird employs in propelling itself, is many, many times greater, comparatively speaking, than that which a human being could possibly muster. The conclusion compelled man to abandon the idea of flight produced by human power. For even though he could lift himself into the air by means of wings, there was something lacking in his make-up that made his flights last, at best, but a few seconds.

However, Otto Lilienthal, a German, made many short flights with wings which he propelled himself. His flying apparatus consisted of wooden frames, much like the outspread pinions of a bird, covered with cotton drilling. These frames were grasped by the arms, while the feet dangled free for running and jumping. By

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jerking the legs from side to side, a change in direction was secured; while by flapping the wings he was enabled to move forward and on still days even to ascend short distances. Undoubtedly this Lilienthal would have solved the problem of successful flying had his career not been brought to an abrupt end by a fall from one of his machines. He may be said to have been the first man to fly.

Hiram Maxim, the great inventor, proceeded a step farther toward the goal when he installed a glider with a steam engine remarkably powerful for its small size. In this machine Maxim demonstrated the eventual practicability of the flying machine.

In 1896 a Chicagoan by the name of Chanute began the study of the new art and so successful was he that in the summer of the same year he succeeded in making several flights near Chicago. His success seems to have encouraged the study of flying in the United States and various inventors took up the problem with varying results.

But in aeronautics as well as in other fields, the dark horse played a great part. The dark horse, or horses in this case, took the shape of two brothers, who pursued their studies in navigation very quietly near the small city of Dayton, Ohio. These men, independently of other inventors, and with the greatest secrecy, went about their work. The first production was a glider, which is simply an aeroplane devoid of any mechanical power. They had rented a large plat of land, which they had selected both for the seclusion and the levelness of the ground. There, far from the city, they carried on experiments every day just at dusk. They would carry the birdlike structure to the top of some terrace whence they would launch themselves by a running jump, and coast hundreds of feet before settling again on the earth. Each day they corrected any faults they might have noticed in the trials of the preceding day, and after many careful experiments they decided that theirs was a perfect glider.

Their next step was to give their machine power by which a continuous flight might be made, and in selecting a motor they proceeded just as deliberately as they had in the construction of their glider. Of course, an ordinary motor could not be considered, for it was far too heavy and clumsy to propel that delicate contrivance of canvas and wood. No, an entirely new type of motor must be procured, one that for every ten pounds of weight would yield a single horsepower or more. Finally, after many trials, they did secure an extremely light motor and when it had been installed

they made their first successful flight. Even with the flush of their first victory these men guarded their secret so well that, outside of a few staunch friends, scarcely any one learned of the flights. The Wrights, for indeed these were the quiet brothers who are now astonishing the world daily, were determined not to present their aeroplane to the world until they could offer a complete, reliable machine, thoroughly protected by patents.

A year and a half passed; still the Wrights were unheard of, still they pursued their study. As each obstacle presented itself, these model brothers put their heads together and overcame it. In each flight they learned some new phase of aviation. They even went so far as to make a rough chart of the air depressions they had encountered in their trips above their large, level practice field. In fact, they studied their craft and the light element in which they flew, much as the sailor does his vessel and the seas. Such persistence could not go without reward and finally they solved the problem of making short turns in the air, for hitherto they had flown in a straight line. This was their desire. Now were they prepared to exhibit the labor of years. How their invention was received by the world, how success followed upon success, is known by every one, for at present the word "aeroplane" is on every lip.

While nearly everyone has seen an aeroplane, all have seen it at a distance as it was drawn from its tent or as it was driven many feet above their heads. They have seen it only in outline and then it resembled a bird. But to examine one closely, the first question is sure to be, "Where does the aviator sit?"; for wires literally enshroud the whole machine. However, one may discern a spot, surrounded with levers and wires, where the cramped driver nestles as he guides the mechanical bird. One lever by means of pulleys controls the planes used in ascending and descending, the other, those used in making turns. The guiding planes, those which effect the ascent and descent and the turn to the right or the left, are supported on a sort of out-rigging which extends some ten feet in front of the aviator. While these are insignificant in size compared with the main planes, for they measure about twelve square feet to the three hundred of the others, yet they are so important that should they refuse to respond to the slightest touch of the operator, the equilibrium of the whole aeroplane would be affected and an accident surely to occur. The framework is fashioned of light strips of wood or bamboo and is covered with tightly stretched canvas. On account of the frailness of this frame, wires are inter-

woven among the uprights to bear the terrible strain caused by the many jerks and jolts it receives. Then, the propellers, generally one on a light machine, two on a heavier one, resemble great oars, in that they have spoon-like butts. Last, but by far the most interesting part of the whole machine, is the motor. One sees only a compact little apparatus of steel and iron, weighing at the most four hundred pounds, but this ingenious contrivance develops sufficient power to lift its own weight and several hundred additional pounds far into the sky. There you have an aeroplane, for all, simpler than the ordinary automobile.

The possibilities of this air conquering device are bound to increase as it becomes more perfect, and that it is fast reaching the highest state of perfection, has been demonstrated everywhere. A short time ago, an aeroplane would ascend for several minutes and then hastily shoot down to the ground seriously endangering the life of the aviator; but today the machine starts out gracefully, gradually ascends to any desired height, then swoops down in spiral turns until about twenty feet from earth, when it seems to brace itself for the featherlike drop.

Many novel flights have been made both in this country and Europe. The historic old Hudson was traversed several times by Curtiss, who must have caused considerable surprise to the sprites and dwarfs that are said to inhabit the caves in the Kaatskills. In Europe the English Channel was crossed and recrossed without a single landing being made. Indeed, it is now an ordinary feat for Parisians to take a short spin and just for diversion to circle a few times about Eiffel Tower.

But this mastery of the aeroplane does not always prevail. Many lives have been lost in the attempt to perform daring feats. Just recently George Chaves crossed the Alps and was some twenty feet from the ground when, his fingers benumbed by the intense cold he had suffered in the high altitude, he was unable to control his machine and he fell to earth crushed under the weight of his ship. Scarcely less tragic was the death of Leon Delagrangé before a large concourse of people.

Soon, however, are these sad accidents forgotten in the face of daring and successful flights. Very soon after the death of Delagrangé the youthful Brookins attempted the feat of the unfortunate aviator, that of breaking a world's record for altitude and indeed narrowly did he escape death. He rose to a height of over a mile and was still ascending when his engine stopped dead.

Now, in an aeroplane one cannot get out and tinker with the motor, so Brookins did the next best thing, he started to coast down. Think of it! And he did coast down, executing a spiral descent in such an able manner that he came to earth without a jar, very near his original starting point.

Probably the most novel and successful flight ever made was that of Hoxsey, from Springfield to St. Louis, a distance of one hundred and four miles. He started out followed by a train which carried parts for the machine in case of breakage, and a "first aid to the injured corps." But Hoxsey did not wait for the train. He sped on, driven by a favorable wind, at the rate of sixty miles an hour and had soon left the train far behind. Right here he showed great daring for he made a detour from his course which lay over the railroad tracks, to the town of his birth where the people, though they knew he intended to make the trip, never hoped to see him on his way, as the town was miles from his fixed route. They gave him a rousing cheer in their appreciation and he then flew off to resume his way to St. Louis. It had been agreed that the place to land in the city would be designated by bonfires, so Hoxsey, seeing a stream of smoke, promptly descended. The smoke proved to be from the furnaces of a brick kiln. The aviator regained his high altitude again, and again he attempted to search out the landing place. However, as he said, all smoke looked alike to him, he could not distinguish that of the bonfires from any other. In perplexity he determined to land in any suitable open space. He did so in a Country Club where he was directed to the Aviation field. He immediately started his machine again and in a few minutes had arrived at the field where crowds were waiting for him. Such a feat speaks well both for the nerve of the driver and the excellence of his machine.

To sum it all up, man has little else to desire after he has solved the problem of flight. He has the steamship, the railroad train, the automobile and the airship. What other mode of travelling can he devise? None whatever.

A Story of Long Ago

JAMES FITZGERALD, '13.



O you want a story, Robbie? Well! What shall it be—a fairy story, or a funny story, or a sad story, or a story of long ago, or a—A story of long ago? Yes, sir, Bobbie, I have a story of long ago, but I'm afraid it will make you very sad. All right? All right! You sit steady, and I'll fire away!

Long, long years ago, in a far, far off country, there lived a little prince, the only son of the king. And, oh Robbie, he was a dandy lad, tall and slim and handsome and—and, Bobbie, I guess he was about the best little fellow in the whole world! And every day, he used to go among the people, visiting at the humblest cottage—you know, Robbie, he was a real prince; he wasn't a stuck-up fellow at all!—And he used to make friends with the humblest child—it didn't matter if he was a dirty little fellow; the prince didn't mind that. So every one grew to know him and to love him—they couldn't help it, Robbie, he was such a fine little lad.

Now, also, in this country, there was a little princess, the daughter of the king's right-hand general. And, oh Robbie, she was lovely and good and kind-hearted, and—and oh, I guess she was about the best little girl in the whole world. And she, too, was loved by everyone, but most of all, she was loved by the prince, and all the people knew that some day, when he would be their king, she would be their queen.

Well, as the prince grew older, he excelled even his teachers, famous warriors though they were, in horsemanship and swordsmanship and all the deeds of war. Um? Why—why yes, Robbie, he liked his studies and his books—but then, he loved little boys that didn't—just as well.

Meanwhile, as the prince was learning all that a future king should know, his father at the head of his army was extending his kingdom in all directions and was gaining great victories, and the people were glad and proud of his success. And when the young prince joined him in a last great campaign against the combined enemies of the kingdom, countless were the prayers that went up from the hearts of the people for the success of their king and count-

The author told this story in the annual Elocution Contest, May, 1910, and won first place.—Editor.

less, too, were the prayers that went up from the hearts of the children for the safe return of their prince.

And when in a great battle the king fell wounded, and the young prince sprang to his place, and—don't, Robbie, you're pinchin' my arm!—and, the prince sprang to his place, checked the rush of the enemy and led his father's troops to victory and when, the last foe crushed into sullen submission, he returned with his father, boundless was the joy of the people. Wasn't that fine, Bobbie, didn't I tell you he was the best little fellow in the world?

Well, for many days the rejoicing continued, but soon it was rumored that the king was dying from his wound—and he was dying. And the old king called his son to him and told him—

"It isn't so much the wound that's killing me, but the ravages of a dread disease that has long been eating out my strength. And you, too, are in danger of this plague. Moreover, at the news of my approaching death, some of the nations to the north have again revolted, and even now, as you know, my right-hand general, at the head of our choicest troops, is marching against them. This, my son, is a time of grave danger for the kingdom, and I—I'm leaving you to meet it alone. If I should die and if that disease should show itself in you—the last of our line—while my army is away, the nations around must not know it. For if they should, with our army away, they'd rush with one accord to seize this throne, and in the rush, my kingdom, my people and you, my son, would all be crushed.

"So you must be very prudent. You must not go, as of old, so much among the people, that they may not know. And so when I die, I want you not to ascend the throne, but let it be known that you think yourself, as yet, too young to rule; let a regent be appointed to direct affairs till the army returns, and then you may take up the crown in defiance of all our enemies."

Now, the old king said a great many other things, but they were all very sad, and they were things that little boys, Robbie, don't understand. And indeed, the prince didn't understand even these things. He didn't see the reason for all this fear and precaution, but anyway he promised—he was a good boy.

Well, the old king didn't last very long—he died. And the cry rang through the streets "The King is dead! God save the King!" But the little prince told the people that, as he thought himself incapable of ruling that great kingdom in such a time of crisis while yet so young, a regent had been appointed till the danger

would be passed and the great general would have conquered all their foes. Of course the people were disappointed, but they admired the prince more than ever for his wisdom and his prudence.

For a time the prince in the flush of youth and seeming strength, didn't mind so much what his father had told him, but went daily with the princess among the people as before. But soon the visits grew less frequent; then the princess came alone bringing gifts from the prince, who, she said, was engaged in weighty matters of state interest. Um? Why—yes, Bobbie—the princess knew. But she was the only one that did. All the ambassadors, all statesmen, generals, ministers, even the regent himself—none knew the real reason why the prince didn't ascend the throne. But the princess knew—she was a woman, Robbie.

So the prince didn't go among the people any more but he used to sit every day, basking in the sun in the castle gardens. And every day as he sat there he saw the veins of his wrist stand out more clearly, every day he saw the skin shrink tighter to the bones, every evening he leaned more heavily on the arm of the princess as he returned to his chamber. And every day the princess, as she sat beside him, saw his handsome face grow thinner; more and more often she saw that flush come on his cheek, then fade away, leaving that one-time happy, boyish face sallow and haggard. And often when she'd come into the garden in the morning, she'd see him—leaning forward, his hands clutching the arms of his chair, his eyes wide open staring straight ahead, that flush on his cheeks, and she knew he was fighting that worst of foes, despair.

And every day the prince found himself less able to fight; every day as he sat there his heart grew fainter.

The day of the coronation was drawing nearer and nearer. For the old general had again conquered and was even now returning to crown his prince and give his daughter's hand to him in marriage.—You see, Robbie, even the old general didn't know. That was the hardest part—hardly anyone knew. But the prince knew. And he saw that day approaching; he heard his name on the lips of the little children as they tripped past beyond the garden wall; he heard the voices of the people as they went by, talking of the coming coronation and the grand reception they would give their prince, of whose presence they had so long been deprived by such weighty matters of state interest. You see, Bobbie, they never knew, they never even suspected.

Still the prince kept on fighting—fighting far more desperately than ever he'd fought at the head of his father's army. Still did he repel the attacks and inroads of despair upon his heart. But one day when he was thought to be asleep and the physicians and the princess were walking away, he saw the doctor shake his head, and then the princess shake with sobs. His grasp tightened on the arms of the chair—something tightened within him—then it loosened and he sank limply back—and, Bobbie, despair had won!

It was the eve of the coronation and the prince sat alone before the open fire in a great gloomy room of the castle. The priest had just gone and the prince had desired to be alone. And so, he sat gazing into the fire waiting for death. Outside he could see the glare of torches, he could hear the laughter of the people and the sound of joyous music. And, Bobbie, his broken heart and shattered nerves could hardly stand it any longer and he wanted to go to the window and show himself and bid them cease their revelry and pray while their king was dying. But neither disease nor despair had fully conquered that bonny prince, the lesson of self sacrifice was not so easily forgotten. The people mustn't—they must not know!

So he didn't do it, he just stayed where he was looking into the fire. Just think, Bobbie, what he saw there in the flames! Tomorrow held out to him crown, glory, love, life, everything that earth holds dear, and for him there wasn't going to be any morrow!

The princess slipped into the room and sat upon the arm of his chair and waited, and neither spoke. All night long they sat looking into the fire, waiting. Far into the night the people were abroad, for the army had not come and they were beginning to fear something, they dared not think what. But as the night wore away, fainter and fainter grew the sounds outside—then all was still—they were all asleep. But the prince and the princess, they weren't asleep; they were waiting for the prince to go to sleep. All the whole night long they waited and neither spoke—they couldn't—they only looked into the flames and watched the castles, the fairy, childhood castles, they had builded together, crumbling away, crumbling away—and they only waited.

Brighter and brighter it grew outside. The people were beginning to awake, and here and there the first random shouts were heard, "God save the King!"

Inside, the last faint glowing ember in the fireplace flickered and went out. A half cough shook the wasted form of the prince;

he turned his face to the princess, closed his eyes and sank deeper into the chair.

A little while and excited shouts were heard outside; then the muffled regular tramp of feet and distant clank of arms. The shouts grow louder, "The army, the army! God save the King! God save the King!"

But inside, the princess, bending over the prince, was sobbing, "The King is dead! The King is dead!"

That's all, Bobbie!

Progress

The earth yields, and iron is born.
The wheel is turned, the axe is ground,
Forests fall and cities rise,
—Men go debtor to merchandise.

AUGUSTINE J. BOWE, '10.

Memories in Exile

T

HE day glory dying,
The vesper-tide lying
Along the vale like a calm on the sea,
The velvet dusk creeping
Through the woodland sleeping,
The drowsy languor of life on the lea,
The sweet curfew calling,
The night shadows falling,—
It all cometh back in exile to me !
My heart ever turneth
To dwell, as it yearneth,
In that dear land—a memory.

T. Q. B., '10.

A Day on the Hudson

L. FREDERICK HAPPEL, '11.



WASHINGTON IRVING, the American traveler, to whom all the marvels and beauties, all the grandeur and sublimity of foreign scenery were familiar, wrote of his native land: "On no country have the charms of nature been more prodigally lavished. Her mighty lakes, like oceans of liquid silver; her mountains, with their bright aerial tints; her valleys, teeming with wild fertility; her tremendous cataracts thundering in their solitudes; her broad, deep rivers, rolling in solemn silence to the ocean; her trackless forests, where vegetation puts forth all its magnificence; her skies, kindling with the magic of summer clouds and glorious sunshine; no, never need an American look beyond his own country for the sublime and beautiful of natural scenery." And Washington Irving, the American author, turned from the Alps and the Rhine and the mystic Black Forest, when he sought a setting for the masterpieces of his shorter works, "Rip Van Winkle" and "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow," and located them in the heart of his own state. For there were mountains, with their bright aerial tints; valleys teeming with wild fertility; a broad, deep river, rolling in solemn silence to the ocean; skies kindling with the magic of summer clouds and glorious sunshine; and he chose for his setting the Kaatskills, the Highlands and the banks of the Hudson.

Oh, what a region that is! What a wealth of beautiful scenery, what a treasury of historic spots, what a store of legends and folk-lore it contains! And the effect it has upon the traveler! A sense of littleness fills his soul when he gazes up to the high mountain tops and down on the murky, green waters of the river, that bespeak its great depth; a fervour of patriotism glows in his breast when he beholds the scenes so intimately connected with our struggle for freedom. A spirit of awe creeps over him when he listens to the legends of the peaks and the valleys, of the glens and the water-falls. This region is the fairy-land of America.

One morning last August I had the good fortune to be aboard a steamer that squirmed its way out of a crowded dock of New York City and turned its prow up the Hudson. We dodged several freight and passenger ferries, passed a cruiser and a torpedo-boat

lying at anchor in the stream, slipped past excursion and ocean liners and were soon in the less crowded waters of the Upper End. We got a glimpse of the Soldiers and Sailors' Monument, the imposing tomb of President Grant and the seemingly endless chain of high apartment buildings along River Side Drive. However, the day was dark and drizzly and a cloud of mist hung over the city, so that the marvelous, but then dull, leaden-grey sky line of Greater New York was soon lost to view. Along the west bank, the Palisades at once commence, a solid, unbroken wall of brown fluted rock that towers up from the water. The east bank is less perpendicular and the high bluffs are dotted with mansions, ivy-clad and old, and convents and sanitariums, resting like white doves on the green, verdurous heights.

Before long we came in sight of Yonkers, a town of about 60,000 souls and but 25 miles from New York, rising up from the river's edge, its houses seeming to rest one upon another as they climb the steep rock shore. And this morning, radiant in the light of an August sun, Yonkers greeted us; for the fog had lifted, the grey covering had been torn from the heavens and the skies were "kindling with the magic of summer clouds and glorious sunshine."

After a short stop to take aboard a few passengers we continued on our course up the river, between banks where the hills of smiling green swelled gently one above another; through a region which Hendrick Hudson, the first white man to view its grandeur, called "as fair a land as can be trodden by the foot of man." But what a change time has wrought since the "Half Moon" was borne up the stream by the morning tide and wafted along by the evening breeze! The deer-skin wigwam has been replaced by the canvas tent; the bark canoe by the trim motor-boat; the painted warrior by the sun-burnt vacationist. Where many a tepee village lay is now a thriving town, and along the Indian trail, over which the red-man strode, the white man guides his iron steed and mars the primitive magnificence of the scene.

Standing in the bow of the boat, I saw in the distance a bluff rise up in the very path of the river which apparently terminated there. And though we approached ever closer and the bluff grew in size till it loomed high above us, I could find no trace of the channel. Finally when we were at its very foot and it seemed as though we were going to run directly into the rocky bank, I beheld the river curve gracefully about the base of this monster hill. Scarcely half a mile farther on there was another bend and then

another, till the waters seemed like a huge, silver-scaled reptile whose hulk filled the valleys and lay curled about the mountains.

After rounding still another such bend we got our first glimpse of West Point, lying on the left bank of the stream. But only a moment did we have to view its beauty, for the boat docked and we had to go ashore. The wharf is built out over the water and there is scarcely room between the base of the cliff and the river's edge for the railroad and a narrow wagon-way. The former, a few rods farther on, tunnels underneath the bluffs which there rise out of the water, and the latter mounts up to the Administration Building, where stone steps lead to the Academy grounds above.

On reaching the top of these steps the panorama of the entire Academy grounds and buildings is unfolded before us. I arrived just in time to see the long line of white-trousered cadets marching into the mess hall. The sturdy young men, quick and accurate in movement, regular in step, alert, erect, bespeak the great value of a military training.

The panorama of the Academy campus and buildings is a wonderful one. The majority of the buildings are of a grey granite-like stone, the newer ones, of course, more massive and stately than those erected half a century ago. To the right of the Administration Building and opposite it are the Academy Building, the Mess Hall and the old or South Barracks. Across the way from these lies the parade grounds, where the entire Cadet Corps were encamped. Cullom Hall and several lesser buildings are situated immediately above the river, while the splendid gymnasium stands farther down. But the most beautiful of all the buildings is the imposing New Chapel, a gem of architecture, resting away up on the hillside and towering above its surroundings. The roof of the new or North Barracks seems from a distance to support its base. Near the Chapel are the Observatory and the Library. The officers' homes lie scattered along the various roads and to the north, and south of the Academy grounds are the barracks of the regular troops. The batteries where the cadets are taught to handle the big guns are beyond the parade grounds and command a long stretch of the river below.

Several monuments dot the campus; one in memory of General Sedgwick; another in honor of Major Dade; a third, the Kosciusko's Monument, to commemorate the bravery of the Pole who directed the fortification of West Point during the Revolution. Then there is the Battle Monument, erected "To the memory of the

officers and men of the Regular Army of the United States who fell in battle during the War of the Rebellion" by their surviving comrades.

About the monument are grouped the trophies of many encounters, cannons of all sizes and from several nations, which our troops captured in the various battles of the wars of the young Republic. Here also lies a part of the great chain which was stretched across the Hudson at West Point in 1778 to block the progress of the British fleets. The average weight of each link is 105 pounds and two years were required by the Sterling Iron Works to complete it on account of the crude machinery then in use.

About four-thirty o'clock, while I was reading the inscription on the "Battle Monument," I heard the "Assembly" sounded at the infantry barracks below. Prompted by curiosity I went thither and arrived in time to see the long line formed. They were, I was told, "service men," and instead of the regulation light blue of the infantry, their uniforms were decorated with a cream colored braid. All seemed elderly men, some grey-haired and bearded. When the roll had been called they marched up to the little Catholic Church at West Point. This lies at the fork of several roads on a little mound with precipitous sides. One of the roads ascends to a pathway that leads to the church door, another goes toward the parade grounds and a third winds gracefully along the ledge of the bluff. When we arrived a troop of colored cavalry and a company of engineers were already stationed there. A few moments later the West Point Band and Fife and Drum Corps arrived and took a position near by.

I was wondering what the purpose of this manœuvre might be, when I saw a gun carriage drawn by six splendid horses slowly turn a bend in the road. The carriage was draped in black and in place of the cannon it bore a coffin covered with the Stars and Stripes. On either side walked the pallbearers and behind marched a squad of infantrymen with their guns over their shoulders, the only armed men in the assembly.

When the funeral hove in sight the band played, softly and sweetly, the beautiful melody to which the words of "Nearer, My God, to Thee," have been set. Oh, how impressive, how touching that music was! It seemed to reach into one's very heart and touch there a strange chord of sorrow and sympathy.

On reaching the church, the coffin was lifted from the carriage and carried within. A few visitors entered then, but the

escort remained outside. The priest performed the ceremonies that the Church prescribes, but he spoke no word of consolation, for there were no mourners to console.

When the coffin had again been strapped to the gun carriage, the band played the "Funeral March" and started with slow tread along the road that led around the edge of the bluff. The carriage followed; then the firing squad and then the escort fell in line. As the solemn funeral cortege moved slowly along, children stopped in their play and gazed curiously on, women wiped their eyes and men bared their heads.

It was a short march. Another bend in the road revealed the beautiful cemetery. The escort was formed in two long lines from the gate to the spot of burial. Then the coffin was again lifted from the carriage, and, followed by the firing squad, was borne between the stolid columns and placed beside the open grave. The priest again sprinkled it with holy water and murmured a few short prayers.

All was silent for a moment. Then the low, yet distinct order of the sergeant in command of the firing squad was heard:

"Load with blank cartridges!"

There was a click and then another, as the chambers were opened and shut.

"Aim high!"

The men lifted their rifles to their shoulders and pointed the muzzles at the tree-crowned heights above.

"Fire!"

The stillness was rent with a loud report. A second later, a thousand more, mellowed and softened by distance, rolled back from the hills on all sides. Another volley was fired; then a third; and each wakened again a thousand echoes that drifted back in rapid succession.

Then from the ranks of the band a bugler stepped forth, his glistening instrument in his hand. At the head of the open grave he stopped, paused an instant, lifted his bugle to his lips and blew the sweetest of martial calls, "taps." The music seemed to come, not from the instrument's mouth but from the rifted clouds, gorgeous at sunset, above the western bluffs. The notes, pure and rounded, flowed one upon another like a stream of molten gold, and the echoes rose again from vale and grove and glen to die in the beauty of the heavens and to "faint on hill or field or river."

Music so sweet and stirring brought tears to the eyes of the

strangers grouped about this friendless soldier's grave, and the faces of his comrades twitched as they endeavored to hide their emotion.

Then they marched away, all of them, and the crowd followed, but I remained behind for a moment to admire the beauty of the spot given this man as a tomb. Above him the hills rose, rock-ribbed and rugged; beneath, the majestic Hudson flowed with a solemn, ceaseless ebb. It was a spot which, since the flight of time began, nature had destined as the final resting place of man.

I arrived at the parade grounds just in time to see the flash of the evening gun and hear its roar. From the highlands about, the legions of the gnomes answered the salute. Then from the top of the slender pole where it had fluttered all day in the breeze, Old Glory floated to the ground, while the long line of white and grey cadets, with their glistening buckles and belt plates, stood unmoved and silent.

After the dress parade I strolled about among the buildings and grounds, till a shrill whistle from the river below announced the coming of the last boat. I hurried down to the landing and got there as the great steamer's gang-plank was shoved out. By this time the shadows had crept across the waters, touched the other bank and crawled up the farther rugged sides, till they reached the wooded summits. The last light of day had faded; the stars multiplied and twinkled ever brighter and brighter. I took a chair on the upper deck and gazed across at the opposite shore. Above the black mass of the hills the sky was lit with a shimmering, silvery light and slowly the full, perfect August moon rose from the mystic valleys beyond. And then, each dimple in the rippled surface of the waters became a cup of phosphorescent liquid, which every moment was spilled over the brim and trickled for an instant over the rim of blackness about, before it darted with its brightness to the depths below.

But this fairyland scene was not to last forever. One by one the stars were hid and the moon climbed behind a bank of clouds. Then a mist drove across the waters, and the rain followed. The unpleasant weather of the morning again settled over the Hudson and the highlands, and I was driven into the cabin, after having spent a day amidst the richest landscape and witnessed the impressive ceremony of an old warrior's burial.

Barney's Sacrifice

THOMAS J. O'BRIEN, '12.



BARNEY gazed thoughtfully, even savagely, out of the little window of the Hamilton Athletic Club's dressing room, upon a surging, feverish crowd banked densely around a football field. For ten minutes he had so stood, with one foot crossing the other, his elbows on the small sill and his chin resting vindictively in his hands.

"They tried to foul me, the cowards!" he finally murmured to himself; "they tried to foul me; and that after all the games I've won for Hamilton," he added slowly.

Indeed, Captain Barney Keegan, of the Hamilton Athletic Club, had beaten Morrell and many other formidable elevens, in times past. For when the contests were even, or Hamilton flagging, it was generally Barney who saved the day. It had been so, especially the year before, when Captain Keegan's steady, smashing attacks and tireless and fierce aggressiveness, had finally pierced the opposing line for the only score. And the game today was with Morrell. How he longed for the struggle!

But at present Barney was crushed, dispirited and sick. For the week before Hamilton had lost its first game, and curiously enough, its captain was instrumental in the losing. He had not been himself that day, and besides, Dorothy was watching him, and in his over-anxiety to please her, he had bungled and played foolishly. And today, her brother, Ray Gunning, would oppose him as captain of Morrell.

This fact, and Barney's poor showing in the last game, had given Al Morton the opportunity he had long sought. For by his superior playing and generalship, the present captain of Hamilton had deposed Al, some time before, and here was the chance to even matters. Consequently, at the club meeting that week, Morton brought up the Morrell game and its importance, and incidentally the recent defeat. Barney, of course, was the object of attack; and besides belittling him, Morton made an odious accusation to the effect that the captain of Hamilton was going to throw the Morrell game to Ray Gunning, Dorothy's brother. All knew of Barney's friendship for the girl, and from a few, Morton's adherents swelled in number to quite a following, for there was much money and

honor at stake in the coming game, and any rumor quickly gained credence and swayed the crowd at its pleasure. But in fact Dorothy would disdain to have a friend stoop to such a deed, and besides, her brother Ray had, in the first place, ever been envious of Barney's ability in captaining his team, and furthermore, Barney's infatuation for Dorothy had rendered him exceptionally odious to Gunning. But Barney would have lost his captaincy had not his team mates, who knew his sterling qualities, stood by him; while Danny Casey, the fiery little quarter, delivered an earnest eulogizing speech in his defense. Thus when the result was announced Barney had won, but by merely two votes. He, however, had heard the news only the night before the game, and, shocked and humiliated, he had brooded over it ever since.

And now, five minutes before playtime, Barney looked darkly on the scene before him, debating whether to play or resign. And as he cast his eyes slowly about he observed the squared-off field and its quota of practicing players. He saw the double line of people crushed close against the long stretch of railing that kept them from rushing on to the field.

His eyes somehow fastened themselves on that railing. It was a stout one, about three feet high and laid on thick posts placed some ten feet apart, while another strip of timber nailed midway from the ground completed the barrier. There was a small stand at the farther end, but the people preferably watched the game from behind these railings, which were flush with the playing ground. Barney had always thought this "deadline," as he called it, extremely dangerous, and had witnessed many narrow escapes and quite a few injuries result from contact with those boards. Today he involuntarily shuddered as he thought of crashing into one of those posts. Just then he observed the Hamilton men coming down from the opposite end of the field with Danny Casey driving them through signals. Big McChesney was playing in Barney's place at half and twice he saw him miss simple signals and then the eleven stopped.

The start was now overdue and the crowd restless, and Barney saw the little quarter look anxiously towards the dressing room. Then he heard a "rah-rah-rah!" with "Keegan!" at the end, and far down the field he thought he saw a golden-haired miss, leaning out over the railing and waving a large "H" banner in his direction.

Barney was anxious and excited, but his jaw set with resolution. He would prove his worth this day and show that he had honor.

Danny was the first to meet him and a look of relief swept over his face as he shook his hand. Ray Gunning, captain of Morrell, approached, and Barney, ignoring his remarks about the delay of Hamilton's captain, called for a coin. He won the toss and chose the south goal. On his way up his eyes fell on Dorothy and he approached her. "We thought you were never coming," she said sweetly. "I do hope neither you nor Ray get hurt, and I pray that he controls his temper," and she cast an anxious inquiring look at Barney, who smiled and moved away to take his place.

* * * * *

The last quarter was almost over and Morrell still ahead 3 to 0, scored from the field by Gunning's toe. And now both teams were fighting savagely, doggedly contesting every inch of ground. But Hamilton was slowly wavering; bit by bit they gave way.

Barney all through the game had fought brilliantly. He was in every play, sustained every attack and received every bruise and kick with grim disregard. He was opening Hamilton's eyes and forcing the false accusations down the throats that had framed them.

And now he was most needed. Morrell's backs, Gunning was one, formed a veritable battering ram and tore great gaps in Hamilton's defense. Barney shouted himself hoarse and plunged into every play, but to no avail. Morrell was gaining.

But on Hamilton's twenty-yard line the tide turned. Barney, ever watchful, intercepted a forward pass and carried the ball to mid-field. Hamilton's rooters were now mad with excitement as they saw a chance to tie. Barney had prayed for this chance, and now he would show his metal. He carried the ball for first down, then the other backs, Hicks and Marshall, failed, and the work again fell to him. How hot his blood was as he heard Danny call his signal! Once, twice, three times he crashed and plunged through Morrell's line, and the third time, with half the team clinging to him, he planted the ball over for the first touch-down.

Pandemonium broke loose and Barney's heart leaped as he heard his name shouted and cheered. But all was not yet over. With but five minutes to play in the gathering gloom of the autumn evening, Hamilton kicked off and Morrell carried back ten yards. Two plays through the line failed and then the crisis came.

On a fake punt formation, the ball was snapped and thrown swiftly and unerringly into the waiting hands of Ray Gunning, who had moved unobserved to the other side of the field.

Luckily, Barney had played back on the expected punt and now he saw Gunning, close to the railing, flying like the wind towards victory. With a tigerish bound he made for him, straining every tired muscle in his body as he raced. Half way to the goal he was almost beside Gunning, who still hugged the railing and not daring to change his course. Then Barney gathered himself for a final lunge, and, as he did so, he happened to glance sideways and his heart sank, for there, not three feet away from them was the fence, the "dead line" he had so much feared. For an instant he delayed to tackle—Gunning could fall but one way—towards the boards, and heaven only knew the result. Another moment's hesitation and all would be lost. Barney glanced at the crowd—it was eager, breathless, expectant, all eyes centered on him, and asking in silence, "Would he fail them?"

Then he seemed to feel his arms clutching the legs of his opponent, to hear the dull thud of his falling body, and he fancied himself carried aloft amid the cheers of the maddened multitude, as the hero of the day and the strength of the Hamilton eleven.

But then again he fancied a bleeding, huddled mass in mole-skins, close against the fence; and now over Gunning's prostrate form, a familiar face, pale, pleading and fearful, looking into his.

Barney stopped motionless. Then a weakness crept through his limbs, his head drooped wearily, and as he saw Ray Gunning cross the goal line, he turned and limply staggered across the field.

A Case of Specializing

PHILIP J. CARLIN, '11.



AMONG the many educational works of recent publication, there is one which deserves special attention. Its contents form an answer to the interrogatory title: What Have the Greeks Done for Modern Civilization? and the erudition it contains will amply repay a careful perusal. The author, John Pentland Mahaffy, of Trinity College, Dublin, is eminently qualified to give to the student world a volume of this kind, as he is a past master in the knowledge of things Grecian. Besides possessing an enviable reputation as a scholar and lecturer, Mr. Mahaffy enjoys the honor of having his name enrolled more than once in the world's foremost libraries. The best years of his career have been almost exclusively devoted to the study of Greece, its people and their accomplishments; and for this reason, we are assured beforehand that neither talent nor labor have been spared in perfecting this full expression of his favorite theory.

Its aim is to prove that modern civilization owes a great and lasting debt to the ancient Greeks. In Mr. Mahaffy's opinion, they were not only the cream of civilized nations but the chief instrument in moulding the civilization which we now enjoy. He proceeds to establish this conviction from all possible standpoints. After an introductory passage, in which he lays the foundations of his argument, he enters upon the proof proper by showing the superiority of the Greeks in letters. He cites the signal aid rendered by them to Architecture, Painting, Sculpture and Music; marks the importance of the part they played in fashioning the present standards of Politics, Sociology and Law; enumerates their immortal contributions to Grammar, Logic, Mathematics and Medicine; and concludes with a detailed proof of their intellectual ability which has built the frameworks of Philosophy and Theology. Each phase of the question receives thorough treatment.

Apart from the extensive research manifested in every chapter, the work possesses considerable value as a literary effort. The thought is generally good and at times noble, presented in a style which possesses richness and fluency. By skilfully introducing, here and there, a pleasing digression he renders the whole interesting reading.

But there is something else which cannot be overlooked. The more one considers the many excellent qualities of the production, the more one regrets that the lash of censure must be applied. To begin with, Mr. Mahaffy overestimates the debt that civilization owes to the Greeks, and ignores that which civilization owes to Christianity. These defects are glaring in themselves, but become mild in the view of the strain of rank anti-Christianity which pervades the whole work, and saps its great vital power—truth. Confining ourselves to the introduction—the groundwork of his argument, we find that he actually deplores Christianity as a hindrance to the progress of early civilization. He writes: “When Greek culture returned to the Romans, mark the sudden and astonishing change. It was at once discovered that the Romanised culture of previous centuries had degenerated from the nobler types; that new influences from the north had, in architecture and in art, altered its purity; that the gloomy splendor of Dante, the mightiest outcome of the middle ages, had put the cheerfulness and light out of Greek life with a cruel and relentless creed. With the return of Hellenic serenity, there was no doubt much irreligion and paganism associated, but even to that point, a revolt against the spiritual tyranny of the Roman Church cannot be regretted by those who refuse to believe that men can only be kept from crime by threatening them with greater crime—I mean the infliction of eternal torture on any sentient being.”

It is an unfortunate circumstance that men of such intelligence and learning should suffer their petty prejudices to creep into their writings.

There is but one logical reason for it all. Most men of this straitened judgment are specialists, who have enslaved their fine intellects and driven them along a single path of so-called single study, and closed them to other and essential things. Narrow minds, dwarfed judgment, distorted opinion, are consequences—regrettable, indeed, but inevitable.

Tasks

(Rondeau)



OUR trifling tasks each passing day
Sweet patience waste, calm courage flay;
And souls that stand 'neath felling blows
Succumb to paltry, daily woes,
As Vulcan-welded rocks decay
Beneath the dripping waterway.
More might than 'rupting hills have they—
Those pitiless and restless foes,
Our trifling tasks.

O spirit mine—be blithe, be gay;
Dear heart, be cheerful in the fray;
With little graces God bestows
We'll gain rare strength, enjoy repose,
And courage, vaunting, oversway
Our trifling tasks.

Louis H. Rockett, '11.

Cloudland



ON a warm, sultry afternoon in August, I moored my canoe into the genial shade of a white-barked birch tree. It was a delightful day. All nature seemed to be at rest; the bees hummed and droned in the verdant clover on the bank, the wind sighed through the tree-tops, and the sun danced and played on the lapping waters, that sparkled and gleamed in its light. My skiff gently rocked and swayed on the dancing waves and the sighing of the winds and the drone of the bees, all seemed to be humming a lullaby, which sounded strangely familiar. I nestled comfortably, my half-shut eyes resting on a beautiful cloud of purest white. But it suddenly seemed to fade from my vision, the bees ceased to hum, the wind no longer sighed, and all was silent.

Could this be a dream? Surely it must be true! I am wafted upward into the infinite blue. Up! Up! I soar, as on the wings of the wind. I look down and see a tiny speck far, far below me. Can that be earth? That tiny speck? I had no time to answer, for a feathery blanket is all around me, and the speck is gone and I am on the edge of Cloudland.

As I stood before the pearly gates, conjecturing what I would find within, they suddenly opened, and there, arrayed in garments of purest white, stood Cumulus, my old friend, whom I had been watching from my boat below. "Welcome! Welcome!" he cried, "I have been ordered by the King to guide you through our fair land."

On entering I found myself immediately surrounded by a large crowd of enthusiastic inhabitants, who greeted me with shouts of joy. The entire place was in a furor of excitement and the streets through which we passed were ablaze with color. From the gate I was escorted by a guard of honor to a throne of deepest blue, covered with the royal robes of white; and as soon as I was seated, a long procession unwound itself before me. At its head walked Cumulus and following him in one long line of brilliant tints, came all the inhabitants of the land, some clothed in white, purple, and blue, others in gold, and crimson, lined with silver and precious stones. Here and there scattered through this sea of varied hues were large black Thunder-Clouds, scudding along and towering

over all; but each, as it drew near me, bowed low and proceeded. It was a long procession and when all had passed, they gathered in the distance in a rainbow of gorgeous colors. While I was still wondering why all this honor was paid me, my friend Cumulus uttered a word of command, and the rainbow parted. Through this opening my guide conducted me to a long, dark wall, and with the words, "Farewell, my friend, I must leave you now, hither comes Prince Aeolus," he vanished in a whirling mass of vapor.

My new guide was a tall, breezy sort of individual, who appeared very much pleased to see me, for he gave me a most hearty greeting. "I am Prince Aeolus," he said, "and will guide you through our country!" Having entered, the gate in the wall closed with a bang, and my ears began to hum with a soft, whispering sound, which growing in intensity, rose until it ended in a long drawn-out shriek that echoed and re-echoed over the vapor-formed hills. I had reached the Land of the Winds.

Again all was silent, save for that low, whispering melody, which rose and fell, like a funeral dirge. I was greeted by some of the inhabitants, who spoke in low whispers, and whose words were soft and gentle. One in particular sounded like a babbling brook. We passed along in silence, when suddenly, like the boom of cannon in the depth of night, we heard a terrific roaring, long, deep, and continuous. The winds were rushing to greet us, all speaking at once in deep, gruff, sonorous voices, blending into one great deafening clamor, which was anything but melodious. I later learned that we were in Thunder Cloud Country; that the inhabitants were deaf, and thought it necessary to speak so loudly in order to be heard.

After an uneventful journey, we found ourselves in a most beautiful park, owned by the Drones or Zephyrs. It was a veritable fairy land. The breezes whispered softly through the tree-tops, birds sang sweet songs, and along the babbling brook, which rolled happily onward, grew great beds of delicate white flowers and fields of roses, purer than the freshly fallen snow, enmeshed in long, silky ferns, which waved and swung in the gentle breeze. All was quiet, and everywhere pervaded the sweet perfume of the roses, whose fragrant breath woos one to sleep. Even as I gazed, my head grew tired, my eyes heavy, and I would have fallen asleep, had not my guide grasped my arm, and drawing me gently onward, whispered, "Now we leave this country, and our next stop will be in Bluster Land."

Bluster Land! What a queer name! But queerer still were the country and the people I found there. Stretching away from the gate, at which we stood, to the outer wall, was a tall, dark pass. We entered, and down the path came a terrible puff of wind, which almost brought us to a stop. But Aeolus bade me not to fear. "There is no danger," he said. "Look! there are the Blusterers!" Sure enough, on the crest of a high hill, which reared itself like a sentinel at the end of the pass, stood all the inhabitants of the land. They were dressed in black, and watching us closely. Then, again came that chilling blast of wind, and as we struggled on, I looked at the Blusterers and saw them laughing merrily at our discomfiture. Their cheeks were puffed and swollen, and all but hid their great, saucer-like eyes, which were red, and bloodshot. They had changed their rude manner now, and after giving us a hearty cheer, led us to the Royal Gardens. The trees there were bent by the constant blowing of the Blusterers until they resembled huge hoops, that on closer inspection, were seen to be covered with thorns. This seemed to be an obstacle in our path, but we walked on, and as we reached the grove, the thorns vanished, the trees straightened, and we passed through a beautiful forest.

In the center of this garden was a lake whose waters were of inky blackness, and around its edge, bent like the trees, grew a profusion of almost black flowers. Aeolus plucked one, and to my surprise, the waters became clear as crystal, the flowers around grew brighter, and in his hand he held a beautiful red rose. Then suddenly, as we journeyed on, there loomed up before us a huge stone wall, over whose top could be seen the glittering spires of the castle. But how could we pass the wall? Before I could form an answer Aeolus had touched it with his magic wand, and before us stood the royal palace of the king. All around it, arranged in most fantastic shapes, grew the most beautiful flowers, clusters of varicolored roses, and soft-bellied gentians, while here and there, with beautiful heads raised to greet us, were fragrant calla lilies, white, pure, and spotless. His Majesty, a jovial fellow, came out to greet us, and in a hearty voice, said, "Enter friends! What think you of my land? It seems a mean place, but we do not like cowardly visitors, and, as only the brave can pass our breast-works, you are heartily welcome!" We thanked the king, and after some time continued our journey, determined to renew our visit to Bluster Land.

We walked for a long while in silence, and after we had passed

through a dense wood, I turned to speak to my companion, but to my surprise, found that he had forsaken me. I was alone—alone in that lonely land! Behind me was a dark forest, before me—a void filled with a heavy, impenetrable mist. As I stood, lost in that mysterious country, undecided which way to turn, there came from out the gloom an icy blast of wind, that chilled me to the bone, and filled me with terror as it sighed and moaned through the trees behind me. Slowly the mist lifted and I found myself in a deep valley, surrounded by high, wooded hills. It was a most desolate scene. The valley was deserted, the earth bare and stony. The air was damp, almost clammy, and the trees, covered with mold, were in the last stages of decay. The sky was overcast with clouds of a dull, leaden hue, and a dark gloom brooded over the scene. Still I proceeded and was not surprised to see, rising out of the mist, the tall shafts of countless tombstones. It was the graveyard of the Winds. My heart sank, and my blood chilled, as I peered through the latticed gate, and saw the skeletons and wrecks of the dead Winds. It was a sight to fill one with horror. Stalking wantonly about among the graves and the fallen tombstones were tall, gaunt forms, clothed in funeral robes of black, which hung loosely from their emaciated figures. Their cheeks were hollow, their eyes, once bright, but now sunken into their sockets, were dull and lustreless. They seemed mere shadows, making no sound, save a low, sepulchral moan, which sounded like the voice of despair.

It was growing darker, the tombstones cast deeper and deeper shadows, and the mists were again rising from the valley. When I reached the brow of the hill, I looked back. A pale, cheerless moon, hanging low in the heavens, had cast its beams upon this scene of the dead, and sifting through the branches of the weeping willows, withered and stripped of their foliage, had touched the spires of the monuments with its sickly light, and revealed a thousand spectre forms, prostrate in the sleep of death on a thousand graves. A passing cloud hid all from view and I was in total darkness. Groping blindly about, I suddenly felt myself falling. Down, down I rushed, gaining in speed at every second until, with a loud splash, I stopped. My eyes slowly open, yet I cannot see—it must be night! My foot feels strained, and heavy. It had slipped down from the gunwale of the boat, and falling into the water, caused the splash, which ended my strange, yet eventful dream.

JOSEPH J. GUBBINS,
Third High C.

Driftwood

*The Jester's term of rest is o'er;
His Cap and Bells are shining.
He'll strive to please as oft of yore
With quips of patent lining.*

*The hearty laugh he longs to spread
With wit that oft impedes one;
He'll try, at least, to forge ahead—
Forsooth, he sadly needs one.*

Yea, friends, the jester sneaks guiltily into your august presence, cherishing the fighting hope that he may, through your kind indulgence, extract a giggle, or, maybe two—but no! let us not construct castles in the ether. Be kind to him, friends, and laugh not sardonically when his jokes be openly poor, for that is the very most unkindest cut of all (*Shakes.—Julia Caesar, Act 2, Scene 3*). Smile, we entreat, though your thumbs do ache to throttle him; but when his work is done, wound not his tender feelings by weeping streams of quasi joy upon his collar and sobbing out your thanks. Nay, humor him, for he does need humoring.

Now there he is; we leave him to your mercy.

THE GLEANERS

A Delightful Musical Farce.

CAST.

A troupe of litterateurs.

OvertureSchneider's Band

Act I, Scene I—or II (immaterial). Curtain rises (this, to facilitate view of stage). A sumptuously furnished room of condensed proportions. Furniture occupied mostly by pedal extremities, partly by journalists in the bud.

Enter Editor.

Editor—"How many have copy ready?"

Chorus—

Editor—"I say, is there any copy ready?"

Chorus—

Editor (with stinging sarcasm)—"Are you gentlemen aware this paper goes to press to-morrow?"

Academy—"Why, you see, we haven't—that is, we have our ideas but—but, well, we haven't them, ah—in—exactly—in shape as yet."

Editor—"Well, you'd better have them, soon!"

(Exit Editor in high dudgeon.)

Business of getting settled to earnest work. Hurried production of pens and paper, followed by vigorous scratching.

Society Editor (after fifteen minutes, consumed in clawing his hair, biting his lip and wrinkling up his ivory brow)—"I have one!"

Sporting Editor (rising excitedly)—"Let me out! I was in here when he had the last one!"

Societies—"No, but really, this is a good one I have this time."

Sport. (resignedly)—"Well, go ahead and have it, then."

Societies—"Well, I'll read it, but I'm afraid I can't quite do it justice for——"

Associate Editor (snatching paper from him and reading, coldly)—

"When the leaves

Begin to fall,

All the swallows leave the eaves;

Summer's death Dame Nature grieves—

All the farmers bind their sheaves

And pile pumpkins 'long the wall

When the leaves

Begin to fall."

Manager—"Fine! Remarkable play of words. Just like Holmes!"

Societies (modestly)—"Thanks! But do you really think it is at all like Holmes? You know I read him a great deal. Oh, I dearly love Holmes!"

Sports. (with hand on door knob)—"Ah, yes! Holmes, sweet Holmes!"

(Exit Sports.)

College Notes (blotting his paper with a satisfied smile)—"There, I guess that's not bad."

Exchanges—"Let us hear, and we'll pass on it."

Notes (rising and coming down center; amid softened lights, low music and things, he reads)—

"Fortune Favors the Virtuous."

"'Tis a grewsome tale, I tell."

"'Twas in Howling Thirst it happened. Howling Thirst was not a metropolis; not a city; it was not even a town. It was a saloon with a few straggling houses clustered thirstily about it.

"Bill ran the saloon. Black-haired Bill, whose one aim in life was to satisfy that howling thirst; Bill, whose fame about that country was for his pride in his liquor, for his courtesy to strangers, and for his deftness with knife or gun. Never a stranger came to Howling Thirst but drank his first drink on Bill—or died.

"It was round-up time and the saloon had been empty for a week, Bill was lonesome. He hadn't treated in a month, nor in all that time had he once pulled his gun. So he sat sullenly behind his bar and nursed his grouch like some fearsome giant of old. A stillness hung o'er everything. Bill mused. He longed for a target; the fates smiled and sent him one.

"There had been no sound, or else Bill had not heard, but there, across the bar, smiled sweetly at him a slim, immaculate fellow, with head uncovered, holding his hat in his hand and bowing.

Bill rose hastily. He forgot his usual courteous manner in his eagerness to seize the opportunity and hold it fast. Without a word, he pulled from beneath the bar, a bottle in which sparkled a fiery liquor; from the shelf he took a glass and filled it to the brim. And as his hand slipped to his belt, he shoved the drink across the bar and whispered. "Drink on me, pard!"

The drummer, for such he was, smiled sweeter still and murmured, "Thanks, you know, but I don't indulge. I would like, though, a glass of soda-water."

Bill scowled, "That there's soda-water, young fellow!"

The youth's smile reached its height of sweetness—poor, guileless, unsuspecting youth.

"That red stuff? Why that's rum!" Bill scowled still fiercer.

"Stranger, that ain't rum. It's soda-water, I tell ye!"

"Why no, that's rum, you—"

He was looking into the barrel of an ugly gun, while Bill, his scowl at its fiercest, queried—

"I say that's rum. Am I a liar?"

The youth hesitated a moment—then he took the gun from Bill's hand and threw it against the wall. Reaching over, he took Bill by the throat, dragged him across the bar and threw him against the wall. But the end is not yet. Bill rises and closes with the youth in deadly struggle. They stagger about the room. 'Tis a desperate fight and for a long time victory smiles on neither one. For an age, it seems, they wrestle about the bar-room, locked in desperate embrace.

But now the end is come. Gathering the remnants of his strength for a last effort, the drummer bends the huge form of his foe across his knee. The sweat comes out on the giant's face in heavy drops; the youth's veins stand out like chords upon his brow. Farther and farther the form is bent, then—something snaps! It is Bill's heart! The drummer has literally broken the heart of his adversary. Bill's hold relaxes, and he slips to the floor. His form quivers and lies still.

The young man gazes a moment on the prostrate form, then, lifting the bottle from the bar, he holds it at arm's length and speaks:

"Oh, rum, thou devil's agent! To what an end have you brought this man, your dispenser! And you, thou ruffian, you would force me drink—you would, with this vile concoction, force me taint my lips. I—I, who was always most faithful to my Sunday-school class; I, who ever saved my pennies for the heathen missions; I, the model of my community—it is I, you would force! But ah, how fortune favors the virtuous, and to what end have you come!" He pauses, then—

(Enter Sports.)

"But, thou wert a worthy foe. And thus in your own kind will I pay to thee my last respects."

So saying, he poured down upon the raven locks of lifeless Jim, the scarlet liquor—to the last drop he poured it. He stood an instant gazing down, then all at once, his eyes sprang wide open, he stared wildly at the label on the bottle in his hand, flung it from him, and rushed madly from the place and was never seen again in Howling Thirst.

Back on the floor of the saloon lay Bill, but how he was changed! His hair, once raven black, was now a stark staring red! No wonder the drummer had fled so wildly! What awful miracle was here!

And would you believe it? That virtuous drummer went back to Indiana, bought a car-load of that same brand of rum, and opened a hair-dyeing establishment—and today he's a millionaire.

(Loud applause for sake of appearances, interrupted by Sports, who breaks into a hearty laugh.)

Sports—"Say fellows, here is what I call a considerable joke. Listen: the other day a cross-looking individual upon entering a department store was accosted by an effervescing young salesman, as follows—"Would you care to look at some suitings and overcoatings, sir?" Whereupon, said individual answered gruffly: 'No, but if you'll show me the way to the drug department, I'd like to buy some pillings and porous plasterings.'"

(Business of laughter. Alumnus, a pessimist, quietly takes from the shelf, a volume entitled, The Collegian, 1899-1900. Opens and reads aloud.)

Alumnus—"The other day a cross-looking individual, upon entering a department—" *(Interrupted by loud shouts.)* "After him men!"

(Melee.)

(Excitement specialties. Music—Rah-d-da-da-da, Rah-d-da-da-da, Rah-Dah—Brrrrrr—Ching-Biff—Bom-Bom. "Sports" escapes after a lively tussle. Music ceases. The cast sits down as before.)

Societies—*(As the Poet rises and moves toward door)*—"Where are you going?"

Poet—"Out!"

Societies—"Oh! how stupid of me! I labored under the impression that you were coming in. Where's your copy?"

Poet—*(Tapping his coat)*—"Right here."

Societies—"Would you afford us the pleasure of hearing you peruse it?"

Poet—"Certainly. But it isn't very good.

(Reads)

"What is wrong with papa, mother?

He was talking in his sleep,

Saying, 'He'd have smothered that one

If he'd only played it deep.'"

"Nothing's wrong with papa, honey,

Nothing grave, my little man;

Papa's just been betting money—

Papa is a baseball fan."

"Papa's late for supper, mother,
 We are awful hungry, too.
 Wonder has he got run over?
 We're a-gettin' 'fraid, ain't you?"
 "Don't be frightened little dearies,
 Papa'll come soon as he can.
 Papa's team has won the series—
 Papa is a baseball fan."

Exchanges—Fertile brains there. You're a wonder, Po. But let me read a little story I wrote. As our modest friend, the Poet, says, 'It isn't very good,' but, well here it is."

(Reads)

"HOW THE GOATSHEAD STAKES WERE—"

"The old Colonel was in the stables, which once had housed the finest collection of thoroughbreds in Kentucky, but now contained one, the last of the magnificent animals. It was the old story. Heavy losses in the ponies and pinochle had brought the Colonel to the brink of financial ruin, and his only salvation lay in winning tomorrow's race. Should Silver Belle lose, the mortgage on the old mansion would foreclose; the Colonel would be thrust upon the world—a pauper, and his lovely daughter—why, she would be dead just one year.

"The old Colonel was talking to his jockey: 'Well, Jimmy, you must win tomorrow or—— He was too full of—of emotion to say more. 'Cunnel,' said Jimmy, 'we will win. The mare's got the stuff in her to win and she knows me. We'll win sure, Cunnel!'"

* * * * *

(Music—A Gallop—Drum solo—duc duc-a duc duc-a-duc duc-a duc.)

"'They're off!—No!—Yes!!'

"Down the first lap, well bunched, with Golden Rod a length in the lead, they fly. Now, they're passing the judges' stand and a mighty tumult of applause bursts forth, as the favorite, Cordova, flashes to the front ahead of Golden Rod.

"Gradually they struggle along the track led by six or seven, who set a terrific pace, which cannot last. A second time they pass the judges' stand, Cordova leading, with Golden Rod and Etta K running neck and neck. Three lengths behind is Silver Belle, her

rider tugging on the reins. But what means the cheering? Ah! Gray Bonnet, lately holding fifth place, has spurred ahead of Silver Belle, and as they twin in upon the home stretch, Blue Bonnet forges to the leading group with killing speed.

"But now is Jimmy's time. He leans forward over the glossy neck of his steed and speaks to her. One hundred yards remain and Silver Belle fairly flies over the turf. Cordova has dropped behind. Half a length between Silver Belle and Golden Rod, who is running third. Now for that grand final effort. Jimmy croons to his beautiful animal and she leaps toward the wire. So do the others, only faster. Consequently Silver Belle arrives somewhat late, though a close fourth.

AFTERWORD.

"The Colonel, whose name is not mentioned, lest scandal arise, keeps the coyote off his piazza, by acting as cashier in the village store. And Jimmy still retains a certain degree of affluence as owner of a paper route."

(Door opens. Enter Editor.)

Editor—"Hand in all copy now!"

(All on stage join hands—a time-honored custom.)

(Ensemble. Final curtain.)

JAMES FITZGERALD, '13; PHILIP J. CARLIN, '11.

The St. Ignatius Collegian

Published Quarterly by the Undergraduates of Loyola University.

The purpose of the St. Ignatius Collegian is to foster literary effort in the students of the present to chronicle all matters of interest pertaining to the Loyola University and to serve as a means of intercommunication with students of the past. The active co-operation of students, friends and Alumni will enable the Collegian to attain its threefold aim.

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VOL X.

CHICAGO, ILL., NOVEMBER 1910

No. 1.

Editorial

This November issue marks the tenth year of the ST. IGNATIUS COLLEGIAN'S existence, and in all probability its last as a college publication. With the birth of Loyola University, THE STAFF new fields, broader in their scope, have been opened, and into them the COLLEGIAN will enter, representing St. Ignatius College merely as a department. For the greater journal, we predict a brilliant future and are assured that it will become a power in the realm of educational journalism. We, the editors for the ensuing year, feel, therefore, a certain degree of honor in forming probably the staff of the last COLLEGIAN, and trust our humble abilities will maintain the standard that former years have bequeathed to us.

Commencement in June, 1910, played havoc with the editorial force. Nine new men have been appointed to fill the vacancies, while but two of last year's staff remain to aid in governing the paper for another term. The office of editor-in-chief, which is less laborious in sound than in reality, will be held by Philip J. Carlin, '11, who will also conduct the Exchange column. The Business of

the paper will be managed with tried ability by L. Frederick Happel, '11, with the assistance of Earl B. Healy, '13, whose energy and temperament well qualify him to promote the circulation. The record of College Notes will be kept by James Fitzgerald, '13, of literary fame within the college and elsewhere. Thomas J. O'Brien, '12, will chronicle Alumni events, while George J. Zahringer, '13, will report Society's happenings. Mark A. Lies, as an all-round man, will sustain the role of Associate Editor. Academy Notes will receive special attention this year, equipped with a duo of editors, Aaron J. Colnon, and John J. Fitzgerald. Two new departments have been opened and two Alumni assigned to them. Augustine J. Bowe, '10, will edit Law Notes, and Bohumil E. Pechous, '10, will keep us in touch with the Medical College.

With the foregoing group of select writers the COLLEGIAN launches forward upon another term, depending not a little upon you, dear readers and subscribers, to insure for it a safe and prosperous voyage.

P. J. C.

Two very respectable families and their friends arranged a "Marathon." The course was to run through life, and there were to be three or four stages in the race. Graduation night was to end one, middle age another, senility a third and the grave the last. The contestants were to be the eldest sons of each household. Jimmie Grit, of the plain and quiet family of Mr. William Grit, was not very gifted intellectually nor very prepossessing, but he had a strong sense of personal responsibility that made him desire to profit by every opportunity offered him and to become a man—if not of affluence and renown—at least of respectability and influence. Reginald Lounger, the other runner, was gifted above the ordinary boy, athletic, quick and intelligent and handsome. He was certainly well equipped to win life's long and dubious race. However, he was lacking in energy and personal ambition, and loved the shadier side of the road. But the outcome of the contest was, in the minds of most friends and onlookers, evident—humorously evident.

Poor Jimmie lagged behind frightfully from the very beginning of the school-period of the "Marathon," and friends on both sides clamored to have the event cancelled. Reginald was indifferent, but Jimmie vigorously vetoed the proposition. The race continued. The situation was ridiculous in Reginald's eyes, and

he sauntered about interesting himself in many matters of little import and eschewing with contempt the labors of study, self-conquest, fidelity in his little duties at school, and all thought of storing up power for later periods in the race. He went so far in this attitude, that interested friends began to give earnest warnings and to have confidential chats with Reg—as he was familiarly called. But he only laughed and said—"Wait. I'll show you later what's in me."

Jimmie completed his years of school life honorably, while Reg slipped through without much difficulty.

When the next period of the race had come to an end, Jimmie was well established in life and his future of old age, should there be one, was well provided for. He had had many bitter trials, disheartening experiences, and losses both financial and in his home circle. But he was esteemed by all men for his sterling worth, his energy; and the influence he possessed over his fellow-men and the community at large, was strong and healthy.

With Reginald, however, there was a difference. He always remained a pleasant fellow and was liked by all for his good nature. He made a fair living, but there was a great deal of shiftlessness and indecision in his make-up, and whatever did not succeed at first attempt, he abandoned for something else.

But somehow, life went agreeably for Reg. Perhaps this was because he never aimed very high, and was satisfied to have and do no more than sufficed for present enjoyment. Jimmie's many difficulties seemed to prove that the earnest and conscientious man borrows all the pains and sorrows of life and leaves none for the easy-going and make-shift individual. At any rate, Reg thought this the case and acted accordingly.

But in the more serious affairs of life, Reg was not considered by his fellow-citizens. Measures for progress, for moral or political purity in the community, matters regarding personal integrity and reliability, were cared for and treated without consulting him. He was a good enough fellow, they said, but then—

Old age came. Jimmie lived in his old Hill Manse a peaceful and honored life, a man whose influence had widened out to all classes of men and beyond the confines of his own home city. He was a Nestor—hoary, beloved, respected. Reginald went about earning coins in various ways, and in hard times had remembered

his old school-mate on the hill—not without profit. He had gambled at odd periods, had started business for himself several times, and had been clerk, confidential secretary, traveling salesman and a man of leisure in turns. He was best known among the passing strangers, demagogues and loungers of the town. These men, it is true, knew Jimmie too, but then their acquaintance with the two men differed appreciably.

Death ended the "Marathon".

"I never knew a more honorable man, a stronger willed individual, a man whom you trusted more and looked to, one you more desired to have as a near friend, than this James Grit, to whose funeral the town-folk are flocking today in respect and reverence and sorrow. His demise is indeed a loss for our city," said many.

And one said—"Oh, yes, he was a kind hearted fellow, but rather too negative, you know. Why, I remember him and Mr. Grit as boys at school. Reg never turned a hand to anything. His father was a hard-working man and comfortably well-to-do, and he gave Reg every advantage possible. Yes, Reg was good in games of all sort; and even in his studies he showed up pretty well—in exams, I mean. During the term he never did a tap; hard work was against the grain with him, and he was a past master at shirking work of all kinds. And he had plenty of education—well, Mr. Grit did too, for all that, but it made a man of him. But Reg—well, may the Lord pity him! There are armies of men of his stamp, but few of Mr. Grit's kind, I'll tell you."

PETER MISIAK.

The shock of the news that Peter Misiak whom we had seen but the evening before, had been cruelly injured while on his way to school, Tuesday morning, October 11th, filled all hearts with sudden sorrow. And when we learned of his death at noon, many wept, for our little classmate was so quiet and obliging, so cheerful, so careful of his words, so reliable a student, that he had made many friends and we were proud to have him a member of our division.

Peter Misiak was crushed under a moving car and died in the County Hospital before his parents could reach his bedside. He received the last Sacraments and bravely bore the great pains he suffered. He was courageous in the face of death, for he had lived his short life well, and was a faithful member of the Junior Sodality and also of the Eucharistic League.

The funeral was from the church of St. Mary's of Perpetual Help, and was attended by the members of the class and several friends from the College. The members of First High C, have had several Masses said for the soul of their former friend and fellow-student, and extend to the afflicted parents and brother of Peter Misiak, their sympathy and prayers.

EDWARD DUFFY, First High C.

University Chronicle

College Notes

On Tuesday, September 13th, the Mass of the Holy Ghost for the success of the new school year was celebrated by Father John A. Weiland, assisted by Father John J. Masterson, Deacon, Mr. S. H. Horine, Sub-Deacon. MASS OF THE HOLY GHOST The sermon was preached by Father Senn. Mass over, the remainder of the morning was given to the reading of the Rules, while the afternoon was granted to the students as the first holiday of the year.

Cardinal Vanutelli, papal delegate to the Eucharistic Congress, paid a hurried visit to St. Ignatius on September 26. It is to be regretted that the majority of the students were, on account of the late hour of his visit, unable to greet his eminence.

The morning of Sept. 30th brought a pleasant surprise for the students. Father Vaughan, the renowned London Jesuit, about whom all had heard and read so much, was FATHER VAUGHAN to speak at Mass. And Father Vaughan spoke. From his very first words, by his simple, friendly manner, by his quiet humor and by his eloquence, he won his way to the heart of every boy present, and I doubt if one of them will, for a long time, forget his parting words, "Meet me at the threshold of our eternal home. I will be waiting there to greet you from Chicago!"

The landing of Columbus was commemorated at St. Ignatius, by a concert and grand entertainment in the College Hall, Tuesday afternoon, Oct. 11th. Every number on the program, COLUMBUS DAY so ably arranged by Mr. Muehlman, was enthusiastically cheered, but by far the greatest "hit" of the day was scored by Fr. Rector through a simple little announcement. This was the old favorite which no one can give quite like Fr. Rector, and which never grows old, but which ever, at each repetition, calls forth applause, louder and more resounding. Fr. Rector evidently realizes the fact for he saves this, his own special number, for very, very great occasions.

But, anyway, next day, Wednesday, the twelfth, we enjoyed the first holiday of the year. Thus must a new discovery be credited to the memory of him who sought the way to India—a way into the hearts of St. Ignatius students.

One of the first objects to draw the attention of the returning students this fall, was a pile of dark lumber in the southeast corner of the yard. For a few days it lay untouched, but THE soon through the efforts of a group of earnest work- GRANDSTAND men it took the form of a sturdy, compact grandstand—a remnant of the historic old White Sox bleachers. Old bleachers—you who have resounded to the shouts and rocked beneath the feet of so many thousands, and have seen in your day so many doughty heroes of the diamond pass,—you have, yourself, now passed into the land of memories! May the shades of the loyal strong-lunged “fans” urge on Ignatius warriors and impart to them a little of that spirit which still clings round you—the spirit of nineteen-six.

This year further equipment has been added to the already elaborate chemical outfit, and classes, under the direction of Mr. Muehlman, have been busily at work for the last two months. CHEMISTRY A course in regular college chemistry is being taught and the students display an unusual interest in their work. There is scarcely an evening after class on which one or more earnest youths cannot be found working zealously in the laboratory. This indeed speaks well for the students' interest in their work and certainly augurs well for a most successful year in chemistry.

Not to be in the least outdone, the old lecture room and cabinet in the Physics Department have transformed themselves into new and splendidly equipped lecture hall and laboratory. PHYSICS The High School “Seniors” now invade these once exclusive regions, for courses in Mechanics, Light, Heat and Electricity.

JAMES FITZGERALD, '13.

Law Notes

Some four or five years ago, when the plans for the new university were still in the offing, at a banquet of the S. I. C. Alumni Association, a toast was proposed to a prospective Catholic law school in this city. Plans were discussed; attorneys, among the ablest at the Chicago Bar pledged their support and their services to the Jesuits, who were to conduct the new school.

After a year's persistent effort on the part of those interested in the idea the doors of the Lincoln College of Law were opened in September of 1908. A suite of rooms was chosen on the eleventh floor of the Ashland Block (the school has since been removed to the sixth), and classes were begun with an enrollment of about fifty students in the first and second years of law.

The officers of the school were at that time: Rev. A. J. Burrows, S. J., President, Hon. Wm. Dillon, LL. D., Dean, and Mr. Arnold D. McMahon, LL. B. Secretary. The same officers still hold their respective positions.

While the Lincoln Law School was always controlled by the Jesuits, and considered as one with St. Ignatius College, it was not until a charter had been granted to our new university that the school became officially known as "The Law Department of Loyola University." For various reasons, but chiefly to emphasize its distinction over the many unaffiliated law schools in Chicago, the name "Lincoln College of Law" has been abandoned for the official title as above stated.

The attendance has increased steadily from the first, and we have at present almost one hundred students enrolled for the current term. Seven LL. B. degrees were conferred in June 1910, on students that had given up their work in other schools to finish the last two years of their course with Loyola University. Besides the seven, however, one of the students, Mr. Edward J. Sinnott, who had completed two years of his studies at Lincoln Law School, took the State Bar examination and passed, thus accomplishing what many have failed to do at the end of three years' work.

There are twenty-five in this year's class, and the prospects for next year and the year after are even larger.

The sessions of the department are held in the evening, from 6:30 to 9:30, which, besides its advantages to the student, enables

the institution to have at its disposal the services of the ablest and most successful attorneys in the city.

First year work has been commenced this term with a course in Elementary and Constitutional Law, by James Hartnett, Esq., and a course in contracts by Arnold D. McMahon, A. M., LL. B. Second year work has begun with Francis E. Croarkin, LL. D., on Real Property; Ferdinand Goss, LL. B., on Evidence, and Julian C. Ryer, LL. B., on Partnerships. The Hon. William Dillon, LL. D., and Patrick H. O'Donnell, LL. D., have opened the third year's work with respective courses in Corporations and Practice and Procedure.

The faculty we think, speaks for itself. The student-body, too, is far in advance of the average in Chicago. Fifty-two are college men, of whom half have received A. B. degrees; thirty others have diplomas from academies or high-schools. Colleges in Illinois, Kansas, Ohio, Kentucky, Missouri, Michigan, Indiana, Wisconsin, District of Columbia, Massachusetts and Ireland; high-schools, academies and gymnasia in Kentucky, Illinois, Minnesota, Massachusetts, Austria and Bohemia have sent representatives to the Loyola College of Law.

In closing we are pleased to announce that a debate between the Law Department of Creighton University, Omaha, Neb., and our own Loyola Law is being arranged for the early part of January. It has so long been the desire to establish such relations with schools of recognized standing that the news should be received with a proper appreciation of its meaning to our school.

„

AUGUSTINE J. BOWE, '10.

Medicine

The forty-third regular term of the Bennett Medical College, commenced formally Tuesday, September 20th, at 8 o'clock in the evening. The faculty, students and many friends of the school assembled in the lower amphitheatre, which was filled to overflowing.

In the introductory address, the Dean, William F. Waugh, M. D., disclosed the aim of the College and spoke of the facilities it offered for a thorough education, while the Rev. President Alexander J. Burrowes, S. J., pointed out the advantages accruing to the Bennett College of Medicine from its affiliation with Loyola University. Dr. John D. Robertson, Dr. Jacob F. Burkholder, Junior Dean, Dr. William Rittenhouse and Dr. Henry F. Lewis, followed with short addresses. Rev. Henry S. Spaulding, S. J., Director of the Affiliated Work of Loyola, was the last speaker of the evening, and in his address, invited all the students to interest themselves in the athletic activities of the University, and urged the faculty, the students and the friends of the school, to give hearty support to the team during its first and, therefore, necessarily difficult season.

On the Friday following, the annual class rush of the Freshmen and Sophomores was held. The opening attack seemed likely to prove a Waterloo for the first year men, but as the battle progressed, the Sophomores were gradually beaten back, and when the dust of the contest cleared, the men of '14 had conquered, and they exultingly attached the first scalp to their belts.

Mr. Paul Muehlmann, Professor of Chemistry and Mathematics at St. Ignatius' College, is at the head of the Chemical Department in the Medical School, while Mr. W. H. Agnew, also of St. Ignatius, has begun a course of lectures on Physics as an introduction to the Freshmen's work in Chemistry, which is soon to follow. In these lectures the matter has been so clearly and concisely presented by Mr. Muehlmann and Mr. Agnew that the students are aroused to great interest in these courses.

Bohumil E. Pechous of the class of 1910, and Leo G. Hogan of Fourth Year High, are the only St. Ignatians attending the College of Medicine.

A strong university spirit has grown up here at Bennett Medical. This was evidenced at the recent football game that was played at Lake Forest. The students met at the college and, in a body, pro-

ceeded to the Northwestern train for Lake Forest. Arrived there they marched abreast, with a drummer boy at their head heralding them, to the campus where they made the woods resound with Loyola yells. That was the Loyola U. spirit! It encouraged those who fought for the honor of Loyola's first team. Three cheers for the Medics!!!

The directors of the Bennett Medical announce that Dr. W. A. Newman Dorland, lately of the Philadelphia Polyclinic, has been secured as a member of the staff. The coming of Dr. Dorland is a distinctly welcome event, as he is a member of many medical societies; an author of acknowledged capabilities, as his medical dictionary is used in every school of medicine throughout the land; and the writer of the brochure, "The Age of Mental Vitality," in which he answers Dr. Osler; and of the published works, "American Pocket Medical Dictionary," "Illustrated Medical Dictionary," "Syllabus of Gynecology," etc.

The literary activities of the members of the medical staff are great. Professor Edwin Pynchon of the Department of Otology, Dr. Seth Bishop, Professor of Laryngology, Dr. Amie Hendreck, Dr. Douglas Payne, Dr. David Lieberthal, and especially Dr. William Waugh, Dean of the College, have contributed regularly to various medical publications, besides being the authors of text books and treatises. Drs. Seth Bishop and Edwin Pynchon are the inventors of several useful instruments for surgical purposes.

BOHUMIL E. PECHOUS, '10.

Alumni Notes

Thursday, November 17th, the Alumni Association will hold a meeting at the College. Special efforts have been made to secure the comfort, entertainment and enjoyment of all who attend. To jot down a few items: The Very
AN ALUMNI SMOKER Rev. Francis C. Kelly, D. D., President of the Church Extension Society, will give a talk on "The College Man in Public Life." Mr. Richard H. Little, the famous war correspondent of the *Chicago Tribune* during the Russo-Japanese War, will give a Travelogue. Mr. Thomas A. O'Shaughnessy, the noted newspaper artist, will give a Chalk Talk. Musical numbers will be given by Messrs. Austin, Torney, James J. Murphy, Michael McGovern, Edward O'Grady and Fenton McEvoy and a Reading by Ray J. Binder and a Monologue by John Ponie.

President Joseph Finn will preside with dignity, grace and joviality. Refreshments and Loyola cigars will enliven the intervals.

No seats reserved after 8 o'clock.

THE COMMITTEE.

An interesting coincidence which brought four St. Ignatius alumni together, occurred on Wednesday evening, September 14th, at a benefit entertainment held in St. Ailbe's parish hall, 92nd street and Washington avenue. The entertainment was given in the interests of St. Ailbe's Church, of which the Rev. J. A. Glennon, '77-'84, is the pastor. Fr. Glennon conducted the program, to which numbers were contributed by the Reverend Bernard C. Heeney, '86-'88, and the Reverend Timothy O'Shea, '88-'94, of Holy Angels Parish, and Thomas Q. Beesley, of the class of 1910.

Rev. Thomas E. Wallace, Junior class of '86, is entering upon the fourth year of his vice-presidency at the St. Louis University.

Rev. William P. Whelan has the chair of Medical Jurisprudence at the Creighton University, Omaha. He has held the office of Dean of the Graduate Courses for the last three or four years.

At the coming November meeting of the Missouri College Union at William Jewell College, Liberty, Mo., Rev. Joseph P. Conroy, S. J., '88, will read a paper on "The Spiritual Care of Boys." Father Conroy has been professor of English and Latin at

the St. Louis University for several years past, and holds the important office of Spiritual Director of all the students.

Rev. Walter G. Cornell, S. J., '89, for several years professor at St. Ignatius College, was ordained priest last June in St. Francis Xavier's Church, St. Louis, by His Grace, Archbishop Glennon. His first Mass was sung in the new Jesuit church on Devon and Evanston avenues, Chicago, July 3rd, in the presence of relatives and many friends. The well-known missionary and former pastor of St. Ignatius Church, Fr. J. Rosswinkle, S. J., assisted as Deacon and delivered the sermon.

Rev. Gilbert Garraghan is professor of English in the Jesuit House of Studies, Florissant, Mo.

Rev. Francis X. Breen, has been transferred from his office of Assistant Vice-President at St. Mary's College, Kansas, to a professorship in Creighton University, Omaha.

The Catholic weekly, "America," numbers among its editors two alumni of the College—Rev. Michael O'Connor, '77, and Rev. James J. Daly, '90.

Dr. Edward F. Garraghan's ('95) success as a specialist in diseases of the eye has recently been publicly acknowledged by an appointment as Assistant Surgeon in the Eye Department of the Illinois Charitable Eye and Ear Infirmary, a hospital that is one of the largest eye clinics in the world. Dr. Garraghan has been practicing for several years, with offices in the Columbus Memorial Building. About a year ago he accepted the Clinical Professorship of Otology in the Bennett Medical College of Loyola University.

Wednesday, October 26th, at 9 o'clock, in St. Patrick's Church, Mr. Thomas P. Lilly and Miss Genevieve M. Sullivan were married by Archbishop Patrick W. Riordan. His Grace is an uncle of the bridegroom and has just returned from Rome. Mr. and Mrs. Lilly have gone, it is said, to the South for a six weeks' honeymoon. Mr. Lilly was a member of Humanities class '98.

Formerly a member of the faculty of St. Ignatius College and later a professor in the Parker School of Chicago, Louis Mercier, '00, now holds the chair of Romance Languages in the Wisconsin University. The scholarly attainments of Mr. Mercier and his success and varied experience as a professor in past years, cause his friends to anticipate a brilliant career for him at the university at Madison.

Members of the class of 1900 will be pleased to know that Rev. Bernard E. Naughton, assistant at the church of the Precious Blood, is paying a short visit to Chicago. Fr. Naughton has been recuperating at East Las Vegas, and his health is much improved by the climate of New Mexico.

A member of the first editorial staff of the COLLEGIAN, and later a student at the North American College, Rome, Father Charles Conley, '03, is now assistant pastor of St. Mary's Church, Elgin, Ill. At his invitation, the College Glee Club and Academy Choir assisted at the closing exercises of St. Mary's High and Parochial Schools last June, and received a royal welcome from him and Father McCann.

James J. Finnegan, for some years a reporter for the *Chicago Journal*, is a candidate in the coming elections for State Senator.

Among the St. Ignatius graduates at Rome this year were William P. Long, '04, William A. Murphy and Thomas Canty. The former two returned recently from abroad, while Father Canty has remained to continue his studies for six months to obtain the degree of Bachelor of Philosophy.

Michael Caplice, who formerly taught in the High School Department of St. Ignatius, is now practicing law, with offices in the Manhattan Building.

Sylvester O'Donoghue, at one time a student at St. Ignatius, is teaching in St. Stanislaus College, Chicago.

A postal with the post mark "Munich" came recently from John M. Ford, '05, telling of his travels in Europe during his vacation days with several other Chicago Seminarians from Rome. They included Oberammergau in their itinerary and had seats at the Passion Play.

A note from Rev. Hector D. Brosseau, subscribing for the COLLEGIAN, states that he is located at Vinton, Quebec, Pontiac County.

We are informed that William Epstein, '06, is now an interne at St. Bernard's Hospital, in this city.

Another note from far away Canada says: "For your information and the information of any old friends that might be wondering to what foreign lands I have strayed, I might say that I am now in business with my father in Calgary, Alberta, and profiting

by loads of good old experience found within the college walls of St. Ignatius."—John A. Gorman. John was a member of Humanities class of the year '06, and one of the players on the ball team.

James E. O'Brien, Junior '07, is in his last year at Niagara Seminary. Two brothers are also old students of Ignatius; John, who has since become a physician, and Edward, who is now a commission merchant. William B. O'Brien, another brother, is at present in his Junior year here at College.

Clarence Dargan has matriculated at the Northwestern Medical College this year.

Another member of the class of '07, Eugene E. McHugh, is now in his third year at the Loyola Law College. He received the degree of A. M. at the Commencement Exercises last June.

At the same time, Michael J. Ahern, A. M., '09, who for two years held a professorship in the Commercial High School Department of St. Ignatius, delivered the Master's Oration and received the degree of Bachelor of Laws.

John Guest, '08, is in his final year at Loyola Law College, and is employed with the Libby, McNeil Co.

Many St. Ignatians who journeyed to Charles A. Comiskey's new ball park during the "Sox" final games were surprised to find an old College man wearing the white hose. Felix Chouinard has been playing ball since '08, and his rise has been steady. He was finally drafted by Charles Comiskey, with whom we are confident he will reap success.

Charles Doyle, Junior '08, gave up his business prospects last summer and entered the Jesuit Novitiate at Florissant.

The degree of A. M. was conferred by the Loyola University on Edmund M. Sinnott, Thomas A. Guinane and Walter R. O'Kelly, all of whom are completing their final year of law at Loyola. Edmund Sinnott passed the Bar examination last summer after two years of law.

Another student at Loyola Law is Edmund Curda, '09, who is employed by the Chicago Telephone Co.

Edward Del Beccaro paid us a visit recently, and says that the hard work of a medical student agrees with him. He has begun his second year at Northwestern University.

Of the members of the class of 1910, the following news has been received: Auguste Beauvais has entered his father's brokerage office; Thomas Beesley has matriculated as Junior at Princeton University; Augustine Bowe, who is identified with the Prudential Life Insurance Co.; John Benz, Sarsfield Collins, John Cudihy, James Gaughan who is teaching at St. Stanislaus College, John Graham who is employed by one of the daily papers in its advertising department, Erwin Hasten, Lawrence Walsh and Leo Sebastian are studying law at Loyola College of Law. Armour Institute has claimed William Caverley, who is taking a special chemistry course. Joseph Dolan is managing his brother's acres at Maxwell, Nebr., while George V. O'Connell is caring for his father's business during the latter's illness. Joseph Elward is in the engineering department of the Western Electric Co., while Thomas Furlong is devoting himself to the same work at Notre Dame. Frank Furlong is studying chemistry at Lewis Institute. Frank Lusk is devoting his days to medicine at St. Louis University, and Bohumil Pechous and John Thornton have both gone in for the M. D. degree, the former at Bennett and the latter at Northwestern. Thomas Hogan and John Zelezinski are studying for the priesthood. Hogan is at Niagara and Zelezinski was at Orchard Lake, Mich., at SS. Cyril and Methodius' Seminary, but returned because of a severe attack of typhoid, from which he is just recovering.

John Sullivan, Junior '10, and Alphonse Zamara, Freshman '10, have gone to the Novitiate at Florissant.

Societies

This year the Senior Debating Society has been placed under the guidance of Father Senn. At the first conference the student officers were selected. Joseph Ryan will hold the CHRYSTOSTOMIAN watch on the contestants. Thaddeus Zamiara will SOCIETY take notes at the ringside for this publication exclusively. To secure bouts with other collegiate champions the association has secured the services of Promoter Fred Reeve. The stake holder will be Windhorst Berghoff, whose integrity is unquestioned. Messrs. Rockett and Higgins, as representatives of the Law and Order League, will see to it that all contests are held under the Parliamentary Rules. These officers were so pleased with their election that they made inpromptu speeches of acceptance before the meeting could adjourn.

Although membership in the Senior Sodality has been opened to students in the third year of High School, as was the case last year, still this has not been done to secure a large THE SENIOR enrollment, but to make it possible for the Junior SODALITY Sodality to include in its membership more boys from the large first year classes. Attendance at all meetings is strictly required; for the aim of the Sodality is to secure sodalists who will maintain the high standards of conduct and character that are supposed to be the qualities of all members. And as the Collegians have always interested themselves in their Sodality, these requirements but induce them to desire membership in the society.

Father Dinneen is again in charge of the Sodality and Philip J. Carlin has been chosen Prefect, with Thaddeus Zamiara and Fred Happel as assistants; Secretary, Frederick Schmitt; Treasurer, Joseph Karabasz; Sacristans, Francis Zuchola, Richard O'Donnell, Joseph Abel and William Holton.

All the College students had the pleasure of hearing the noted English preacher, Father Bernard Vaughan, S. J., who addressed them in the church some weeks ago. The Eucharis- EUCHARISTIC tic League was his theme, and Father Vaughan LEAGUE spoke in a familiar way about the necessity of the Eucharistic Banquet for preserving spiritual vigor.

He commended the League and its aim, and the St. Ignatius students for its large membership.

Several other colleges and academies have caught fire from St. Ignatius College, and are inaugurating similar societies. Cleveland, Cincinnati, Detroit, Spokane and others are following the leadership of Chicago and Creighton University, Omaha.

Under the direction of Father F. Reilly, the Junior debaters have already commenced an auspicious year. Judging from the present, the future meetings hold a good deal in store, both in excitement and general interest. The profit of these earnest workers will derive from their animated discussions can not be overestimated. The officers as selected at the first business meeting are: Vice-President, Ray Bellock; Secretary, John Noonan; Corresponding Secretary, Fay Philbin; Treasurer, Harry Beam; Censors, A. Colnon and R. Regan.

Father W. Trentmann, S. J., will have charge of the younger students under the protection of Our Blessed Mother. The chief officers for the year will be: Prefect, John McJUNIOR Namara; Assistant Prefects, Edward Molloy and SODALITY Harry Lescher.

That the members have not been idle during the summer is shown by the fact that many new books and magazines have been secured. The season's debates have not yet been installed. Thaddeus Zamiara will preside, with WYSPIANSKI Joseph Karabasz as Vice-President. Other officers SOCIETY are: Secretary, Frank Warzynski; Treasurer, Stanislaus Rudziewicz, and Librarian, Ceslaus Zamiara.

The University Orchestra, which meets Wednesday evenings at 8 o'clock at the College, numbers some thirty or more men. Several valuable acquisitions have been made this year and new instruments added. Prof. Joseph Pribyl has prepared an entirely new program of work for the year and with a large attendance each rehearsal, and possibly new members from among the Alumni, he expects to develop a very splendid orchestra.

Mr. Ernest Sumner has found new material among the old boys for the Glee Club this year and is rehearsing some difficult

songs. With interest and endeavor on the part of the members he will be able to round the singers into excellent form, and make the College Glee as enjoyable at our entertainments as any number presented.

Mr. Sumner is strikingly successful in his work with the boy voice, and we can await with certainty of reward for some beautiful songs from the Academy Choir. Among the thirty voices, there are several very promising soloists, while the Choir as a whole is good. One often pauses in passing the practice hall to listen to Gounod's "Unfold, Unfold," or a simpler folk song or Scotch air like "Castle Gordon," being rehearsed. We fellow students look to the Glee Club and the Choir with interest and await their next public appearance.

GEORGE J. ZHRINGER, '13.

Academy Notes.

Representatives of THE COLLEGIAN to look after the news items and subscriptions in each class of the Academies, have been appointed. The Editors of these Notes herewith subjoin their names that you, kind reader, may gently wreak your vengeance upon them and not us should any remarks that are true be made in these columns about you or your friends. For we two are sworn not to tell the truth about any student in the Academic Departments—West or North.

Fourth Year High: The Editor of this column, who did not write this paragraph. Third Year High: William M. Connery, Vincent J. Murray and William Holton. Second Year High: John W. Tierney, David McWhinnie and Ignatius P. Walsh. First Year High: Edward Dunne, Jerome Byrnes, Edward Duffy and Stanley Probst.

On Saturday morning, September 17th, Second Year High C, held its annual election of officers. The purpose of the CLASS election was to choose members of the class to represent it at public functions, should occasion require, and also to look after athletic activities.

John Herron called the meeting to order, and Edward McHugh and Thomas Doyle were chosen temporary chairman and secretary, respectively. After some spirited balloting, with several candidates for each office, the election resulted in the choice of William Quan as President, Frank Dubia as Secretary, and Richard Stafford as Treasurer. These officers have since proved themselves very efficient.

MARIAN ZAMIARA,
JOHN TIERNEY.

PROLOGUE:—or in other words, the managers of this show appear before the footlights and try to make you believe that they are not going to try to make you smile once, nor even half-once.

For the amusement of our juvenile readers (members of the Collegiate Department will please turn over these pages at once) we have been at the pains of making a few particular jokes whereof the youthful, as well as the mature mind, we hope, will be able to discern the wit. These jokes are rational, being written by me; they are reasonable, being revised by my colleague; and they are cheap, being made at your expense. The fun of them is practical, which, to the good, sound, sterling sense whereof we Americans do often unseasonably boast, will doubtless be a great recommendation. We can not say that they are innocent exactly, but then few good jokes are. For wit, that sort, at least, which makes one laugh, does oftentimes hurt some one's feelings. Wherefore, we twain have bethought our-twain-selves of drawing up certain timely resolutions—twain, too, even as we twain.

Whereas, It is the purpose of the Academy Section to bore and annoy the students as much as is possible, and,

Whereas, Preceding editors have violated their trust and have really amused the student body, therefore, be it

Resolved, That we twain, the present editors of the Academy Notes, fresh and zealous in the cause, do firmly purpose to adhere to the original standard set for this column, and to do all in our power to torture those hapless ones who may read our senseless frothings, and, be it

Further Resolved, That we editors twain, apply to the College authorities for protection against any attempt or attempts, whether covert or open, upon our persons and properties.

THE CURTAIN RISES.

Act I Scene I—Behold Zbyszko attired in a football suit and ready to battle for the honor of Loyola U. Rah! rah! Zbyszko! (Dear Reader, allow me to explain that you do not see Zbyszko, but John Dōwde in his football paraphernalia.)

Act II Scene I—Entrance to the chapel. Time, 8:55 the morning following the scene in Act I. As the curtain rises two persons are discovered—Mr. Prefect and Martin Carroll.

Enter Martin:

Mr. Perfect: "You're a trifle late this morning."

Martin (suavely): "Yes, sir, er, you see, Mr. Perfect, a wagon broke down on the track and delayed the car for some time."

Mr. Prefect: "All right, go ahead—by the way, what line do you ride on?"

Martin: "The Northwestern 'L' and—er, um—you see, I was going to say that the Northwestern 'L' runs near our house and —" (curtain).

(Act III has been reserved for our next issue as we are afraid that Mark Dowling might overwork himself reading all of our "play.")

Although that clay^{is} being used by some of the footballists for collar protectors, it was dumped in the yard for a quite different purpose, namely, to raise all the games that are played on the campus to a higher plane. As you doubtless have observed, this higher plane is something of an aeroplane, for the games we have had thus far, could be seen only from afar. And as the game at Lake Forest was one, and that at Milwaukee another, they were two, that is too far for most of us to see.

A few weeks ago there stood in a certain corner of the yard we wot of, a quondam team of horses harnessed to a scoop. And recess coming, the men that possessed the team departed, and many students approached unto the corner. And chief among these lovers of lore and of musty tomes were Leroy Stack, Mark Dowling and William Bowe. And Sir William, taking in each hand one line, smote the steeds right manfully, and doughty Leroy slang mud at them and bespoke them saying, "Giddap!" And the steeds did move and doughty Leroy and the good Mark, they that clang to the handles of the scoop, did cling no longer and did relinquish their holds thereon; for verily, the handles did rise and the scoop did,

in manner most unseemingly, upset. Then did the steeds stand, and they moved not themselves whence they stood. Thereupon lusty Robert of Connelly approached unto the horses and did appraise them, bespeaking their weight and their ages. And they that had held the scoop and the handles thereof, did change the manner of arrangement of the lines and did also make some slight alterations in the harness. And the bell did ring thereat, and they that did possess the horses and the scoop, coming, they that had done these divers and lusty deeds, departed.

If you are far-sighted you will not cease to build air castles, for the owner will, when the glad day arrives in which the aeroplane will have been so perfected that it will be in common use, be able to rent them out for garages and wayside inns.

After carefully looking up the genealogy of Greek "ponies," the editors have arrived at the conclusion that the first and original Greek "pony" was the domesticated wooden animal, which concealed Ulysses and his band and enabled them to capture Troy. So beware! Danger lies hidden in these Greek "ponies," ready on a moment's notice to flunk the simpleton that puts his faith in those fatal pocket editions.

(No success attended our efforts in looking up the first and original Latin "pony." It was probably an Antediluvian, who, by the way, is the maternal Aunt of Sambo—the Cubs' hoodoo.)

Some Advantages of Style—To pad a composition.

DOES YOUR

MOTHER

KNOW

YOU'RE

OUT?

Is your maternal parent's natural solicitude allayed by the information that you have for the present vacated your domestic roof?

Dissimilar as the far-extended poles, or the deep-tintured ebonskins of the dark denizens of Africa's sultry plains, and the fair rivals of the descending virgin snow, melting with
 QUITE envy on the peerless breast of Circassia's ten-fold
 DIFFERENT white-washed daughters.

Household Hints.

Do not throw away your old umbrella! By removing the cloth and cutting it up into strips you can make a number of dainty neckties for yourself which you may keep in a place where your older

brother can find them when he comes aborrowing. The ribs properly twisted and woven together will make a very good rat trap. And if you polish the stick up well it will do for a Christmas present to your dad, or serve as an "energizer" in the class-room.

It is learned that "Turk" Noonan has decided to become a reporter on a Daily when he leaves school. Oh, "Turk," thou noble Celt, list while I show you what a paradox is the life of a reporter.

He reareth his fortunes upon others' misfortunes; he spinneth out his days writing of the sudden termination of those of a neighbor; his boarding and lodging is paid for by accidents and offences; he telleth of fire caused by an inundation; he seeth his way through the world best when the fog with its dangers and woes comes on; and when a gentleman disappeareth under water the reporter is kept above it. He breakfasteth on a "curious coincidence"; dines on a murder; is enabled to have his glass of beer because a reputable person hath quaffed one of laudanum; and by the help of a conflagration which burns a street down, the inhabitants out, and everything else up, he sendeth his shirts to the laundry.

JOHN J. FITZGERALD, Fourth High A.

• J. AARON COLNON, Fourth High B.

Athletics

Each fall there is a tremendous task on hand for the Varsity football team. For after a brief elapse of three months the athletic glory of Loyola U. must be sustained by our eleven just as ably as it has been by our nine. Our baseball team is well-nigh matchless in the whole state, and the desire of faculty and students is that our football teams will in the near future earn this much-coveted reputation.

The directors are doing all in their power to put athletics of every kind on a good footing and depend upon the members of collegiate, law and medical departments to lend a helping hand. A splendid example of "college spirit" has been shown by the Medics who almost to a man followed the team to Lake Forest to cheer it on even in defeat. Cheers for the Medics! The student body makes athletics what they are, and we can learn from the medical students how to be loyal to our athletic representatives, to attend their games, to cheer them and thereby diffuse the glory of your "Alma Mater."

From the outset all the students have taken an active interest in the work of getting a representative team for Loyola, and although many members are inexperienced, still, under proper coaching, they have promised to become ultimately a winning squad. The St. Ignatius field has not been available for practice, but the home games will be played at Artesian Ball Park, cor. Western and Chicago avenues. Through the efforts of Rev. Henry S. Spalding, S. J., in consort with the student managers, Mr. William O'Brien and Mr. William Higgins, the following list of games has been scheduled: Oct. 15th, Lake Forest at Lake Forest; Oct. 22nd, Fort Sheridan at home; Oct. 29th, Chicago Veterinary College at home; Nov. 5th, Morgan Park Academy at Morgan Park; Nov. 12th, Marquette at home; Nov. 24th, St. Viateur's at home.

The coach selected for the season, Mr. Scheid, was formerly the star fullback of Holy Cross College. He has worked conscientiously with the material on hand, and the fruits of his work will show later. Unfortunately, in selecting a team, he has been confronted by this puzzling dilemma: His heavy men are inexperienced; his experienced men exceedingly light. However, he has adopted the wise

plan of giving preference to the heavy inexperienced men because heavy men, with a year's coaching and experience before them, have greater possibilities than their smaller competitors. Notwithstanding our defeat at Lake Forest, neither the coach nor the players are discouraged, for defeat paves the way to future victories. Mr. Scheid is trying in football the tactics Connie Mack made use of in baseball. So to obtain a fair estimate one must look, not at present but rather to later results, or better still to next year.

The players have responded nobly to the call of the pigskin, particularly the men from the medical department. The squad in full is: Rodaway, McDermott, Farber, Fromm, Gates, Miller, Rabb, Robinson, Highland from the medical department; Doyle, Herman and O'Connor from the law department; and Dowdle, Dugan, Sullivan, Sackley and Connery from the collegiate department.

LAKE FOREST-LOYOLA.

On Saturday, Oct. 15th, the team went out to Lake Forest to play its first University game. A band, followed by 150 enthusiasts from the medical department, followed the team even in defeat. This game, despite its outcome, augurs well for the future. The teams were about on a par in weight. But every man on the opposing team was a splendid one, and had played at least two years of college football, and nearly all of them had played a year or more together. This game was the first for the Loyola men, and for many of them even the first game of football. Lake Forest scored most of its points on old forward passes, which our heavy men, with a year's experience, will surely stop next year. On the other hand, we made large advances, Doyle, Dowdle, Herman, Sullivan and Dugan ripping up the line for huge gains. With more polished team-work we could have scored. Concerning Lake Forest we can say this much, that they are a fast, seasoned, heady team, full of confidence, a classy crowd that can compare favorably with any team in the west. A month hence, and maybe the game would have resulted differently. So cheer up, loyal rooters, be patient and watch our team develop.

THE SCORE.

LAKE FOREST (82).

DunsmoreL. E.
McKeeL. T.
HotchkinsL. G.
Walker, Baer.....C.

LOYOLA (0).

HermanR. E.
RodawayR. T.
McDermottR. G.
FarberC.

Taber, Gleason.....	R. G.	Kelly	L. G.
Schroeder	R. T.	Dowdle	L. T.
West	R. E.	Sullivan, Gates.....	L. E.
D. Thomas.....	Q. B.	Miller	Q. B.
Smith	L. H. B.	Rabb	R. H. B.
J. Thomas.....	R. H. B.	Doyle, Robinson.....	L. H. B.
Colburn	F. B.	Dugan	F. B.

Touchdown—West (6), Dunsmore (2), McKee, Smith (2), Thomas (3). Goals—West, 12. Umpire—McGovern. Referee—Thomas. Field judge—Herschberger. Head linesman—Brockman.

ACADEMY TEAM

With proverbial slowness but sureness, the Academy Team has rounded into form.

The recent addition to the squad of Armstrong, Dowdle, English and Sullivan has improved the speed and team-play, and the Academy rooters will be agreeably surprised, when their "hopefuls" line-up against the heavy St. Cyril's team. Some hard games confront our "future-greats" but from their work of late with the forward pass, their quick starting and clever blocking one feels safe in predicting some flashy football and a goodly share of success. We admire the grit and determination they have displayed in previous struggles and consider them a real asset of our Academy. So here's to them, the doughtly little knights of the pigskin! We're for them, now and always.

The Academy squad is comprised of the following members: Malloy, Kiley, Bulger, Gavin, Reilly, Taylor, Devitt, English, Jacobson, Sullivan, Terlecki, Dowdle, Gardiner, Dever, Subzinski, Bresingham, Doyle, Benkendorf, Bruns, Wade, Malatto.

The following schedule has been arranged by Manager Reilly:

- Oct. 20—Marquette at Milwaukee.
- Oct. 27—St. Cyril's College at Artesian Park.
- Oct. 29—Naperville High School at Naperville.
- Nov. 3—Loyola Academy at Loyola.
- Nov. 10—St. Rita at Ogden Park.
- Nov. 17—Riverside High School at Riverside.
- Nov. 24—La Grange High School at La Grange.

Exchanges

"Whoever thinks a faultless piece to see,
Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor ever shall be."

And so the ex-man once more holds his court. Upon his table there grows, larger and larger, a heap of periodicals that are redolent of the press, and bulge with the first fruits of new editorial regimes. And, though upon each of them have been lavished both midnight oil and misty toil, there is always the assurance that more journalists are in the making. Let us all, then, be journalists together, and help along the cause of Journalism by helping one another.

Among the four Exchanges which we submit in this issue, we find that sins of commission are few and sins of omission many. An abundance of excellent verse and a fair quota of essays are offset by a woeful lack of crisp, original fiction.

Aside from this latter falling, the October number of *St. John's University Record* is a model of its kind. Its essays, "Classical Education" and "Painting," are not too long, and combine an interesting presentation with a careful development of their respective subjects. Special praise, however, must be accorded the *Record's* verse, which is not only readable but really clever in spots. "A Student's Soliloquy" and "Through Slang" are the best light verse we have read in the Exchanges. "Constantine's Vision" is somewhat lengthy and ponderous for transient reading. We found "Gems" to be a pretty lyric, while "The Sad Soul" and "Vacation" are original but not happy in meter. The only attempt at fiction is "The Autobiography of a Football," a rather juvenile effort, but the salvation of the *Record* from absolute barrenness.

We wish to extend a hearty welcome to a stranger from Spokane. The *Gonzaga* is evidently governed by a staff of able and energetic editors, for, although we discover this to be the second year of its existence, we cannot but admire the standard it has established. The issue is replete with sparkling fiction, the best of which is "Gamble," with a simple plot and clever telling. We note that its author is a '13 man, and find, too, that all the verse of the number has been contributed

by lower classmen. This fact is praiseworthy, but where are you, Seniors? "Columbus" and "The Sea-Call" are both poems possessing good thought and some distinctive diction, but the swinging rhythm of the latter makes it the better of the two. As for the prose offerings, "Impressions of Theodore Roosevelt" is a well-written exposition of the Roosevelt situation; and "The Religion of Ferrer" deservedly, but a trifle bombastically, attacks the great anarchist who recently created turmoil in Spain. On the whole, the *Gonzaga* is a well-balanced paper, of which our fellow students across the continent may be proud.

Our handsome friend, *The Redwood*, still maintains its reputation for copious verse; and what is more commendable, the quantity does not detract from the quality thereof. In "The Wanderer," diction and rhythm are interwoven with beautiful effect, leaving an impression of restraint such as one would feel after reading Gray's *Elegy*. A true poetic touch characterizes "The Waif" and "The Dreamer." "To Chata," of almost epic length, sustains a simple, pastoral strain throughout. Before reading the eight-page article on "The Life and Writings of Henry Harland," we noted that its author was not a student and passed it by, deploring the fact that there was but a single student essay in the number. The fiction is readable but remarkable for its brevity. Verse seems to have pretty much its own way in *The Redwood*.

St. Vincent's College Journal for October is not given to essays, but offers some pleasant fiction. "Unravelling the Mystery of One R" might be styled fanciful, and as we read it, we wait for the author to descend to earth, but he refuses. There is originality in "My Return to College," and a certain measure of "human interest." The *Journal* is not rich in verse, but "The Last of the Redmen" is a poem of real power. "College Comment" contains the choicest humor of the quarter.

PHILIP J. CARLIN, '11.

The St. Ignatius Collegian

Vol. X.

Chicago, Ill., January 1911.

No. 2

The Christmas Mystery

STARLIGHT and snow and stone!
And the stone was a cross and a spire,
And the frore star-radiance shone
On the snow like the ghost of fire.

Tapers and marble and song!
And a blaze as of Seraphim
Flung glory on altar and throng,
And the song was the Angels' hymn.

God and the Host and the Child!
And the Host I receive for my own.
Christ granting it be not defiled,
My heart is a Crib and a Throne.

A——.

After High School What?

THOMAS Q. BEESLEY, '10.



FTER high school what? After four years of study of the introduction to science and the arts, what answer is the graduate to give? How will he make his choice? There are two alternatives: higher education—or, in the vernacular of everyday life, just plain “going to work.” If he does the latter with the opportunity to pursue the former he is inconceivably foolish. There is no place for him in our consideration. When circumstances constrain the latter it becomes at once a personal matter and not for discussion. Lack of funds, though, is no longer a handicap to energy and ability. There are hundreds of men earning their way through college. But when the graduate has every facility for going and is even urged to go but cannot see wherein a college training is of benefit to him, then perhaps a heart to heart talk and a plain statement of argument might not be found amiss. In consequence this article is not a formal proof of the advantages of a college education. That topic is threadbare. Everybody knows the arguments pro and con—they are platitudes. Let us, however, frankly talk over the question of why go to college as expressed in the phrasing with a wider appeal—“After High School What?”

The answer to that query is—Higher Education. By the latter we mean the training of the intellect as received in colleges and, more highly specialized and particularized, in universities. Not, however, that college and university are radically different. Here in American they shade off, one into the other, and are not separated in spirit or in fact. That this higher education is necessary is evident from the following two paragraphs from Cardinal Newman’s “Idea of a University,” a very reading of which must show the high school graduate that he is only on the threshold of the temple of learning whose great hall and inner shrine are the college and university. In his discourse on “Knowledge Viewed in Relation to Professional Skill,” Cardinal Newman says:

“This process of training by which the intellect, instead of being formed or sacrificed to some particular or accidental purpose, some specific trade or profession, or study or science, is disciplined for its own sake, for the perception of its own proper object and for its own highest culture, is called Liberal Education; and though there is no one in whom it is carried as far as is conceivable, or whose intellect would be a pattern of what intellects

should be made, yet there is scarcely anyone but may gain an idea of what real training is, and at least look towards it and make its true scope and result, not something else, his standard of excellence; and numbers there are who may submit themselves to it and secure it to themselves in good measure. And to set forth the right standard and to train according to it and to help forward all students towards it according to their various capacities, this I conceive to be the business of a University. * * * *

"If a practical end must be assigned to a University course, I say it is that of training good members of society. Its art is the art of social life, and its end is fitness for the world. It neither confines its views to particular professions on the one hand, nor creates heroes or inspires genius on the other. * * * Nor is it content with forming the critic or the experimentalist, the economist or the engineer, though such too it includes within its scope. But a University training is the great ordinary means to a great but ordinary end; it aims at raising the intellectual tone of society, at cultivating the public mind, at purifying the national taste, at supplying true principles to popular enthusiasm and fixed aims to popular aspiration, at giving enlargement and sobriety to the ideas of the age, at facilitating the exercise of political power, and refining the intercourse of private life."

Further, the deep and abiding influence that a college education exerts upon one's life is amply testified to by the ever increasing numbers at our colleges and universities. As President Butler of Columbia has expressed it: "The popularity of the college in America, the extreme sacrifice made by many parents to give their children the advantage of a college education, the fact that the college students come literally from every class in the community, the influence of college traditions and ideals and of college associations in after life, all testify to the strong hold which scholarship and the life of reflection have upon the imagination of the American people." And it is a hold that is made tenacious by the most solid reasons and effective causes.

The purpose of university training is not narrow concentration upon one particular line of study but a broad and practical insight into the great body of education from which the student, once he has laid the foundation of the edifice, can proceed to build in whatever manner and whatever direction his disposition or personal preference may lead. An education is never finished. It never can nor ever will be. No human intellect can contain all the knowledge of all the world. But a university education will give us the key to multitudes of things otherwise quite closed to research. If it only stimulates us to learn more, if it only inspires us to greater endeavor, if it only teaches us how little we actually know, how really

ignorant we are, by subtly comparing the great mass of the world's knowledge with the small bulk of our own learning—if it only does this it is very much worth while.

That millions of young men and women believe in the necessity of such a training is evidence enough. In England, France, Germany, Russia, Switzerland, Italy, Spain, Japan and China they are crowding the universities. In our own beloved country college men are dictating the nation's policies, directing her commerce and her business, launching and completing her great projects, are leading in her ministry and pre-eminent in art, in science and in letters. They are the spirit of America. The college is open to all, without distinction and without discrimination. The only requirement is earnestness of purpose. To its necessity, to the necessity of the preparation it provides, the countless sacrifices of parents, the heroic efforts of many students to obtain the necessary funds, and the heavy preponderance of successful men who are college graduates is sufficient testimony. This is the day of the educated man in every walk of life. And so, knowing not only that a great percentage of the graduates of high schools and other schools and academies not avowedly college preparatory, fail to go in for higher education with every facility at their command, but knowing also, a matter of more local moment, that in our own Alma Mater some of the men not only fail to complete their college course for no apparent reason, but that many leave at the end of the academy with no further thought of educating themselves, a frank discussion of the question has been taken up, supplemented by the hope that a plain matter of fact presentation of the case for college training may gain a fair hearing especially at a time when the topic of higher education is being agitated as never before and its importance is growing daily into a greater and a wider recognition.

Argument in the question of higher education is both futile and foolish. The trend of one's education determines, to an extent, the future. The future is too personal and sacred a thing to be guided by argument. It can only be influenced by suggestion. In the matter of higher education, only by proposing to ourselves and answering one question can anything be accomplished. That question is: "What will the college do for me?" Let us answer it. In a general way David Starr Jordan has answered it in his book "College and the Man." He says in the following three paragraphs that, "It will do many things for you if you are made of the right stuff. If you are not it can do very little. You can not fasten a five thousand dollar education on a fifty-cent boy. The fool, the dude, the shirk, come out of college very much as they go in. They

dive deep in the Pierian springs as the duck dives in the pond, and they come up as dry as the duck does.

"The college will bring you into contact with the great minds of the past. * * * The great men of all ages and climes will become your brothers. You will learn to feel the consolation of Philosophy. You will turn from the petty troubles of the streets to the thoughts of the masters. You will learn the art of 'walking in hallowed cathedrals,' whatever may be your actual surroundings of the day. If once you learn to unlock these portals, no power on earth can take from you the key. Moreover, the whole of your life must be spent in your own company and only the educated man is good company to himself.

"The college will not do everything for you. * * * The college will not of itself do anything for you; but a well spent college life is the greatest help to all good things. Everything depends on how you use it. The college means opportunity for growth, for culture, for power, for range of enjoyment. If you learn to use it rightly all these the college will offer you.

"Your college life will bring you into contact with men whose influence will strengthen and inspire, * * * to know whom is of itself a liberal education. (Men such as) * * * Louis Agassiz, (and) James Russell Lowell," and he might have added, though Dr. Jordan was citing personal acquaintances only, Dr. Arnold of Rugby, Frederick E. Lee, Mark Hopkins and more in our own time John Bannister Tabb and Woodrow Wilson. Every university has its great professors, every college has them; and not to enjoy personal contact with them is to have lost something out of one's life, something of inestimable value.

College life, furthermore, carries with it the incalculable benefit derived from the association of the campus, the lecture halls, the dormitories, the college societies—any of them or all. This association is the greatest part of college life. It is a life rich in experience. The college where it is led is a thing apart from the rest of the world. It is like a monastery in this. It seems to have preserved the atmosphere of the cloister. Or is it only the necessary similarity of the house of study and the house of meditation? Here you will find men somewhat above and beyond the rest, with higher purposes and ambitions. If they did not have them they would not be there. They are, most of them, worthy of one's respect and friendship. Whatever their faults they are a generous hearted body of men. Their ideals are usually high and they can appreciate the worth of even such ideals as they find are beyond them. It is a world to itself where worth is given its full valuation. It is a great crucible wherein the dross and pure metal are forever refined and determined, for a student's college life is nearly always

an indication of his future. Nor is the dross in the majority. "Among our college students of today are the best young men and women of our time. All the strong men of the future will be college men, for the day is come when the man of force realizes that through the college his power will be made greater. The college is ready to give him help which he cannot afford to lose. And in this relation each college man and woman helps to mold the character and shape the work of every other." (Jordan.) It is this co-operation that produces college spirit, that "comradery among free spirits" as some German educator has defined it. Every graduate and undergraduate is instinct with the loyalty and devotion that it inspires. His love for his Alma Mater colors, fills his after life with the inspiration of her teachings. It is a spirit that can be had from no particular course of study; it is not to be found in the life of the societies nor of the clubs; the dormitories do not contain it, nor is its source the campus. In the words of Woodrow Wilson, who though speaking particularly of Princeton, formulates a general thesis applicable everywhere: "The spirit of the place is to be found in no one place or trait or organization; neither in its class rooms nor on its campus, but in its life as a whole. * * * It lives and grows by comradeship and community of thought: that constitutes its charm; binds the spirits of its sons to it with a devotion at once ideal and touched with passion; takes hold of the imagination of even the casual visitor if he have the good fortune to see a little way beneath the surface; dominates its growth and progress; determines its growth and future. The most careless and thoughtless undergraduate breathes and is governed by it. It is the genius of the place."

To bring the question down to the personal, college training emphasizes individuality while teaching submission to properly constituted authority as the most perfect method of obtaining results. Throughout it all the student is doing his own work, living his own life, thinking his own thoughts. He acquires the unfaltering courage of his own convictions, for only the educated man has any real convictions. He acquires the mastery, the leadership which education and ability command in every community. He learns the value of co-operation; he learns to subordinate personal preferences for the good of the many, and learns, too, the proper moment for the display of his own ability. He is trained both mentally and physically and his development is carefully regulated. His training is a practical one. It has been tested and tried, and the education he has received is one that will serve his purposes everywhere. If it does not, then solve the problem by the "personal equation." Some exceptional and self-made men have succeeded without a college training, but they are the exceptions that merely test the rule. They sneer at its advantages—and send

their children to the very best colleges and universities. Others make a futile attempt to measure its effectiveness and its ideal in terms of money. They err because higher education in this country is not conditioned by dollars and cents. The practical use that a man can make of his education in any line of activity is the measure of that education's worth. It may be true that the college man must start at the bottom like the rest, as all who are inexperienced must start there. But the "crowd" in which he starts remains always the crowd and at the foot of the ladder, while the man with the advantage of training and education soon passes them on his way to the top where there is always room. The right place always finds the right man, and merit is always recognized when shown. It is in the showing that education plays such an important part. It is the highway to success.

And lastly, how can anyone with the proof of such a training's necessity daily and hourly before his eyes, decline the opportunity of taking up higher education when it is presented to him? Surely no man can knowingly refuse that which teaches him to see things as they are, to go right to the point, to penetrate the core of an argument, to discard all that is irrelevant in a train of thought. Surely no man can afford to dispense with that which makes him at home in any society and which gives him "common ground with every class." Surely no man can deliberately cut himself off from that which gives him poise, which distinguishes him from other men, which gives him alertness and readiness in any pursuit, which makes for him powerful and life-long friends, which "serves him in public and supports him in retirement, without which good fortune is but vulgar and with which failure and disappointment have a charm." University training, college training, all higher education, does this. Surely then it is very much worth while. To be so trained, so educated, is to start life equipped for any contingency. It is the solution to many of one's difficulties and the resource of necessity. It is the beginning of all things, for it is the threshold to a career. It is the answer to the question—"After high school, what?"

The Coward

JAMES FITZGERALD, '13.



AT the door the big man swung his little girl of twelve high up from the ground for her good-bye kiss. He kissed her rosy lips and then, holding her at arm's length, smiled back into her laughing face. Then he brought her close, and kissing her again put her down. She clasped her little hands and looking deepest admiration up at him, told him, "My, but you are strong and good and—brave, big boy!" And looking gravely down at her, he replied: "My, but you are sweet and—and good, little girl!" And they both laughed. The easy, confiding laugh of playmates—the best of playmates—father and child. Then, as the clock within the cottage began to strike the hour of seven, she shook her slender finger at him and, scolding, said: "Big boy, you get off to work, else you'll be late! And I—I've no time for idle gossip. I must get to my work!" Then changing quickly she sprang to his arms. "Oh, daddy, what a jolly Xmas feast we'll have! And I'm going to cook it all myself—and I'm going to cook my very, very best. And you *will* be home, big boy? You won't be late? For our feast mustn't get cold! Oh, what a dandy spread it will be; and all my own making——".

But he interrupted her, smiling, banteringly, "What about the cleaning of the 'turk' Miss Cook?" She stamped her foot. "Oh, but that had nothing to do with the cooking, anyway (with a grimace); the old thing should have come already cleaned! But get to work, you tease, or you surely will be late!" He kissed her again, wished her good luck with her cooking, and strode off along the river which wound past the cottage.

A joy to the eye he was as he stood on a rise in the flats in the bright winter sunshine, looking back and waving to his little girl. And a joy to the ear was his full, happy call ringing back to her—"Merry Xmas." He was a strapping, robust, clean-limbed fellow in the very prime of life. He had but lately come here to the post of bridge-tender, and lived alone with his little daughter in the cottage up the stream. From the very first he was liked by the dock men, for the candid, steady glance of his eye, for the set of his jaw, for his evident strength, for his ability and for his attention to duty. Then, too, in the stock sports about the river—in running, jumping, swimming and in the occasional wrestling bout—he ex-

celled. Yet he was never boastful, passing everything off with a hearty laugh; and so they all liked him.

And Mary, too, on her very first visit to the docks had won the hearts of the rough wharf hands. And on every subsequent visit to her father she found time for a chat with her friends, till soon she became, not the "pet," but the chum and confidante of the men. They met her at first awkwardly, with reddening faces and bungling words, but her frank and gravely childish manner soon put them at ease; and on any sunny day she might be seen sitting on a log near the river's brink chatting, in all the wisdom of her twelve years, with some huge fellow in soiled working "duds," while the other "hands" looked enviously on from their work near by. But each day it would be a different one, and never did she forget her chat with the whole crowd. And the dock men came to love her.

So the bridgeman, whistling cheerily, strode up to his little shanty, paused an instant at the door to wave an answer to the shout of "Merry Xmas!" from the wharf men as they passed on their way to the docks up stream, and then went in and settled to work. It was a little disagreeable to be at work on Christmas morning, but "time and tide wait for no man," and there was work to do while the river was open, and already huge blocks of ice were frequent in the stream. So the best the river workers could have was half a day, and well—it wasn't so bad. He was a bit tired, too, for the work had been unusually heavy that week in the rush before winter came on and closed the river, and he'd been romping all morning, till work time, with Mary. But it would be a happy Xmas this year, and so he settled down in real earnest to work. At eleven o'clock he was through and, with an idle hour before him, he went out and stood looking down at the river.

Perhaps it was because he was tired, perhaps—well, he saw the black waters rushing down towards the bay, sweeping along with their rush great jagged blocks of ice—and he grew sick and dizzy. His face paled and he leaned back against the shanty. And there rose before his eyes again that awful picture. He saw himself standing, just as now, at his post on another Xmas day, but in a place far away from here. It was five years ago, but it seemed as yesterday. He was waiting for the noon bell just as now. Again he heard the shouts of the wharf men; again he was standing on the bank watching the white spot come rushing down the stream; again he heard the shouts of the men, confident in him, "Save her, Jim! Get her, Jim!" And again that frightful feeling came upon him—the first clutch of fear at the brave man's heart. He was strong, he could swim; but in that instant, as the white spot bore down on him, he looked upon the angry, swirling waters, the blocks of ice; and the chill of the water, somehow got into his heart, and fear

was born there—and the body was swept out to sea. And the men rushing by fixed in his mind that name which he couldn't forget—"Coward!" He had staggered back into his "shack" and sat there for an hour, trembling. He had tried to pull himself together and, failing, had turned towards home. On his way he met the men coming back, slowly. They bore something in their midst; and he took off his hat and stood aside, but the men passed him by with never a look. Only Jack—he looked. And that look went into his heart, and the word Jack snarled at him went after the look, but it went deeper into his heart—"Coward." And he knew then—it was Jack's wife.

He had gone home, had taken Mary, and little Mary and they had gone away. It was hard for a time, Mary wasn't very strong—she went farther away, and now—well, he had little Mary and they were here and no one knew—and it was all right.

The bridgeman caught himself, and by a mighty effort drove the thought of it all from his mind. It came again, but again he drove it away. He turned into the shanty, filled and lit his pipe, and sat down to wait, for it wasn't quite twelve o'clock as yet. And now he applied his thoughts, at first with an effort, to his little cottage. And as he pictured little Mary, busying herself with all the earnestness of a faithful housewife about the preparation of their little feast, all the blackness and coldness went out of his heart and it was filled instead with the joy of Xmas. Mary! He wondered what little present she would have for him, for he was certain of one. And he imagined her delight when he'd give her hers. He took it from his inside pocket, carefully unwrapped it and held it off so the sunlight might play on it—a lovely, golden locket. It had cost him a pretty penny, but it would be worth it just to see the joy in Mary's eyes and her little thrill of delight when he'd put it around her neck. And then the things she'd whisper in his ear! Oh, it was good to have her, to work for her, to make her happy!

As he toyed with the trinket there came to him the sound of shouting from up the river. He rushed out. It was the wharf men. They were shouting and rushing toward him and waving and pointing out into the stream. He looked. In mid-stream, half way between the men and himself, was a bit of white that grew larger as it rushed down to him. He saw it. He saw the swift waters—the ice—and his face went bloodless. He staggered back against the door of the shanty. Another scene flashed before his mind. Again he felt that awful icy touch of fear in his heart. He tried to shake it off, but couldn't. He tried to pray, but couldn't. His sight blurred. He saw again Jack's face and heard him sneer, "Coward!" He struck at the face wildly. He tried again to free

himself. He saw in the black waters a face, very white. He took a step—his vision cleared. The white spot was gone.

The dock men rushed by. One struck at him and shrieked, "You coward!" He fell back against the "shack" again, his face all white, his limbs weak, his forehead and face all sweaty. He tried to steady himself. He walked feebly within and picked up his pipe from the floor where it had fallen. He tried to light it, but he couldn't, for his hand trembled. The twelve o'clock whistle blew. He told himself, "I'll go home to Mary." He found some comfort in that. The locket was still clutched in his hand, but it was all bent, and the chain was broken. He didn't notice that, but wrapped it clumsily in its paper and thrust it in his breast. But he took it out again and held it in his hand. It reassured him, somehow. He walked with unsteady steps across the moor to his cottage. He entered and sat down.

The feast was on the table, all piping hot. He wondered vaguely where Mary was. The walk along the river in the crisp December air had revived him somewhat, and he fell to thinking more clearly. For an hour he thought. The looks of the men came back to him, and the word Bill had shrieked—"Coward!" It must have been Bill's wife or maybe—his little boy, Joey. That would be too bad! He couldn't fathom it. He was brave, he told himself, and what was it made a coward of him? He groaned and cursed it, whatever it was, and ended by cursing himself. Then came the thought of what it would mean. Of course, he couldn't stay. No; it meant he and Mary must go away again as before. He wondered where. Well—where no one would know him, for no one wanted a coward for bridgeman. Then he thought of Mary. He looked at the locket in his hand. Poor Mary! It would be hard for her. It would spoil her Xmas. But no, it wouldn't; he wouldn't tell her. He'd be jolly and they'd eat their Xmas dinner—she had worked so hard on it—and they'd be happy all day and he'd tell her—tomorrow. His eye turned toward the feast so daintily prepared. The table was all ready—the two chairs placed. Let him see—where should he sit? Here! No; he'd have Mary sit there so the sunlight might play on her pretty face. He was beginning to grow cheerful. But now he noticed the steam didn't leap up so swiftly from the dishes—the feast was beginning to cool. He began to wonder where Mary could be. She ought to be home soon.

Then he heard the crunch of feet on the frozen gravel outside—many feet. And that icy hand gripped at his heart again; but it was a different kind of fear now. He rose from his chair, and with his hand on its back and without moving his feet, he swung around to face the door. There was an instant's silence as he stood with his eyes wide open, his mouth tight shut and the muscles in his jaws working painfully.

Then the door opened and Mary came in. Her rough comrades brought her. They laid her on the low couch near the door. They never said a word, only pulled off their caps, looked into the white face of their friend, and went out. They hadn't once looked at the bridgeman. He stood just the same, only fear had gone out of his face and now pain was there.

The short Xmas afternoon wore away. The sunlight crept across the room, leaving in shadow the table with its white cloth; with the chairs drawn up; with the poor, cold feast upon it. It crept across the room and left in shadow the form of the bridgeman, hunched down in his chair. It crept across the room, and last of all, it lingered on the form of Mary lying near the door. It glistened on a spot on her breast—on the golden locket all twisted and bent and with a clumsy knot on the chain. It kissed—only as the sunlight can—ever so tenderly Mary's lips, and seemed, in kissing, to bring back their rosy color. Then the sunlight was gone and shadows came. And it was Xmas night—the gladdest night of all the year.

Unto the Dull Earth

There is no snow on the frost-hard hill ;
No gaunt wind down the valley rides ;
The road, the moor is lone ; and still
The night, save when the forest grides.

But high in heav'n the enmeshed fires,
Deep-thrilled with joy unborn of earth,
Exultant sing, with angel quires,
Of peace, God giv'n, and Jesu's Birth.

L——.

'Tis An Ill Wind

PHILIP J. CARLIN, '11.



IT WAS winter in the Hollow. Winter in the Hollow always dealt the death blow to social activity; and the snow which came in the fall and went in the spring, showed in the interval scarcely a trace of human foot. The Hollow's scanty populace stocked its woodpiles, buried its potatoes, stuffed the vulnerable chinks in the windows, and retired indefinitely from outdoor life. Hence the bleak, abandoned appearance of the Hollow on this particular Christmas day. A dull, clay-like sky, producing that typical semi-darkness of winter, was a fitting accompaniment to the cutting wind which whirled and swept across the open. Straggling along, near a single road (they rashly call it Main Street), the various fine residences appeared as great, snow-covered hulks devoid of life.

But, strange to say, a solitary pedestrian could be seen slouching along in the snow. Thinly clad in shabby raiment, unshaven, unkempt, he would immediately be classified by the term "hobo." But he seemed to have an objective point in his journey and a definite end in view, all of which was confirmed when he turned in at the gate of the Givins' home. That he was more than a mere vagrant soon became evident. The door flew open and a robust little woman rushed forth, her face lit up with some great joy.

"Joey!" she sobbed, and clasped his lank frame.

"Mother!" he said simply, and his features twitched as if in pain.

"O, I knew it was you!" she cried. "I sort o' felt you'd come today, an' I kep' glancin' out the winder every now an' then, an' sure enough you come! Poor boy, you look ready to drop with the cold an' hunger. Come in an' see pa!" Thus she rattled on in her delight. A tall man stood in the doorway to welcome the prodigal son, and they, too, embraced in silent emotion.

Within, the remainder of the Givins family looked askance at the bewhiskered newcomer, deploring this interruption to their Christmas dinner which lay steaming upon the table. A huge edition of the national bird, surrounded by various culinary masterpieces, was an inviting spectacle and a hungry gleam brightened the eye of the wanderer as he looked upon it.

"Well, where you been and how'd you live away from home these last eight years?" said the mother, bustling about to make him comfortable. "I wouldn't know you if I met you anywhere

else, you've growed so big an' manlike. You look's if the world's been usin' you pretty hard, too. But you're home again, safe an' sound, an' that's a blessin'. Come, set in now an' eat your fill."

And he did eat. The manner in which he devoured everything set before him, cramming in his food in great mouthfuls, proved that the man was ravenously hungry. Three helpings disappeared in no time and he seemed eager for a fourth. It was fortunate that the younger element had eaten sufficient, for their share would have been in jeopardy before his voracious appetite. The parents looked on in wonder at his demolition of the meal.

At length the famished inner man was satisfied and under the influence of this satisfaction, together with his warm environment, a change came over him. His countenance brightened and he waxed talkative.

"You sure were starvin', Joey," said his father. "Ah! I'll bet you've been sorry ever since you an' Ned—O, we forget to ask about Ned! Where is he? His poor ol' aunt's been pinin' away fer him."

"He's dead," replied the prodigal. "That's why I come home. After he died I got sick o' knocking' around alone, because he was cert'nly a friend to me, always so cheerful an' wise. He died over a mont' ago an' this is th' first square meal I had since. So I guess I'll stay home this time. But I think I'll take a run over an' break th' news to his poor ol' aunt. No use o' her waitin' fer him when he's dead."

"Yes, do," said the sympathetic mother. "I'd ruther you'd tell her anyhow. But you better take pa's big coat an' overshoes."

"Lemme see," he mused, "which way is th' shortest over there? I almost ferget."

"Don't you remember?" she said pointing, "right past Seiler's crick?"

"O yes. Well, I won't be long." They watched him until he disappeared over the hill. The mother's eyes beamed.

"O, I'm so glad Joey's back, pa! What a help he'll be—so big an' strong!"

* * * * *

That very Christmas night a tramp boarded a freight at Hollow Junction and was soon comfortably ensconced in an empty box car. It was "Joey."

"Gee," he chuckled, "dat was so easy I hated to do it. If I wuz Givins I'd come home an' stay home, everyting's so nice an' cumfortable. But just de same, if I didn't look like him an' didn't have brains I wouldn't have dat Christmas dinner an' dese Christmas togs."

Bennie

JAMES K. DONIGAN, '13.



OD made the Jew, the Devil made the Dutch; whoever made the Irisher didn't make much," shrieked Rebecca as she leaned far over the frail railing of the third floor porch; but she could not drown the voice of "Red" Mahoney and his pals, who shouted from the handsome nursery porch across the alley.

"Jew, Jew, wandering Jew, nobody wants you, skiddoo—skiddoo!"

A rather guilty silence fell on the place, when the "Princess" appeared. Of course, pretty thirteen-year-old Margaret Mahoney was not a real princess; but she had been called "The Princess" ever since she had informed some settlement worker that "we always take care of our own poor"—"we," meaning her father, Alderman Mahoney, and several others who had stuck to the old ward through all its sad changes.

Alderman Mahoney loved the ward. He was born in it and his handsome home was erected on the site of the cabin his father had built fifty years before. He worked hard—for the advancement of the district, for the old crowd that remained faithful to it, and for the aliens who came, as others had before them, to find a home in the "Land of the Free." It made no difference to him what country they hailed from. "Sure," he often remarked, "they are all coming here to escape persecution of some sort, and it would ill become an Irish immigrant's son to turn his back on them."

Margaret was like her father in many ways. With all the egotism of youth she felt that she had a mission in life, and that it lay right here in her father's ward. She knew there were many people ready and willing to help the foreign mothers; that there were nurseries for the babies; but the little grammar school children who were trying to learn, not only new studies, but a new language and new customs, had no help but what "teacher" could give them, and what they picked up on the streets, which was often worse than ignorance. These children were Margie's care, and she coaxed and bullied her friends into joining her in the good work. There were many discouragements, but Margaret had patience and optimism; and above all she had that greatest of womanly gifts, tact. Perhaps that was why she came out on the porch this fateful day smiling, apparently unconscious of the fact that a wordy war had been raging between Erin and Palestine.

"Look, Bennie," she said to a delicate black-eyed boy on the opposite porch, "at the beautiful basket I've just made for Fluffy," and she exhibited a pretty beribboned basket in which dozed a dainty white kitten half hidden by an immense blue ribbon bow.

Fluffy opened her round eyes, blinked at her admirers and lazily closed them again. "Gee," said Benny, "but that's swell. Where'd she get the calico?" "Oh, Aunt Mary gave it to me for my hair, but it was so becoming to Fluffy I just had to let her have it," she answered as she smoothed the ribbon and hummed to herself happily. Just then Rebecca remembered that she had learned to make a beautiful rosette in school the other day, and she felt sure one would look grand on the basket.

Of all Margaret's subjects there was not one as loyal and devoted as Benny. Three years before, when he first landed from far away Russia, his timid ways and clumsy old-world clothes made him a target for the jeers and jokes of his more fortunate companions. He lived in a few rooms in the big block next door to the Mahoney mansion where his little mother worked from early morning till late at night "finishing" vests that she might make a living for herself and her son in the land of plenty.

One day when Margaret was returning from school earlier than usual she was indignant at seeing Bennie clinging to the old lamp post and kicking out savagely at a crowd of tormentors. Breaking through the circle she told them in the straightforward language of childhood what she thought of them. Then looking at the shamefaced crowd she added, "Some of you who can talk to him, tell him you didn't mean it, that you were only fooling, and that he is going to be one of the bunch after this."

Bennie, who for three lonely months had watched their games from afar, could hardly believe it. With one hand clasped in Margaret's and the other in that of a chubby boy of seven, he found himself swinging round the post to the tune of "Ring Around a Rosie." He was Margaret's particular protege after that and no real princess received more loving homage than he gave her.

Shortly after Margaret had interrupted "Red's" war on Rebecca, and while the children, forgetful of late hostilities, talked across the dirty alley, sodden with the late November rain, they were startled by the shrill cry of "Fire!", and dropping everything ran to learn where it was.

Mrs. Mahoney was attending a funeral on the north side and had left the children and the big sunny nursery on the third floor in care of her eldest daughter Catherine, who was admonishing them not to wake baby, when Hannah, who had come from the kitchen as fast as her fright and asthma would permit, gasped out—"For the love of heaven, hurry down, children; the house is all on fire."

Catherine had the baby in her arms in a moment and called "Red" to take Francis, who refused to leave his tin soldier. Hannah, after making sure that no one was left on the upper porch, relieved "Red" of the belligerent Francis and hurried after the children. When they reached the second floor fiery wreathes of smoke were curling up the stairs. "Oh!" screamed Margaret, "my Fluffy will be burned to death!" and in spite of Catherine's terrified entreaties and Hannah's physical opposition, ducked under the arms of the latter and sped up the stairs after her pet. Catherine, placing the baby in the willing arms of a neighbor, cried, "I must go for Margaret; she is up there." Already the firemen were laying hose around, and pushing her out of danger, promised to have Margaret down in a minute. Just then a piercing scream was heard. "Mine Benny! Mine Benny! He has gone by the fire in!" A fireman staggered out of the hall. It was a roaring furnace. The stairs were already burning. A ladder was quickly placed against the house, but before the fireman's feet rested on it Bennie's smoke-blackened face appeared at the window. He leaned far out and tried to make himself heard above the clang of the engines and the yelling of the people. In a second Fluffy swung, pendulum like, then dropped far out in the crowd where she was rescued, a scared but otherwise unhurt kitten. In another moment the firemen had placed Margaret, closely wrapped in Bennie's coat, in the arms of the man waiting on the window sill below, and tearing the blazing shirt from Bennie's shoulders carried him down the ladder. A wild cheer went up from many throats for the rescue, but it died slowly when the unconscious children were placed in the waiting ambulance and the front of the Mahoney mansion fell in.

When Bennie came to himself he felt stiff and sore; his hands, arms and neck were bandaged and he could scarcely move his head. He was in a small room, very white and very still. He tried to move and smiled faintly at the nurse who stood beside him. "Are you better, Bennie?" she asked. "Is this a hospital?" he said. "Yes," she answered. "Do you feel better?" "Oh, I'm all right," said he. "Margaret didn't get burned. I wrapped my coat round her and put the fire out of her dress by mine own hands." "I should say you did," said the doctor, who had come softly in. "Why the deuce did you go into such a place?" There was surprise and disapproval in Bennie's eyes as he answered, "Mine friend was there;" then added, "the smoke got in her eyes and she couldn't see. But she didn't get burned?" It was a question now. "No," he answered truthfully, "not a hair of her head was burnt," and he turned his face from the mute question in the child's big, black eyes. "The smoke made her eyes very bad, Bennie. It will be

some time before she can come to see you. Do you know, you are a little hero!"

Bennie had a room all to himself in the hospital, a nurse in constant attendance, and the best of physicians in the city had been called to assist Mr. Mahoney's family doctor. "Nothing must be left undone to save Bennie," was Alderman Mahoney's order.

He improved rapidly for a few days and the nurse was able to show him many pictures clipped from the papers, for the little "Hero of the Ghetto" was a very prominent person just then in the big city dailies. There was Fluffy sporting the big ribbon bow, looking quite innocent of the part she had taken in that day's tragedy. There was a picture of Bennie standing in the window of the burning house; but best of all was a picture of Margaret in white dress and veil, her flower-like face very grave, as became a first communicant. Bennie was delighted with it and confided to the nurse that just as soon as he was well he would buy a beautiful frame for it at the Five and Ten Cent Store. Next morning he was greatly surprised to learn that some one had sent him a present of the handsomest frame he had ever seen. The nurse fixed the picture on the stand where Bennie could see it whenever he wished to, and her heart was saddened when she saw how often the big black eyes sought the picture. For there was one print she did not show him—a white flower-strewn casket around which the sorrowful Mahoney family were grouped.

Bennie grew restless and fretful after a time and he constantly asked if Margaret was not better. Mr. Mahoney came to see him every day, but being a man, it was hard for him to dissemble; and try as he would his glance was sure to rest on the face that looked up so seriously under the first communion veil.

A week after the tragedy Mrs. Mahoney, putting aside her mourning, called to see Bennie. She never glanced at the picture but stooped and kissed the little white face on the pillow. In a moment the light of welcome died out of the eyes, the smile left his lips and he whispered "Margaret's dead." "Why do you say that, Bennie?" asked Margaret's mother. "Didn't they tell you she was getting better?" The nurse came to her rescue. Bennie shook his head, "I don't know," he said, "but I feel here that she is dead," and he laid his bandaged hand over his heart. They tried to persuade him that he was just nervous and frightened; and Mrs. Mahoney endeavored to interest him by telling of all the Alderman meant to do for him when he recovered. He asked her to come and see him again, then wearily closed his eyes.

After a few hours or so he said to the nurse, "What you think, the Sister by Margaret's school says that God ain't down on nobody what's good, if he's a Jew or Irish or nothing. They

can all go by his heaven where nobody ain't sorry any more." "Yes, the teacher is right, Bennie; but I think you had better rest now," and she fixed his pillow and was relieved to see him in a short time peacefully sleeping. He needed the rest, and even when it was long past the time for his medicine, she would not disturb him. But she was surprised when the lights flared up in the corridor. She had no idea it was so late. She looked anxiously at the little sleeper. Her heart beat more rapidly as she swiftly crossed the room. "Bennie," she said softly, "Bennie," and laid her hand on his white cheek. It was marble cold. Bennie had found his friend.

On Earth—Peace

"**G**LORY to God in the highest,
And on earth peace, holy peace."
Clear through the morn comes the anthem,
And men's hearts re-echo "Peace."

Hearts that are sick and are weary
Of the strife and shame of earth,
Hearts in pure ecstasy waiting
For the Christ-Child's holy birth.

Dawn in the east-land is breaking,
The celestial anthems cease,
Soft from the lips of the hushed world
Comes its Christmas prayer—"Peace."

T. Q. B. '10.

College Examinations

(A Symposium)

I.



QUARTERLY examinations again!

It may be a mere coincidence, but just about the time the scribes begin to prepare copy for the college journal, an indefinable, yet withal a palpable gloom creeps over the fair face of nature. Joy is snuffed out of life. Sunshine leaves the world. Tranquility of mind is gone. Such is the fact. It argues something amiss, something out of joint. That there is a distinctly traceable cause I am convinced, though I am somewhat loath, through fear of seeming irreverent, to attribute such effects to their very venerable source. There are certain hoary customs common to every institution of learning which we come to look upon as of right divine. To question their supremacy, their utility or necessity, would be as overt as the act of throwing stones at the sacred cow. Still in the life of every student there is "the soul's awakening." "Intimations of immortality," inspirations proper and common to the springtime of life, periods of special enlightenment enable the sublimated youth to look through and beyond the trapping of things, to pierce the shadows and go straight to the heart of the matter.

That there are two sides to every question, I have heard my elders affirm on more than one occasion. The light I would cast upon the other side of the subject in hand touches the very life of one of those permanent institutions to which reference was made above. So much has been said and written, for and against, that I feel justified in concluding that it is open to discussion—theoretically, at least. Far be it from me to wish to demolish fixed opinions or customs; yet owing to an innate tendency peculiar to student years, I would like to see the inside or the other side of this question.

Most of us have always taken for granted that examinations are necessary; a necessary evil, if you wish, but necessary (will always be demanded) for all that. After all has been said, however, the question still persists—"are examinations necessary at all?" What purpose do they serve? What good has ever come from them? That the number and thoroughness of the written quizzes in our schools and colleges has had the effect of increasing the total work of the students and in raising the minimum

qualifications for graduates, no one will deny; but can it not be said with equal truth that there has ensued a condition of affairs which demands attention and correction on the part of those who are directly responsible?

I refer to the mental characteristics of the average high school and college student. In every reputable school, college and university throughout this fair land, the student from his entrance until his graduation is dogged by his nemesis, the forthcoming examination, quarterly, semi-annual, annual. To stand creditably he is goaded constantly to his utmost. From whatever little experience I have gleaned, I know it to be a fact that in the schools of this city he is scarcely taught to appreciate the significance of his studies save in view of the coming examination for graduation or entrance to college. For four years the efforts of the high school pupil are one ceaseless struggle to appease examiners, to adapt his nature to constantly recurring severe mental strains, with the result that a premium is set upon memory and the clerical accomplishment of speed in wielding the pen.

The examination questions are too comprehensive. To answer all thoroughly the student must write at top speed, with little time to correlate the subject matter, to put it into form, unless he is reeling off the intelligence by rote. Woe betide the slow of pen. He can hardly expect to stand high. In examinations, especially in the classics, memory, the ability to express another's thoughts in one's own language, and physical energy to weather the strain, are prime requisites. As to original work or any power won from all this toil, there is far less than one has every reason to expect considering the amount of time and the vast labor expended both by pupils and preceptors. American colleges are gradually developing into great mills which annually grind out an army of young men adept in the art of passing examinations, but who, in the estimation of the wise and thorough, are sadly deficient in intellectual substance.

Education in any proper sense of the word is a training to promote insight, logic of thought, facility in getting at the core of things. Perception, not memory, is to be cultivated. As the student advances chiefly through his own endeavors, he should be led through a course of study and original thought if he is to issue from the process an intellectual power fitted to solve the problems that will inevitably confront him. To produce such results, examinations must be what they were intended to be—means, not ends.

Any radical changes just now in the present system, except in so far as they affect college entrance examinations, would be without warrant—beginning at the wrong end. Let the colleges and universities accept students from schools of recognized merit without

forcing them through the ordeal of entrance examinations. Leave it to the schools to see to the proper education and equipment of the students who may intend to continue their studies. They are but a handful at most. Parents whose sons are not destined for the professions or who do not see their way to the fullest education of their children, complain, and with every reason, that they cannot find a school where a thorough general education is given. The course of studies has been planned to fit students for college or for technical work. Hence, I would suggest the plan in use at Dartmouth. There the student, upon presenting his credits, is allowed to matriculate without examination; he is, however, required within a fixed period to show such quality and quantity of work as will warrant his fitness to remain.

The point I wish to make is this. Called to the aid of education, examinations have usurped its place. Education is the slave of its quondam handmaid. I do not deny that examinations have their uses, nor say that we can do without them altogether; but I insist that while it may be a dutiful servant, it makes a hard master. Such it has become, bullying, degrading, defeating education. I do not question that those who teach are in the main proper judges of what should be taught; they, if anyone, should know the value of each branch prescribed or elected. One of the means they have agreed upon to test the results of their work is examination. This, however, is but one, an instrument which, from my point of view, is to be used as such with discretion, moderation, broad-mindedness. Has it thus been used? Has it not gradually grown into an old, iron-bound, moss-covered system; constantly enlarged its jurisdiction; stiffened into a special profession; generated a class of specialists called examiners? Is it any wonder that collections of previous examination papers, not text books, have become the real subject of study; that the aim of the student is to get an insight, not into the mind of his professor, but into that of the examiner; that his aim is not broad culture, but that modicum of information—the least possible and obtained with the least effort—which we may dub artificial skill in passing examinations?

It must never be forgotten, though unfortunately it is anything but a conviction in the minds of many educators, that college training is a training for *life*. College bred men and their preceptors may have slight regard for the sophistical arguments of politicians and the so-called self-made men, but we would esteem them more if they had or could impart to us the shrewd good sense and the hearty rough strength of either of these classes.

In our own country just as present, there is sufficient just criticism of the methods in vogue to call the attention of educators to the reforms suggested. True there have been changes. The elect-

ive system built up so elaborately, has been modified. There is much building up and much tearing down. Some think we are as much at sea as we ever were. So we are. We are enamored of the system, the abstract, ideal system without regard to the human boys and girls who are fed to the Moloch of some hazy dreamer. Whatever is (or rather has been) is right; custom, precedent is inviolable; no wisdom like the wisdom of the ancients. With such ideas, what hope is there of genuine progress, of meeting the problems of our times as our forefathers met and solved the questions which confronted them?

JOHN A. COLNOR,
Fourth High B.

II.

By way of preface I wish to state that examinations in one form or another answer the demands of modern enterprise for an accurate and effective method of analysis in the search for the rarest of substances—ability. One who wishes to practice law or medicine or to enter the civil service must undergo some sort of ordeal to test his efficiency. Positions of importance even in the commercial world are awarded only after the employer has investigated more or less thoroughly the capability of the applicant. Until recent years college entrance examinations were compulsory. However, since the introduction of the credit system some institutions of the first rank have dispensed with them in the case of students vouched for by reputable preparatory schools. In every instance the one thing sought is assurance of fitness.

The purpose of the examinations held during the course of the school year is in the main quite different. In the cases cited, as the applicant is wholly unknown to the examiners, a thorough query, oral or written, is a simple and quite satisfactory means of ascertaining competence. College professors and instructors, on the other hand, usually have a more comprehensive knowledge of the powers and advancement of their pupils than these young men suspect. Quizzes in their case must have a further object. Were the sole aim of college examinations to furnish data relative to the student's standing, an appreciable amount of time and energy would be squandered in a vain endeavor to impart information for which there is no demand. This, of course, is not true in lecture courses. But were it once decided to drop examinations, some other means of compassing the end might be discovered. What that will be I leave to the abolitionists to determine.

Among educators, owing chiefly to constant pressure from the outside, it is a perennial source of vain discussion whether the other system would not make for retrogression by lowering the

tone and quality of scholarship. That dispensing with them would be beneficial in a variety of ways, is generally conceded. Not to mention the drudgery incident to the marking of papers and the dissatisfaction arising therefrom; the time spent in repetition and in the actual composition of the pensa; the inevitable interruption of class work; the snapping of threads which counts so heavily against interest in the student's work; the reaction consequent upon the unusual mental strain, are concomitants of the present system which would lapse with the introduction of the scheme advocated. There are decided objections to either course. Hence, the discussion narrows itself down to a consideration of which method presents the lesser evils.

Keeping in view the primary object of education, namely the rounded development of the student, I would retain the present system with its manifold advantages as against the uncertain benefits to accrue from the plan advanced. I grant that examinations, far from effecting any appreciable good results, often enough work positive harm to a certain class of students who vainly attempt to master in a few days the matter requiring months to cover. Cases of nervous break-down, of mental and physical undoing, are not infrequently traceable to the prolonged study occasioned by the impending examinations. To prevent these disastrous effects some demand the removal of the cause. In their stead it is suggested to grade the students wholly on their daily work. With truth it is argued that knowledge acquired at high pressure and under tension is ephemeral. Though such plugging is not general, yet experience warrants the statement that the majority of students are inoculated with the germ. This condition of things, while regrettable when carried to extremes, will not work serious injury if indulged in at rare intervals. An hour or two of application in addition to the wonted period devoted to preparation of class work, will scarcely affect the average youth. A whole system, good in itself and recognized as the best, is not to be ruthlessly thrown aside for the sake of a few who imprudently exceed due limits. The evils resulting are really abuses which it is in the power of the student to correct by attending to his work from day to day.

The arguments advanced by the opponents of the present system are worth little. They are built round and upon existing abuses and have a seeming importance due solely to the number of advocates who, by the way, are not mentionable for industry or mentality. There is nothing constructive in the plan advanced. Its main purpose seems to be to open a short line of least resistance—a kind of twentieth-century limited, not to knowledge, but to repose and that of the “le’-me-alone” type. Opponents of the more radical kind see nothing but abuses; examinations to them are a magis-

terial whip held before the eyes of students to quicken their sensibilities and keep them on edge, a day of reckoning when the jolly old pedagogue evens the score he has kept with such accuracy plus the interest he compounds just for pure cussedness. The two schemes can not be harmonized. There may be a compromise, but as advocated by the extremists they are simply poles apart.

Aside from the fact that the examinations may serve as a determinant in fixing the judgment of the professor as to the student's standing, they are of immense advantage to the student himself. Their very imminence bestirs him and awakens his better self. As far as he is concerned he is facing a dilemma. He understands that he must succeed or take the consequences. Usually he gets right down to work. He recalls, weighs, proves, correlates at the expense of all available time and an amount of energy which he never thought he possessed. His apparently aimless wandering through a maze of matter, without, as far as he cared to see, any connection, has, upon repetition, brought him to a comprehensive understanding of essentials. The professor has meanwhile been emphasizing the important points, showing their interdependence and their bearing on the whole, thereby impressing the matter on the student's mind.

The retrospect has a very salutary moral effect—educative in a high degree. To no one would the young man care to admit the humiliating conclusion forced upon him just previous to his inception of the tasks which confront him once the subject matter and the date of the test have been assigned. As to the unfortunate who has been systematically passing up class work for other and more agreeable "*social duties*," well—he knows the savor of Dead Sea fruit and understands something of the "*vanitas vanitatum*" of the wisest of men.

Again examinations compel a student to make the most of his resources. Those who have gone through the real tests of school life will agree that they received more genuine development from an oral or written quiz than from any single month of study. It certainly requires no small amount of grit and self-control to maintain one's confidence when, on taking a glance at the series of questions, one finds a point or two concerning which he seems to know as much as a head-hunter about the principles of aviation. Under such circumstances the ordinary student is apt to become apprehensive, if his brains do not actually go wool-gathering or engage in some other equally futile occupation. Anyone who has studied the expressions on the faces of a class of boys during an examination will readily conjure up a series of pictures wherein the subjects, one with a look of agony on his face, another as blank in expression as in mind, a third converting the penholder into a pulp to

furnish the substance of his treatise, are all equally sure that they are "thinking." If one who has made a praiseworthy effort to grasp the matter can keep his head, he has gained a formative victory for self more instructive, more helpful for life than any that has accrued to him as the results of long hours of mere study.

JOHN A. NOONAN,
Fourth High B.

III.

That there is no way out of examinations is vouched for by custom and the assurance of our elders. They tell us truly that it is unwise to judge a man by his opinion of himself. Claims to fitness for posts of responsibility such as are connoted by the term "profession," are invariably passed on in accordance with the results of a quiz more or less formal. The requirements of these tests are not generally regarded as too severe, for our personal welfare is in the hands of men whom we must trust implicitly—physician, attorney, public official. Life, liberty, property, the pursuit of happiness are at stake.

It is only when there is question of examinations in college that we hear loud-voiced demurs generated in the vacuous headpieces of the all-sufficient type of student. The efficiency test stands as a bar to entrance at the portals of many colleges. In some instances the "pons asinorum" is placed at a safe distance from their sacred precincts. At any rate the winnowing begins outside the threshold. As it is certainly a hardship to keep a boy at his books during the dog-days in preparation for the forthcoming examination, and as it is next to hazardous to grade the pupils with absolute finality by the results of the entrance examinations alone, a compromise has been effected. Applicants are fitted into their niches in virtue of their certificate of credits duly indorsed by responsible officials of the school from which they come. In these cases the ordeal has been passed elsewhere and authorities are willing to abide by its issue. The discussion consequently beats about the question of examinations in the colleges themselves, as the lower schools, owing to numbers and aggressive criticism, are able to work up a sentiment in regard to such tests while powerless to influence legislation in the institutions to which they aspire. They very diplomatically "transeat" a very important aspect of the question with a "cui bono?". If the professor is fully informed concerning the attainments of his pupils, to whom does the advantage accrue?

To premise. Examinations are usually preceded by a more or less protracted review. This one fact, plus the concentrated and sustained effort of the student begotten of a variety of motives, has the effect of stimulating him to his utmost. Naturally enough the

professor or instructor insists on fundamentals, reiterates, illustrates. In a telling way he points out their connection and relations to a remote degree. The interest evoked awakens attention and, with the insistence of the professor, the subject matter is impressed on minds keyed as they generally are at such a time. Again, the added knowledge, deeper insight, or a natural interest aroused, may provoke questions, raise doubts, enkindle a desire to investigate particulars previously accepted as final or taken frequently without demanding a shred of proof. This can happen, does sometimes happen, and happens not infrequently to a degree. The added hours of concentrated effort, the regular life and the removal of distractions, drive the matter home. We feel the difference.

Suppose the student were told at the last moment that the faculty had decided to waive their right to hold the test: would he lose anything essential to their training, would the faculty be guilty of injustice in depriving the student of his due? True, the effort incident to the composition of a creditable paper produces its effect proportionate to the amount of intellectual substances put into it, but the student could forego this advantage without serious detriment to the unfolding of his powers. The results in the main are his and by reason of his efforts. Examination or no examination the results are his. For him alone is all the machinery put into motion. He alone is the gainer and he alone raises his voice in protest.

From the standpoint of the average growing youth, the half-baked, spineless, never-try, examinations are the invention of men such as the inquisitors of old are pictured to have been. The awe with which the thought of the dread ordeal inspires such young men actually makes them sick. In consequence they usually line up at the other head of the class list as impedimenta—the tail of the beast—absent, excused, 53% in four branches, 61% in five branches, or they are wheeled to the portal, billed for shipment to some intellectual hospital or sanatorium. All of us, at the approach of examinations, realize the extent to which we are deficient, and the realization strikes home in a variety of ways. There is nothing to do but dig. Dig we can and dig we must. Early and late, on the cars to and fro, during intermissions of class, in the library, corridors and halls we are ever busy. We can ask a myriad of pointed, searching questions, where before all was plain—a geometric plane surface, a “*tabula rasa*.” Had we been as interested, as diligent even to a minor degree during the past months—well, we are sadder and wiser youths.

But the question is not as one-sided as some young men would have us think. If put to a vote in any class in the land, the results of the ballot might bear a remote resemblance to the blow given to

cock-sureness on November 8th last. Owing to early training, or the lack of it; to environment, handling; or perhaps because of natural timidity, some lads never do themselves justice in the ordinary daily recitations. A chummy class-mate may know how ceaselessly his dumb friend plugs at his books; how rationally he can discuss his classics, mathematics, science or literature. For all students who are unable to express their ideas orally with satisfaction to themselves or their instructors, examinations are a boon. Here, at least, they can vindicate their intelligence. To them, as to the laggard, written tests present an opportunity of regaining lost laurels, or, as the latter put it, a chance to "fatten their batting averages."

To drive the idea home (via a joy ride in an orthodox hackney), examinations in any and every form foster a spirit of friendly rivalry quite essential in arousing interest in tedious lessons, in stimulating stagnant brains and firing dormant ambition. Competition is the life of the class room as it is of trade. It has the power to transform the dreary dusty road through the parched desert of learning into a flower strewn path leading to a veritable garden of delights where the pedagogues cease from troubling and the weary do their best—for a time.

JOSEPH BYRNES,
Fourth High B.

A Christmas Caller



It was a sad Christmas eve in the McGovern home. The old couple sat gazing steadfastly into the flickering embers in the fireplace, with an expression of sincere grief on their faces in place of that joyousness which usually pervades at this season. Their daughter, a slight girl of twenty, was busying herself around the room putting on the finishing touches so that Christmas morning would find everything in the little cottage immaculate.

The room in which the family had gathered for the evening was characteristic of those found in the modest cottages of Ireland today, with its whitewashed walls and bare floor, its scant furniture consisting of a table (as the room served for a dining as well as a sitting room), a few wooden-seated chairs with straight backs, and the two rockers now occupied by the old people at the fireplace. The table was covered with a white cloth, and holly was artistically displayed about the room, while on the mantle shelf the Christmas candle burned brightly and with the ruddy glow of the turf in the fireplace, furnished all the light necessary for such an evening. Three pictures adorned the walls. Of these, two were sacred pictures, and the third that of a boy of fourteen in his confirmation suit. It had been the custom each Christmas to decorate the latter picture profusely with holly for the double reason that Christmas was his birthday, and further, as the boy had severed his home connections several years before and would not be present to partake in the Christmas festivities, the holly encircling the picture of the absent son seemed to bring him back in spirit at the Yuletide season.

For Luke McGovern, exactly fifteen years ago tomorrow, on his seventeenth birthday, had slipped away from home, leaving a short note that explained with boyish ambitions and shortsightedness how he was taking a steamer the next morning for New York, and that he would some day return a great and wealthy man. He was then a goodly sized youth for his age, with light curly hair like his father's, and although possessed of a sunny disposition, was inclined to be pensive at times and appeared to have more faith in his convictions than reasons to defend them. On account of the poor circumstances of his parents he had been obliged to leave school at the age of fifteen, and had hired himself out to a neighboring farmer, who employed him to watch the cows while they were grazing and to milk them each morning and night. This tedious employment could not satisfy his restless

nature, and he finally resolved to make a break for the glorious America which he had heard so much about.

In this desire he was held back by the circumstances in which the family was situated, for, although his wages amounted to only a little more than eight shillings a week, nevertheless this small amount meant much in the financial difficulties in which they then were. His father, a carpenter by trade, was able to obtain employment only periodically, and with two younger ones in the family, the struggle was hard enough. The other son, Fred, would be out of school the next June, when he would start to work, but the girl was only a child of seven summers and was just beginning to assist her mother in the household duties. So Luke, feeling the responsibility he owed his home, thought long and earnestly before he could actually convince himself to go. In his boyish mind he figured out matters in this way: "If my eight shillings are such a help now, how much more will be the large wages that I will get in America, and what joy it will bring the old folks when I shall return one day, my fortune made, and place them in comfort for the rest of their lives." Of course, he dared not broach such a matter to his fond parents, except to satisfy himself by casual remarks dropped in their presence that they would be unequivocally opposed to such a step. He therefore confided his secret to no one, not even to Father Barry, the parish priest, who had been his closest friend and mentor from babyhood, and to whom he always went for consolation and advice when in trouble of any kind.

Luke was acquainted with one of the stevedores on the big ocean liner "Kumeric," which was due to sail from Queenstown in the early morn of December 26th, and as this stevedore wanted to be off duty during the Christmas holidays, and not being particularly scrupulous, he arranged with his foreman to have Luke make the trip in his place. Luke's seventeenth birthday and Christmas were celebrated simultaneously with the usual amount of joy and good cheer by the members of the family and Father Barry, for Father Barry invariably spent a large part of each Christmas afternoon in the McGovern home. However, if anyone had observed closely, they would have noticed that the usual frankness and light-heartedness were lacking in Luke's face on this day, and that a far-away look would now and then steal into his eyes. After the family had retired, he gathered up what little articles he could call his own, wrapped a blanket shawl around them, and slipped out of the house when all supposed him to be sleeping soundly. He then hastened down to the depot to catch the midnight train to the coast. By the time the note was found he was out at sea.

The voyage was truly wonderful for the lad who had never been beyond the boundaries of quaint old Shankill, Dungarr county; and when the "Kumeric" steamed up the East River, coming into New York harbor, and the boy looked upon the wondrous and ragged sky line, surmounted in one direction by the Statue of Liberty and in another by the gorgeous steeples of St. Patrick's Cathedral, his soul was filled with a sense of hope, mingled with ambition, such as he had never before experienced in his life. He gained the complete confidence of his foreman coming over, and as this latter had another party who desired to make the trip back, Luke's conscience was freed from the necessity of making the return trip as had at first been agreed.

He had very little money, and the first thought that took possession of him after the boat landed and he had purchased breakfast was where, in this bustling throng of strangers, he was going to find employment and what he could do. He was timidly crossing Twenty-Sixth Avenue, where it meets Broadway, and becoming panic-stricken at the sight of a huge van evidently bearing down upon him, he made a mad dash for the sidewalk, and in doing so plunged headlong against the portly person of a dignified-looking individual who was just about to cross the street. The gentleman, instead of rebuking him, helped the lad to gather himself and baggage together, and observing traits of sincerity in the boy's strong face, questioned him; and as it happened that the portly person was a large employer of men and a good judge of character, augured that this boy, with proper training, would develop into a valuable employe. The man's name was Mr. J. D. Henneberry, of Henneberry, Watson & Co., one of the largest importers in New York. In a few minutes he had arranged with our friend Luke to come to work in the shipping department the next morning.

With what joy the first letter was written home on that New Year's Eve! And it was received with no less joy by the resigned mother and rest of the family.

The boy was given forty-five dollars a month to start with, and out of this amount, through frugal living, he sent home ten dollars the first month, and continued the payments regularly. As was expected, he rose steadily in his employer's esteem, and at the age of nineteen held the position of assistant shipping clerk at a salary of eighty-five dollars a month; and out of this amount he sent home twenty-five dollars monthly, which, with the aid of what the father and younger brother were earning at home, enabled the family to get along very comfortably. He was shortly afterwards transferred to a branch of the firm at Akron, Ohio, and he continued to send home his remittances until he reached

the age of twenty-five, when he was assured that they were no longer needed. Then his letters became less frequent. Finally they amounted to only two or three a year.

The anxious mother at home would often wonder if a change might not have come over the heart of her son, and if those principles which she had taken such care to plant in his young nature might not have been transplanted to give place to more worldly ones. However, remembering the reticent nature of her boy, she hoped that his failure to write augured no evil. And, as the old folks were sitting before the fire on this Christmas Eve, the mother's thoughts naturally fell to conjecturing about the one who, though so far away, seemed to come home to the family at this season of the year, in spirit, at least.

These misgivings, however, were not the cause of her sorrow, nor were the McGoverns alone in their grief at this particular time; for only three days before, Father Barry had been laid in his last resting place. Poor old Father Barry was known near and far as the most amiable person one would care to meet, and a scholar revered by the most learned. He was of the old school, not given much to new-fangled ideas, yet the most modern professors were known to tremble before his sterling wisdom and power. Respected by Protestants and Catholics alike, his friends were numbered by his acquaintances. Yet through all his life, amid battles won and battles lost, he retained his boyish simplicity which had so endeared him to the hearts of his congregation and which no amount of popularity nor distinction could efface.

He was more than all this to the McGoverns; he was first cousin to Mrs. McGovern and had always looked after the family in a paternal way when they needed assistance, temporal as well as spiritual. Had he not baptized the three children and taken a special interest in them? In answer to Mrs. McGovern's anxious solicitations about her runaway son, he would invariably reply: "The boy will come out all right. I know him better than you."

Now Father Barry was no more, and a great blank was left in the bosoms of his congregation to whom he had been as their closest adviser for over thirty years; and the gloom dampened the usual holiday celebrations, especially in the McGovern home, where he was mourned as a member of the family. The sad event still occupied the foremost place in the minds of the old people as they sat before the fire, and the father broke the silence by venturing as a sort of consolation:

"I can't help thinking what a grand funeral it was. There must have been fifty priests there, to say nothing of the Archbishop and two Bishops."

To which the wife replied:

"Well did he deserve all that and more. But I was just thinking what a pity our Luke couldn't have been here for the funeral. Sure, he was always Father Tim's favorite. I have been thinking a whole lot about Luke tonight, and somehow feel that he might drop in on us some of these days. I wonder how he looks now? He must be a great man, and maybe is married and has a family of his own. It would be just like him to keep all these things from us just to make the surprise greater when he comes back home. He was such a peculiar nature. If Providence had seen fit to grant my wish, our Luke would have been wearing the cassock today, as you will remember when he was small how he used to whisper to Father Tim that when he grew up he was going to be a priest too; and I always hoped when he was growing up with us that we might be able in some way to educate him for the holy calling. But it was not to be so. Still, who knows but that the good angel which guided him when he would whisper his confidences to Father Tim is still watching over him, and that the one great hope of my life is even now being realized, though in a far-off land. You know he must have saved up lots of money, and his letters for some time have been quite mysterious, nothing mentioned about his employers, except to tell us not to address any more mail to the office, and that he was studying the languages and law "to pass the time away," as he said. O, wouldn't it be grand if it were really so! And yet again, I often think that all is not so well, and that his silence, especially during the last few months, is his best means of hiding some disgrace which he has brought upon himself and his honorable family. And so there it stands; and with Father Tim gone, I fear I shall have a very unhappy Christmas instead of a happy one. I wonder whom they intend to put in his place?"

The old man, as was his custom, paid little apparent attention to these musings, and said not a word until she had spoken about the successor, when he rejoined:

"It is the talk of the corners that the assistant, Father Quinn, will succeed him and that a young priest from some strange place, no one knew just where, was coming here as curate, and that he would say his first mass in the church Christmas morning."

"Little will be gained by sending one of those foreigners here, and it will be the worse for the young foreigner if he attempts to introduce any of his new ideas in place of those which we have learned from childhood from Father Tim."

Here the conversation was interrupted by a knock at the door, and the old lady, arising, and peering through the glass, noticed

that a priest stood without. Reverently she opened the door, at which the priest removed his hat, and in a gentle tone spoke:

"I am the new curate and desired to make my first call upon your family to express my sympathy——"

He got thus far, when the old lady, with a cry such as is uttered only when all one's earthly ambitions are realized in one event, threw her arms around his neck and sobbed in very joy—

"My Luke."

JOHN F. HENRY,
Third High A.

Mid Alaskan Snows

"Raoul! Raoul! Get up. 'Tis time." I awoke with a start and found Francois bending over me. "Get up, 'tis time," he repeated. I arose quickly and dressed and then followed him outdoors.

A cold, biting wind was blowing. The stars were out but the moon had not yet risen. It had been snowing and all nature was covered with a thick, white blanket. Afar off rose the mountains, a great, white, hulk clearly outlined against the black sky, while before us lay a vast, trackless waste, uncharted and unknown. The sledge was waiting, while the dogs, already harnessed, lay around in the snow. Francois, however, by a few snaps of his whip aroused them, and our journey began. Some distance ahead of us ran the trailers, half-breeds from beyond the far Noatak, who here and there beat down the snow with long, flat flails and thus made a path for the sledge. After a while the cabin disappeared from sight and we were alone in that vast wilderness.

All was silent save for the crunching of the snow under the runners and an occasional grunt from the dogs. The moon had now risen and gave her ghastly light. Far as the eye could see lay a broad, white expanse of shimmering, scintillating snow crystals, darkened here and there by a thicket of hardy pine trees which alone can stand the rigor of an Alaskan winter. No one spoke. Each was busy with his own thoughts and in contemplation of the scene around him. Here was nature in its grandest form, magnificent, stately, boundless. And on such a night as this was the Christ-child born.

Suddenly Francois exclaimed, "Oh, Raoul! the town!" And following his gaze I saw at first but a thin, hanging line of smoke, very hazy and indistinct, but as we advanced its outlines became clearer, and then the bell-tower of the chapel appeared. Whipping up the dogs, we soon reached the settlement, a few poor huts clustered around the chapel. As we drove up the little street I gazed in amazement at the varied and motley assembly. Here were fur traders, trappers, gold seekers, soldiers, Indians and what not, gathered from over all Alaska and come to celebrate that joyous feast among companions and friends. Many hailed Francois with a jovial greeting, but we did not stop till the chapel was reached.

This building was of logs; its walls were bare and uneven; its roof low and the floors of rough hewn planks. At the far end stood the altar, raised from the floor and on a small platform. Off to one side was a priedieu for confessions, and on the other, a small

table for the cruets. There were no seats and Mass was heard standing.

Soon the priest, pale and worn, issued from the small sanctuary and began to hear confessions. One by one the people knelt before him, and then going their way made room for others. When all were heard, the Mass began. There was no pomp, no singing, no lights and no flowers as befit a joyous feast; nothing but the very essentials.

Slowly the service proceeded; the bell rang for the Consecration, and as it rang again for Communion those rough, wild-looking men approached with faith and reverence to receive their Lord. to be made stronger for the hard struggle of life. At the end of the Mass, the priest preached a simple little sermon and told that old, yet ever new and beautiful story of how the Christ-child, who made us all, left His home above and was born as man in a humble stable. Ah, what infinite sweetness the story held for me as I heard it then! How tender and compassionate were the priest's words; how full of pity as he spoke of the suffering, the cold, the hardships which the Divine Babe endured for our sake. In my child's mind I wondered that Christ the all powerful, the King of Kings, should be born in a stable and sleep on straw, straw that our dogs would not sleep on.

Thus I mused until Francois touched my arm and, looking up, I saw the church nearly empty; we, too, went out, back to home and friends.

And now as each succeeding Christmas draws near, I look back with longing as I hear Mass in some magnificent cathedral in the city; my thoughts revert to that little rude chapel in the Alaskan wilds where I heard my first midnight Mass. For—

"In the music of distance, with eyes that are wet
It is here I remember—and here I forget."

LEO E. MCGIVENA, Third High C.

The Ancient Feud



IN THE gentle slope of a wooded hill, overlooking a nestling little lake, stood a picturesque old mansion. Built of huge blocks of dark stone, with wide verandas encircling, it looked as stately and imposing as when erected years ago. Warrington Manor was a beautiful place in summer when the sun looked down on the waving trees, the well-kept gardens, the carpet of soft, velvet grass, and the silvery waters of the lake dancing in its warm rays. Even now, in December, when the cedars and balsams and tall spruces stood on the slope with their dark boughs weighted down with heavy mantles of snow that had fallen so gently upon them, it was equally beautiful.

On the south side, where the great elms and poplars grew, shading its windows, was my library. A huge, old-fashioned fireplace occupied the north end, and before it stood my easy chair and a small table whereon lay my pipe and ash tray. The walls were hung with pictures and trophies, and from a dark corner of the room a large clock that had belonged to my ancestors solemnly ticked out the minutes. A table, my books, a choice rug, and a few easy chairs completed the furnishings of the room. These with the comfort and privacy I enjoyed were its salient features, and here I spent my leisure hours.

Being somewhat of a connoisseur of literature, I had collected numerous volumes of the old masters—Greek, Latin, German and French, along with some works on electricity. These I took great care to arrange, and prided myself especially on the neatness and order of my library. The cabinet of electrical works occupied the south end of the room, while along the outer wall were ranged the Latin and Greek volumes. The French and German authors stood opposite to these, and from the tops of their respective cases busts of Cicero, Herodotus, Shakespeare and Dante gazed upon this scene of comfort.

One night an absent-minded friend, who gave promise of becoming a great poet, called and finding me engaged went directly to my study. Being a great admirer of Homer and Virgil, he selected a volume of the Greek singer and seated himself before the fireplace. After finishing his reading he opened the case and inadvertently placed the volume of Homer next to that of Virgil.

Some time after my friend's departure, as I drew near my library I heard the sound of voices, now raised high in anger and again soft as a whisper, apparently coming from within. Wondering what could be the trouble, I opened the door but found the room

empty and quiet as before. The only sounds were the crackling of the flames and the monotonous ticking of the old clock in the corner. " 'Tis strange," I thought, " 'tis passing strange." I left the room and at once the sounds began anew, louder and more furious than before. Hurrying back, the sounds ceased. "Can I be dreaming?" I said, rubbing my eyes. Determined to discover the cause of the disturbance, I sat down in my easy chair. All was silent; the wind sighed and moaned through the bare branches of the trees, and somewhere down the hall a clock struck. I listened. "One—two—three" it chimed and so to twelve. A chilly sensation crept over me as the last faint echoes of the gong died away—it was the midnight hour.

Then I noticed that the books all seemed alarmed, and that what had formerly been the title now assumed the outlines of a human face; furthermore, that all were gazing in one direction, towards the Greek authors. Presently the voices broke out again, and I saw the excitable French authors bowing and gesticulating in a vain effort to arouse the stoical, plodding Germans. "Bzzt—bzzt—bzzt!" On turning I found the case on electricity brilliantly illuminated, the sounds coming from a book on "Wireless Telegraphy," which had fallen to its side and was busily engaged sending messages around the room. Then a bell rang out and looking at the old clock, imagine my surprise at seeing the hour-hand pursuing the minute-hand around the dial. The entire place was in an uproar. Even the little manikin on my ash tray was making desperate efforts to free himself. Shakespeare, bubbling over with merriment, was chuckling like old Falstaff, and I nearly collapsed when I saw Dante remove his laurel wreath and wave it wildly over his head, while Cicero, wrapping his toga about him, glanced haughtily at old Herodotus, who shook his head perplexedly.

Rising, I opened the Greek case, and was greeted with such a flood of music that I fell back, amazed. Such harmony was never before heard. The voices trilled and rolled forth in sweetest cadences. One was a rich baritone, deep, full and mellow, a truly magnificent voice, and the notes were so tender, sweet and low, so inexpressibly harmonious. The other was a soft, melodious tenor, leaping and rushing over the notes like some wild, laughing brook, clear and strong. I recognized the voices at once. How could I fail to recognize them? There was no such baritone, no such tenor in modern times. They were the singers of old, Homer and Virgil. For years they had lived in peace in my library, but now side by side seemed bitter enemies, battling for supremacy in open quarrel.

The debate was a heated one. Homer, filled with Olympic rage, sang once again the wrath of Achilles, sang as only he could sing, with all his old-time vigor and spirit. Oh, the rhythm, the

grandeur and sublimity of those lines! What melody, harmony and strength! His voice grew more animated and strong. He was singing of his battles, filled with the confusion, clamor and din of the combat. He was leading on his cohorts, cheering and inspiring them with courage. His magnetic voice, replete with fire and sublimity, rang clear above the shouts and cries of his army—he was leading them to victory. He sang in simple, animated language, now vivacious, rich and copious; now tender and filled with pathos. I sat as if entranced, not daring to move. On, on he sang, gathering strength like a broad, angry flood, impetuously pouring out his wealth of thought and language in one boundless overflow. It was sublime. Never was there such a song. It was a song of stirring, thrilling battle-scenes, of victory and defeat! I saw the attack of the irresistible Achilles wielding the Pelian spear; I saw Ajax and Hector “of the glancing helm,” and the wily Ulysses. I saw the lightning rend Olympus, and felt the earth tremble at Jupiter’s nod.

“Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
When a new planet swims into his ken;
Or like stout Cortez, when, with eagle eyes,
Hè stared at the Pacific—and all his men
Looked at each other with a wild surmise—
Silent, upon a peak in Darien.”

All the while Virgil was waiting eager to begin his argument. Time and again he had interrupted the Blind Bard by his sallies, but was compelled to retire. At length his song was heard. His majestic voice, grand and powerful, yet gentle, with a mild magnificence, rang clear and full. He sang with such strength and tenderness that all the books gazed spellbound and leaned forward in breathless anticipation, as undisturbed, rolled out the flood of music, now sweet and low like a gently rippling stream, then rolling and roaring like the angry waters of the troubled ocean. He sang of the fall of Troy, and I saw clearly before me the conflagration and destruction of that ancient city. I heard the din and clash of arms, and the shouts and cries of battle. I saw swords flash in the lurid light of the flames, and the marching hosts mowing down the vanquished. Before me, in the haze of vision rose the ancient Priam, his hair disheveled, his eyes wild with terror and rage; he was fleeing. I saw old Æneas carrying on his shoulders the venerable form of poor Anchises. I met Creusa and Paris, the author and cause of the terrible calamity. What a picture, what grandeur and realism! I was carried back to those stirring times, and participated in every event! How stately, smooth, and liquid were

the rich tones of his voice! How chaste and correct the language!
How elegant and uniform the style!

"All the chosen coin of fancy flashing out from many a golden phrase,

All the charm of all the Muses often flowering in a lonely wood,
Wieler of the stateliest measure ever moulded by the lips of man."

When each had finished, Quintilian, an old, musty, dust-covered tome, its old-fashioned binding green with age, its illuminated pages rusty and obliterated, spoke up in a deep, mellow voice to settle the dispute. While the books gazed in mute and silent respect, the venerable relic of ages past began in a commanding tone:

"In all my vast experience and reading, and I have lived for centuries, I have never met, nor do I expect ever to meet, one better than——." Here he paused for a moment. Was it through hesitation or was he gazing reminiscently back over the sea of memory? "I have met none better than——." There was a sudden movement among the books, all were gazing in rapt attention, their ears cocked to catch the decisive word—"none better than Homer!" Here a loud clamor, and a tumult of applause broke forth! The Greeks were cheering wildly, the shelves groaning and rocking to and fro.

After the tumult had subsided, the old tome resumed.

"Yes, in all my years and reading I have met none better than——." Here the Greeks again became hilarious, applauding wildly. "better than—Homer and Virgil!"

Now the uproar was indescribable. The books could no longer contain themselves; even the quiet, unassuming Germans were infected and cheered with the others. The flames leaped and roared in the chimney, while pandemonium, in the shape of cheers from the books, ruled for the hour. Foremost in the excitement was Caesar, who, stepping out of his position, ordered his legions to fall into line and to advance in a grand triumphal pageant. He then planted several catapults, and at the command "Fire!" all went off in one deafening roar, shaking the entire building. When the dust had lifted, I saw Cicero step majestically forward and heard him, in his incomparable oration of praise to Homer and Virgil, excelling even his "Pro Archia."

Then the Greeks joined in the song of praise, bursting forth in a grand triumphal chorus, as Xenophon, believing himself at the head of the Greek forces, marched several parasangs around the room in search of the fugitive Cyrus and his brother Artaxerxes. When he reached the end of the library his further progress was impeded by Pindar and Theocritus, who had taken down the volume on Aeronautics and were studying new flights of poetry.

The song continued, growing stronger, until Virgil stepped forth and out of deference to Homer spoke. "Fellow authors, Quintilian honors me too much, and I doubt if his judgment was honest. Perhaps he was acting merely as a peacemaker. I thank you for your high appreciation of me, but I cheerfully give the crown to Homer. And now, one grand cheer for Homer—the Poet of the World!"

The cheers were given; Homer and Virgil congratulated each other and lived in peace for many years.

JOSEPH X. GUBBINS, Third High C.

In Child-World

HO, little lad!

Aren't you glad

Christmas has come again

With its gilded toys

And wondrous joys

For little women and men?

Ho, little miss!

Come, tell me this—

When are you happiest—when?

Why, when the dream

Of the toy-tree's gleam

Thrills your wide eyes—'tis then!

Ah, romping lad

And laughing miss,

How bright, how glad

Is the sunbeam's kiss

Touching your cheeks today!

Ah, happy pair,

Where is your care?

"Oh! Santa took it away."

—James Fitzgerald, '13.

Christmas Chimes



IT WAS Christmas eve and lacked but twenty minutes of being midnight. Jean Bouchier sat in one corner of his cozy parlor, and his wife in the one opposite. The grandchildren, aged ten, eight and six, who had been permitted to keep vigil this one night in the year, sat close to Jean, all anxiously awaiting a story that he had promised to tell them before the bells in the tower of the little chapel of St. Gervais chimed in Christmas day.

"It was the night of December the twenty-fourth, 1870. I was then barely twenty-two. We were occupying the village of De Cressey, and though we did not expect an attack from the Germans, sentry duty was as strict as if the enemy were close to our lines. It was biting cold. The ground was covered with snow. The moon shed its beams on the white mantle below, and at times when the wind did not blow the fine snow before it like smoke, I could see the next sentry pacing up and down several hundred yards away.

"I was glad when it was close to midnight, as I was anxious to be relieved. I was very lonely and was thinking of my father and mother and sisters—I had no brothers—and I knew that they were or had been at church that evening, far away, and would receive Holy Communion in the morning. And I knew that they were waiting at that moment for the bells to chime forth Christmas day, and that they would pray for me. For one of our little devout practices at home was to beg God's graces and protection for absent and dear ones as the Christmas chimes rang out the midnight hour.

"My thoughts were suddenly interrupted, for about two hundred yards away I saw something moving. It looked like a snowman, and was cautiously approaching our lines. 'Halt! Who goes there?' There was not a word in reply. 'Halt! Who goes there?' I again shouted as I dropped on one knee and leveled my chassepot. My aim was always true, and as the moon was shining brightly and the wind was calm, I easily covered the lurker. But just as I was about to press the trigger, the church bells chimed out 'Ding-dong! Ding-dong!' and broke into sweet music.

"I always blessed myself and prayed when the chimes rang in the day of the Christ-Child's birth, and oh! I thought, how can I at this peaceful moment, kill a human being—even an enemy? My finger dropped from the trigger, I raised my helmet and momentarily prayed as the bells were chiming. But almost instantly I realized that I was neglecting my duty, and I looked again to where the object was just as another sentinel fired on it. I was so con-

fused that the sergeant with the relief was by my side before I noticed them.

"‘Asleep,’ cried one. ‘Frozen,’ cried another. But before anything further could be said, I jumped to my feet and saluted the officer.

"‘You failed to challenge us—you are a fine sentinel. The whole army could be murdered if it had to rely on men like you. You are under arrest and you can surmise what the consequence will be.’

"I submitted, and knew very well the penalty would be death unless I had some good excuse to offer. Five minutes later I stood before the general. I acknowledged that the sergeant spoke the truth, and further added, that I was guilty of an act that was almost treason. The commander and his staff uttered exclamations of surprise at my confession and anxiously inquired if I had no excuse to offer. I then told them of the moving object and of how and why I had failed to fire. I expected to hear the general order my execution at daybreak, but instead, he dismissed his staff and stepping forward with an expression of joy on his countenance, laid his hand on my shoulder. ‘Follow me,’ he commanded as he moved toward an adjoining room.

"On a couch lay a girl unconscious, and (as he told me) severely but not dangerously wounded.

"‘Bouchier,’ he said, ‘you are guilty of a serious breach of discipline, the penalty for which is death. But I am glad you did not fire. Had you done so your unerring aim would have meant death for the girl you see before you. She it was who was entering our lines when fired upon by another sentinel and wounded. She is my niece and an orphan. She lives at my home, which is barely five miles from here. Something serious must have happened to my wife or she would not have risked her life to reach me on such a severe night as this. She must have been very faint and undoubtedly did not hear you or the other sentinel challenge.’

"‘Bouchier,’ he continued, ‘you are free. I will see that the matter of your neglect of duty will be hushed, and will send you to another regiment to avoid any talk or criticism.’ Tears came to my eyes. I kissed his hand and departed.

"It appears that the general’s wife had become suddenly ill, and the niece would not trust any one but herself to bear the message to him.

"Oh! but she was a brave girl and as beautiful as she was brave." Here the veteran stopped as if the story was ended.

"But," asked the children, "did she die?" "No, my children; the doctor had her well in a very short time, and she is living today."

"Living today!" they exclaimed. "Oh, how we would like to

see her. Does she live near here? We could hug and kiss such a brave girl forever."

"Would you care to see her tonight provided she is not very far away; or would you prefer to wait until tomorrow?" the veteran asked, a roguish twinkle in his eye.

"Tonight, grandpa! Bring us to her tonight. We are ready to go with you now."

"Very well, my dears, your wishes shall be granted. But you do not have to go far—the brave girl of 1870 stands before you. She is your grandmother."

As the children rushed into the arms of their grandmother the Christmas bells rang of "peace on earth to men of good will" and all were exceedingly happy. The veteran then repeated the prayer that he said every Christmas ever since he was four years old, and it is unnecessary to say that they all joined in.

ROBERT KELLY,
Loyola—Third High.

Fireside Memories—Irvingesque



IN THE depth of weary winter there is nothing so cheering and welcome as the approach of Christmas Day. When the beauties of nature are hidden beneath the frozen snow, and the wind whistles mournfully through naked trees and over the house-tops, the prospect of a glowing fireside with social smiles and true domestic enjoyment is very pleasing indeed. Then, too, the festive board, with visions of a well-browned turkey and a voluptuous pudding, have no small share in our delightful anticipations.

It was while traveling in a stage coach through the country parts of old England that I felt these pleasures very keenly, and my heart throbbed with ecstasy as I journeyed slowly towards the old homestead. There kind, loving hearts awaited me. With great impatience did I watch the movements of the poky old stage horse, and at times I felt like cuffing the lazy driver. But then, it was Christmas eve and I forgot these trifles, lapsing into fresh dreams of home. I was returning from college, and my father, Squire Glendive, who possessed ample acres, a fine mansion, and a comfortable income, awaited his son William (who was myself). He also expected other members of the family, who had been absent much longer than I. My elder brother, John, now called Captain John of the English Guards, had not been home for three years, and had seen some service in the Boer War. Cousin Jim, having no home of his own, was also expected, and a very interesting character was he, being editor of a London newspaper. The remainder of the family consisted of my dear old mother and sister Mollie.

The monotonous motion of the stage, with its frosted windows and dimly passing shadows, had sunk me into a deep reverie, when an exclamation, sounding like "Whoa up, there!" from the driver, interrupted my pleasant flow of thoughts. Recognizing an old windmill and a dingy little inn, I realized that I had yet five weary miles to travel. Dear me, if the short, darksome day had not been coming to a close, I verily believe I should have sprung from the coach and stretched my legs in a brisk walk. After leisurely feeding his horses, and refilling his pipe, the squatty old coachman again proceeded on his way. Slowly but surely we neared the Glendive estate and my heart beat fast with an exhilaration I cannot describe. Finally, with bag and baggage I leaped to the frosty ground, and hurriedly approached the old familiar structure—the house in which I was born.

I will pass over the details of our greetings—the fond slap-on-the-shoulder hug of my father, and the almost tearful embraces of my mother and Mollie. Suffice it to say that the sincere old-fashioned bubbling cordiality which belongs to every well-ordered family was there.

John and Jim were in the parlor, and came to greet me. Jim appeared to be pretty much the same old Jim, a hearty man of about three and forty; but John had grown much stouter and swarthier, and looked every inch a soldier. He was a man of about six feet in height, straight as an arrow, and of great muscular development. His physical superiority gave him a very commanding and proper appearance. Father and mother had not changed much in one year, nor had Mollie. Christmas eve passed over with the usual demonstrations of joy. The parlors, having been filled with a plentiful halo of tobacco smoke from John's Dutch cigars, and father's unrelinquished pipe, we went to bed to dream of Christmas and turkey dinners.

Our parson—a Mr. Long—arrived at noon the following day and we went eagerly to the large dining room. Ah, what a table! There was not only turkey, but goose as well, sweet potatoes and potatoes that were not sweet, squash, parsnips and extra dressing, cranberry sauce and pumpkin pie galore, plum pudding, apple dumpling and oceans of sauce. Was it a mere fancy or did the parson offer up the usual prayer with more than usual haste?

"It is strange," said my brother, "that this board of abundance should recall to my mind our first Christmas dinner in the land of the Boers. As you know, at that time I was a very raw young man and had seen no real service. We were expecting an attack from one of the enemy's ablest leaders, and although quartered in a very strong mountain pass, the situation and suspense were decidedly trying. Our limbs, unaccustomed to long marches in that jagged country, were tired and sore. Our numbers were but a thousand, and though strongly intrenched, it was with no pleasant feeling that we sat down to our Christmas dinner of boiled rice and beans. Captain Power, who had charge of our detachment, was a real fine fellow and a true soldier. He laughingly assured us that, although our main army was not very far away, we might have some fun before it arrived, and he advised us to eat heartily, for we would have plenty of exercise to digest our Christmas dinner. Then indeed, I thought of the dear ones at home, and such a scene as this now before us passed through my mind. Shall I confess it? For the first time I felt homesick. I was just picturing some of these most palatable dishes, when the vessel in my hand was shattered by a bullet. Captain Power, who had been sitting

close by, uttered a groan and toppled over. I shall never forget the look of agony on his handsome face. A moment before he had been cheering his tired companions with smiles and witticisms. Momentarily forgetful of my danger, I leaned over to raise his head.

"'Never mind me, Glendive,' he exclaimed, huskily. 'It went in there.' He smiled, pointing his hand to his left breast. 'I am done for. If Sergeant Hopkins falls, Glendive, take care of the rest of them.' Then he closed his eyes for a moment. Reopening them, he softly said, 'Glendive, I did not hope to go so soon. Good-bye, my boy,' and he spoke no more. Captain Power was dead.

"Though my grief was great, for we all loved the Captain, he was such a manly and patient soldier, I had no time for sentiment as the engagement had become general, and our much surprised men were sending out a fusillade of shots. I grasped my gun and protected my body as well as I could and endeavored to sight some of the enemy. Hopkins was shouting, 'Careful, men, careful. Get well behind the rocks.' Shortly afterwards he darted to me and whispered: 'Is Power dead?' I bowed my head in token of assent. Then departing, he cried, 'Keep your head down, boy; they shoot better than we do.' No sooner had he spoken these words than he, too, fell.

"In ascending the slope the enemy were at a disadvantage, but being well educated in this kind of warfare, they advanced slowly, leaping as they went, and shielding themselves with great cleverness behind the numerous boulders. Our position, on the other hand, precluded all possibility of advancing in a body, so that our superior military education availed us naught. We had not as yet ascertained the enemy's numbers, but imitating their mode of warfare, fought each man for himself. I exposed myself frequently, the words of Captain Power still ringing in my ears, and endeavored to cheer the men, admonishing them the while to protect their bodies behind the boulders. However, as the opposing force advanced, the battle became more reckless, and it seemed as if both sides were for a hand-to-hand conflict. This I tried to prevent, presupposing that the Boers were superior in numbers, or they would not have ventured to ascend the slope; and also remembering that our main army was advancing towards the spot and could not be far away. Unluckily, however, there was a small even plateau between the firing line of our men and that of the Boers, and at this very moment they rushed in great numbers to attack us. It was useless to keep our position. Probably a hundred of our men had by this time fallen and many more were wounded. I mustered them as best I could, and firing as we went we met them in true old English style. It now became a hand-to-hand conflict, and the struggle was something fearful. I remember little of this and

fought as in a trance, until awakened by a hearty cheer and the sound of rushing troops from the rear. The enemy were almost in rout at this juncture and we quickly dispersed them. An advance squadron of our main army was with us now, and I had a real Christmas supper with the Major that night."

This story of John's would not have attracted much attention but for the fact that it was a personal experience of a dear member of the family. As it was, everyone, even Jim, was deeply interested unto the end, and silence prevailed for some time. Then Jim remarked that John would probably not have gained his captaincy but for the fact that he (Jim) wrote him up in the papers. This led to various pleasantries, and toasts and even songs. The parson drank three glasses of wine and waxed very witty. I related some of my best anecdotes, finishing up with a thrilling football game. Father was the personification of benevolence, and mother and Mollie beamed on all.

After dinner we had some more pipe and Dutch cigars, with music and a plantation song from the parson. These negro melodies were a novelty in our parts, and the parson was the lion of the evening. Father danced with mother, and there was much laughter.

Alas, I could go on forever talking of this glorious evening, but who wishes to listen to these familiar strains? Those who have experienced them amongst their own, may already be weary; those who have never had such a home may possibly harbor only thoughts of sadness and regret, or even envy, and those who do not believe anybody or anything, will of course, be skeptical of my tale. However, it is my belief that the happy little scene which I have attempted to describe will be beneficent to some one, and if I have revived sweet memories in but a single heart, or have touched a chord that brought but one thrill of joy, I shall have accomplished something. If only I have brought cheer to the heart of my sister Mollie, who is still living, and to whom I have sent a copy of this sketch, I shall have done still more. I believe that the divine origin of this great festival of Christmas has a great deal to do with the general joy and feelings of all, even of those who are not Christians. So far reaching indeed is the divine influence on this great day that the outcast who spends most of his or her time in violating the laws of God and man feels, too, the soft touch of the Savior's Hand, and looks back through the turbulent past on days of innocence long fled with bitter longing and remorse. Remorse, my dear readers, is akin to repentance, and so after all I feel quite satisfied with what I have written.

JOSEPH WALLACE, First High C.

The St. Ignatius Collegian

Published Quarterly by the Undergraduates of Loyola University.

The purpose of the St. Ignatius Collegian is to foster literary effort in the students of the present, to chronicle all matters of interest pertaining to the Loyola University, and to serve as a means of intercommunication with students of the past. The active co-operation of students, friends and Alumni will enable the Collegian to attain its threefold aim.

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PHILIP J. CARLIN, '11 EDITOR

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VOL. X.

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NO. 2.

Editorial

In this number, THE COLLEGIAN publishes the prize stories and sketches of the recent contest. The best story submitted, "The Coward," by James Fitzgerald, and the second in merit, "Bennie," by James K. Donigan, are from the Collegiate department. From the Academy, come "A Christmas Caller," first prize, by John F. Henry; the sketches, "Mid Alaskan Snows," by Leo E. McGivena, and "Fireside Memories," by Joseph Wallace, to which were accorded first and second places respectively.

Once again is Christmas at hand. Once again the old Yuletide spirit of universal happiness and good will has come upon the world.

FOR	Dull care is banished for the time and in its place
CHRIST	reigns the holiday joy, and what a strange feeling of
WAS	buoyancy it is! Something akin to our childish anticipa-
BORN.	tion of good things; but it is deeper now—fraught
	with greater meaning. The Christmas season draws
	us together in a mutual, sensible love that elevates and
	ennobles. But in latter years, the real significance of Christmas has
	become obscured. The temporal feature, with its interchange of
	worldly joys and pleasures, has enlarged, until it forms for many
	the only meaning attached to this occasion. May we, at least, not

lose sight of the true original phase. May we not, in the coming round of holiday enjoyments, allow that aged but beautiful and sacred scene within the stable at Bethlehem to be totally veiled from our sight by the transient joys of earth. Let us not forget to set apart a short period from the feast of Christ's Nativity for prayer of humble adoration and gratitude to Jesus, the founder of Christmas. We owe it to Him—and if we pay it, our happiness will be increased a hundred fold.

P. J. C.

Does it ever occur to you, college boy, that during these long months of snow and frost, while you enjoy a comfortable home, plenty to eat and money to spend, there are thousands of persons, some within, perhaps, a few miles, starving, freezing to death and fearing each day to be cast upon the streets because they cannot pay their small rent? Probably you never realized the situation, but no one can picture the scenes of desolation and want which are innumerable in our cities. Perhaps you could contribute a mite to the relief of these suffering poor—you who know not the pangs of famine nor the blight of poverty. Remember, the call refers to you as well as to your elders. Do not consider yourself immune from demands upon your charity, but give, in your little way, a portion of your Christmas liberality to your less fortunate and unfortunate neighbor. Take example from your energetic bountiful Protestant friends. Mark the fervor of their charity—and then look that there be no tarnish on your own. It will soon be forgotten—yes; but not by the Family that was forced to seek the cold streets one night two thousand years ago.

P. J. C.

The co-operation of the student body in college affairs has been given an impetus of late that is not only praiseworthy but gratifying in no small degree. This awakening of interest has been shown in the enthusiastic attendance at football games behind a losing team; again has been manifested in the generous contributions to the COLLEGIAN's literary contest. For the latter exhibition, the COLLEGIAN takes special occasion to return its gratitude. This is the spirit, students, that made Marquette University what it is—and the spirit that, reinforced by *all* the students and alumni, will in the very near future place Loyola on a par with the best universities of the West. You have begun at last—and begun well. Do not let the spirit grow cold. Baseball will soon demand its warmest support—and in the meantime it can be kept active in the COLLEGIAN's service. But at any rate nourish it and make it

stronger, so that Loyola may advance before its impulse to the place where Loyola belongs—the vanguard of higher Catholic education.
P. J. C.

The coming session of the first Parliament of King George shall in all probability witness the abolition of a disgraceful form which for the past three centuries has marred the coronation ceremonies of the successive monarchs of England—the coronation oath. Its destruction shall be accompanied by the eradication of the last remnants of that religious bigotry and antipathy to Catholicism which had its origin in the court of Elizabeth. During the past fifty years, the sentiment of the English rulers against this “relic of barbarism” has been steadily increasing, and the present king has openly expressed his unwillingness to comply with the laws of the land in that respect.

The oath originated in 1673, but its blasphemous words were not proclaimed by royal tongue until the accession of Queen Anne to the throne in 1702. From that time to the present the same disgraceful formula has been pronounced by every English sovereign. The oath consists in the absolute and unconditional denial of all the principal truths of Catholic Doctrine, enumerating in an especial manner the Transubstantiation, the Veneration of the Blessed Virgin Mary, and even includes the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass in the list of so-called “idolatrous practices.”

The injustice of the whole measure becomes most apparent when one considers that it is directed against the Roman Catholic Church—a body that during its long period of ecclesiastical jurisdiction, never performed any act toward England that should merit for her such a public denouncement and reprimand. On the other hand England should remember that Rome, during the long centuries, marshaled the forces of English civilization and directed its march on to its present path; won the “Magna Charta,” of which England is so proud—and during the feudal times, curbed the lawlessness of kings and barons, when earthly power failed to shield innocence from irresponsible strength. It was Rome that converted savage England into a Christian nation and instilled the first principles of Democracy into English blood.

The substituted form, according to the expectations of the Irish party, will consist in the king’s affirmation of his membership in the Church of England. Such a modification will be welcomed especially when its content is contrasted with that of its predecessor.

J. H. O’NEILL, ’11.

It is with genuine regret that we enter on record the death of Rev. Thomas S. Fitzgerald, S. J. An eloquent preacher, a zealous worker, a holy man, he fulfilled his humble duties in this life in a truly pious and noble manner, rendering the sixty-two years of his life an unblemished period of activity. Father Fitzgerald was born March 1, 1848, in this city. He entered the Society of Jesus in July, 1869, and pursued his early studies at St. Louis University and afterwards at Woodstock College, Maryland. Shortly after his ordination he became rector of St. Ignatius College for a period of four years. Then he was appointed Provincial of the Missouri Province, in which capacity he served from 1894 to 1898. In the latter year he was given charge of Gesu Church, Milwaukee, where he remained until his death. Blood-poison proved fatal to him while at the Jesuit Novitiate at Florissant, Missouri. He was highly esteemed by all who knew him.

P. J. C.

The keynote of the tributes lately paid to the memory of Michael Cudahy, who died November 27th, at Mercy Hospital, was admiration for a man of ability, power and faith. MICHAEL CUDAHY. The executive gifts of Mr. Cudahy were acknowledged by his business acquaintances and competitors; his sterling character with its honesty and devotedness made friends even of his rivals, and held them; his faith was simple and direct and inspired generous donations in secret—or, if necessarily public—claiming no homage or blare of loud heraldings.

We will not here rehearse the details of his active and unsullied career, nor cite the unqualified praises men have but recently spoken of this unassuming and strong man; we do but bespeak our respect, our thanks, our prayers—and to relatives and friends, our sympathy.

Each recurring 27th of November shall witness the assembling of generations of students and faculties of Loyola University at a solemn requiem in memory of one whose care for learning and religion has made him their benefactor for the years to come.

University Chronicle

College Notes

On Wednesday morning, November 16th, all the students assembled in the upper church to assist in the annual MASS FOR THE DEAD memorial services for the deceased members of the Faculty and student body of St. Ignatius. Father Burrowes, assisted by Father Senn and Mr. Agnew, celebrated the solemn high Mass.

On the afternoon of December 7th, the eve of the feast of the Immaculate Conception, the upper church was the scene of a beautiful and impressive ceremony, when the Senior and SODALITY Junior Sodalities joined in the reception of candidates EXERCISES into their ranks. Some fifty students responded to the act of consecration as read by Father Burrowes. The students' choir, under the direction of Mr. Ernest Sumner, lent a special charm to the services and made the church resound with harmony in praise of the Mother of God. A peculiar interest was added to the occasion by the presence of Father William Murphy, lately returned from Rome. Father Murphy, who himself not so many years ago participated as a student of St. Ignatius in this ceremony, addressed the students from the pulpit. It was his earnest endeavor in his engrossing sermon to impress upon the minds of the candidates that they should today ally themselves with their Blessed Mother, not for a year, nor for the time at college, but for their whole life, and that they should remain steadfast to the banner of Mary even after they had left school. The services were closed with Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament.

Under the able guidance of Mr. Muehlman and Mr. Agnew, the Chemistry and Physics classes are making great strides in these interesting branches. There are no other studies in PHYSICS the curriculum which seem to hold out such an attraction AND for the students as these. When boys will CHEMISTRY give up their recreation time at noon and even after CLASSES class to work at their studies, and this of their own free will, it goes far in praise of the efforts of those who arouse such interest, and it speaks well for the spirit of the students themselves. Yet not satisfied even with present conditions, the professors have under way several radical improvements. For the use of the Chemistry department, a new store-room has

been built adjoining the laboratories. This room is already fitted out and stocked most completely. An apparatus for the distillation of water is a feature of this new section. Also new laboratories for the accommodation of the Sophomore class, which is now in the making, are being prepared. There can be no doubt whatever that these additions will prove a stimulus to the already exceptional interest of the students, and that this year will be the most successful ever enjoyed in the Science department of St. Ignatius.

Rev. Rudolph J. Meyer, S. J. Provincial of the Missouri Province, paid us an extended visit about Thanksgiving time.

During his stay he took occasion to address the
 VISIT OF students at various times; at a Sodality meeting,
 FR. PROVINCIAL in the classrooms, and the Chemistry and Physics
 students during a visit to the laboratories. Friday,
 day, November 26th, was a holiday in honor of Father Provincial.

Through the efforts of Father Spaulding, the students may look forward to the pleasure of seeing, this spring, our peerless ball team in action in our own College yard. Heretofore most of
 THE the College games were, through necessity, scheduled
 YARD abroad or home games were played at some neighboring
 park. This not only curtailed the numbers in attendance but entailed no little expense. To remedy this, Father Spaulding, this fall, set to work to so improve the yard that next year the majority of our games may be played indeed "at home." He adopted a scientific treatment of the yard and, pursuing this plan, has under way the construction of an infield that will be unsurpassed. Of course we would prefer that the right field fence were not so very close to the infield, but this only affords an opportunity for the lusty bats of our good left handers to win games by timely little "bingles" over said fence. The yard is all filled in, but as yet has not been leveled off. It really isn't for me to say, but I think it to be the bounden duty of every student in College to get out in the yard and add his mite to its leveling down and—in the yard is a good place to be at recreation time.

JAMES FITZGERALD, '13.

Law Notes

Mid-year finds the Law Department grappling with the tail ends of quite a number of subjects and preparing for examinations. Nothing of an unpleasant nature has transpired, and the effort to create a university spirit among the boys has been extremely successful. Especially worthy of comment was the splendid showing made by the Law men on the university squad; Messrs. Doyle, Herman, O'Connor, Keefe and Moynihan being among the strongest men on the eleven.

The Lincoln Law Club, an organization of law students in the Catholic universities throughout the West, convened, or rather the Loyola Chapter of the club convened, on Saturday evening, November 19th, at their quarters in King's restaurant. At this meeting sixteen applicants were admitted to membership, forming quite a material addition to the local Chapter. Upon adjournment the members repaired to the dining room where they were entertained by several well prepared speeches (and dishes). Mr. Edmund M. Sinnott acted as toast master and introduced Mr. Arthur W. Kettles as the first speaker of the evening. The subject of his talk was "Good Fellowship." Mr. Kettles gave way to Mr. Cook, a very interesting speaker, who in turn passed the attention of the assemblage to Mr. John B. Devine. This last speaker addressed the Chapter in an eloquent fashion upon "Ideals." After a few pointed remarks from Messrs. Michael Looby and John Benz, the company dispersed, having enjoyed a pleasant and memorable evening.

In our last issue we mentioned a proposed debate with the Creighton University of Omaha upon a subject not yet chosen. After hanging fire for a few weeks, communication has but lately been received from Omaha announcing their choice of a subject. The debate, we understand, is to be held in Omaha about the middle of March. Mr. Arnold McMahon announces that he expects to have the university team selected and at work by the end of the Christmas holidays. The subject is "Conservation," whether it should be conducted by the Federal government or by the executive branches of the State. The entrants for the team are numerous and the prospects are for an admirably representative team.

The first year men have just concluded a most interesting and profitable course in Elementary Law which Mr. JAMES HARTNETT has been lecturing on for the last three months. Examinations were held Thursday, December 1st, at which the entire class made a satisfactory showing.

The registration of Mr. Leo H. Sebastian, '10, brings to our attention the fact that nine out of the twenty-two in last year's class at the College are now in attendance at the Law School.

One of the last year's graduates, Clifford H. Rohe, was married last Thanksgiving at St. Vincent's Church, to Miss Loretta M. Kelly. Felicitations are extended for much happiness in the years to come.

AUGUSTINE J. BOWE, '10.

Medicine

A year ago much severe criticism was offered and bandied about regarding the medical schools—especially in Chicago. Loyola was censured for being below standard in its medical department. However, full credit was not given for the work Loyola was doing and a reversal of the decision of last year now comes from Dr. Arthur Bevans, chairman of the American Medical Association, placing Loyola among the six out of Illinois' sixteen schools, that are entitled to first rank. This statement of Dr. Bevans, who is chairman of the Council on Medical Education in the United States, was made December 2nd, at a meeting held at the Physicians' Club.

At this session and in the general discussion that followed the speeches of Dr. Edmund James of Illinois and Dr. F. F. Westbrook of Minnesota, Father Henry Spalding, S. J., explained why Loyola had undertaken to conduct a medical department, urged advanced requirements for medical students and objected to the practice of certain well-known universities of giving credits for the medical department to the students of their correspondence schools or of combining credits in literature and science with work in medicine.

Several members of the medical staff have come before the public rather prominently of late. At the recent meeting of the Surgeons of North America, held in Chicago, Dr. J. D. Robertson, President of Bennett Medical College, was invited to give the surgical clinic to be held in the operating room at the Cook County Hospital. The subject operated on had a growth of malignant tumor on the right chest. The operation was one of the hardest tests of a surgeon's skill, as three ribs had to be removed, thus

exposing the lung, which, on account of the atmospheric pressure, collapsed. But despite the extreme gravity of the situation, the doctor, by his skill and fleetness of work, sustained life, and much to the gratification of the visiting body of surgeons the operation was a complete success. Dr. Robertson has just reached the age of forty years, and the medical college of which he is the recognized head is justly proud of his ability. The interest he manifests in the college and especially the student body is highly appreciated.

The McKillup Veterinary College and the student body of Bennett Medical College, to the number of over 900, recently witnessed a surgical clinic given by Dr. J. D. Robertson, President, at Cook County Hospital. The subject was a goiter case and the operation was thoroughly successful throughout. The attendance was the largest that had ever gathered to witness an operation in that county institution. A photograph was taken of the assemblage.

At a banquet given at the Hotel La Salle, Dr. W. F. Waugh was the recipient of a diploma of honorary membership in the Academia Fisico-Chimica Italiana at Palermo, Italy. This and a gold medal were a recognition of the work done by Dr. Waugh in Therapeutics. Drs. J. D. Robertson and O. T. Owen, of the Bennett faculty, were present.

Dr. Waugh has been selected by the Philadelphia Medical Society to lecture next year at the University of Bombay, India.

Monday afternoon, December 5th, the student body were favored with a lecture on Alcoholism by Dr. Crothers, Dean of P. & S. Medical College of Boston, Mass. The lecturer declared alcohol to be not a stimulant, as many people think, but a depressor of the entire system. Scientific experiments were made to prove the above statement. Doctor Crothers' message to the students was that when they become practicing physicians they should make a particular study of Alcoholism and see what they can do toward removing this great stumbling-block in the path of humanity.

We have it from the business office of Bennett that a good increase of students will occur at the beginning of the second Semester, January 20th, next.

Allen A. Foster, M. D., a last year's Junior professor of Histology and Embryology, has accepted a position of special representative from a large drug concern in Milwaukee.

The Brooks' Classical School is now under the direction of Loyola, and the regular evening classes are being held at St. Ignatius College.

Bertram T. McGrath, Humanities, '06, at St. Ignatius, is a member of the Freshman class at Bennett.

The annual class elections resulted in the choice of R. C. Montgomery, President of Senior Class; K. I. Stevens, of Junior; John J. Phloch, of Sophomore, and B. D. Shook, of Freshman.

BOHUMIL E. PECHOUS, '10.

Pharmacy

The opening of the term in September brought with it numerous changes in the school. Heretofore it has been the practice to teach merely the subjects taught by the majority of pharmaceutical institutions; but at a meeting of the Faculty and Board of Trustees, it was decided to introduce the subjects of Mathematics, Book-keeping and Pharmaceutical Jurisprudence as an integral part of the course.

The additions, thus far, have met with absolute acceptance by the student body; and those members of the Faculty who have previously been forced to contend with poor material in mathematics as applied to the profession, are highly gratified at the results obtained thus far.

The facilities for instruction are far in excess of those of the past year. Among others, is a Chemical Laboratory used exclusively for the work of quantitative analysis and in which, with the help of delicate analytical balances, the Senior students are doing excellent work.

The Department of Pharmacy is gratified to announce that its position among institutions of its kind has taken a very advanced stand and that it is now considered one of the leading schools. During the past year it has been enabled to add greatly to its equipment and facilities and can boast of a splendid student body, both as to numbers and scholarship. This is especially gratifying inasmuch as many older institutions have lower standards by reason of the laxity of the laws of the various states. There are but few commonwealths requiring a definite course of instruction as a pre-requisite to the practice of Pharmacy.

It is felt by all that the moral influence of the University has been of great assistance, and it will be an encouragement to maintain the high standards adopted at the beginning, thus insuring for us a commendable position among other like institutions.

The election of class officers took place during the past month, the results being as follows:

Senior Class: L. E. Stobbs, President; C. S. McAtee, Secretary; H. L. Wittenberg, Treasurer; F. A. Harley, Editor.

Junior Class: Emil Barre, President; Henry Dreyfus, Vice-President; W. R. Crow, Secretary-Treasurer.

Although the Pharmacy students were unable to make regular positions on the football team this year, they are in hopes of making a showing in the line-up of 1911.

The Basketball team had its first try-out at the St. Ignatius Gymnasium Monday afternoon, December 5th, and shall be glad to arrange dates with the Medical, St. Ignatius, or Law teams.

FLOYD A. HARLEY.

Alumni Notes

By far the largest, most interesting and jovial meeting of Alumni was held Thursday, November 17th, in the large music rooms of St. Ignatius College.

Goodfellowship and jollity reigned throughout and the gathering was dignified by the presence of many celebrities.

The meeting brought out many students in the 80s and 90s who joined with those of more recent date in the general "old times" festival.

Mr. Joseph Finn presided and introduced Mr. Richard Henry Little, humorist, and noted as war correspondent in the Russo-Japanese war. Mr. Little gave an inimitable account of his various experiences in far off Manchuria and Japanese lands and waters. His serio-comic rendition of grave adventures, together with his modest account of his particular part played in them, won for him enthusiastic applause, and at the conclusion of his absorbing talk the audience rose *en masse* and gave him a vote of thanks for the pleasant hour he had given them.

Mr. Thomas A. O'Shaughnessy, in a pleasing "chalk talk," cartooned in a very amusing and skillful manner prominent persons—local and national—and performed several tricks with the crayon that interested all.

Mr. Ray Binder gave several recitations, and the musical program was cared for by Mr. Michael McGovern and Mr. Philip Chouinard. Mr. Thomas Hoy cleverly impersonated "Mr. Doo-ley" in his account of the football game between "the Christian Brothers and the St. Aloysiuses." After refreshments were served, as the "wee small hours" approached, final greetings were exchanged and the "smoker" ended.

One of the most successful years of the Alumni Association is closing. The nominating committee will make out a ticket to be voted on at the annual business meeting to be held in January.

Mr. Anton Schager, '76—one of the first graduates of the college—has been engaged in various business undertakings in Joliet since '85. He was postmaster '94-'98 and for the past six years secretary of the Merchants' Association of Joliet, a position to which he was elected for the seventh time last November. For more than ten years he has been musical director of St. Mary's Church.

The sons of St. Ignatius College are to be found in many climes and engaged in varied occupations—self-sacrificing in many cases. One who has devoted himself to care for the Indians in the Northwest at St. Andrews Mission, a reservation near Pendelton, Oregon, is Father Thomas Neate, S. J., of Poetry, '80.

Father John B. Kokenge, who taught at the college in the '80s, has been visiting chaplain at Cook County Hospital this last year or more.

We gratefully acknowledge the receipt of a book of travels sent us by the author, Rev. George Blatter, Poetry, '80. Under the nom de plume of Fiscar Marison, the writer, who has traveled extensively, has charmingly brought out his experiences and described the scenes of his tourings.

It has been reported that Joseph Finn, the energetic president of the Alumni Association, will assume the role of campaign manager in the interest of Andrew Graham in his candidacy for mayor of Chicago.

A member of the First Academic class of '94, Mr. James M. Slattery, was recently appointed to the post of Superintendent of Public Service. Some five or more years ago Mr. Slattery gained the position of secretary of the city building department, by civil service examination; two years ago he was admitted to the bar, but has never practiced law; lately he passed first in the city civil service examination for superintendent of the Bureau of Compensation, but waived the appointment.

Mr. Thomas A. McCourt, S. J., Rhetoric, '97, for the last year has been pursuing his theological studies and courses in oriental languages at Ore Place, Hastings, England, where the exiled Jesuits of France have their house of studies.

Rev. Bernard Naughton, '00, has just returned to Las Vegas, New Mexico, from a visit to Chicago and his Alma Mater. He is delighted with the climate and purposes to remain there for some time. Father Naughton was at one time an honorary vice-president of the Alumni Association.

The COLLEGIAN extends its sympathy to Rev. Bernard Brady, '04, whose mother died last month. Father Brady is now at St. John's Church, and recently took part with a number of other priests in a play for the benefit of the poor in that parish. He is very solicitous for these sufferers.

Mr. Wilfred Major, Freshman, '08, was married to Miss Margaret Ford last month at Sacred Heart Church. Mr. Major has a

position with the Rock Island R. R. and attends Bennett Medical evenings. The COLLEGIAN, together with his many friends, extends heartiest congratulations.

Mr. Hugh Duffy of Poetry, '05, paid us a visit recently. Mr. Duffy is in his last year at P. and S. H. Murray Doyle and Frank Carberry, the latter being in his first year, are likewise studying at the same college.

William Cronin, Humanities, '07, is now at the Chicago Dental College, where he is in his second year.

We are informed that W. Stuart Bates, Rhetoric, '07, is established on his homestead near Chinook, Wyo., and thus far the novelty of the undertaking has not worn off.

Nathaniel Hill is in his final year at Lewis Institute, where he is taking an engineering course preparatory to entering Cornell University.

At a large ordination ceremony held last week in Rome in the Church of St. John Lateran by Cardinal Peter Respighi, vicar general to the Pope, the following Chicago students at the American college in Rome were ordained deacons: Paul Drevniak, William Rooney, Maurice Kiley, John Lannon and John Ford.

Among former St. Ignatius students at St. Mary's, Kansas, are Paul Amberg of last year's Junior class and Walter J. Sullivan, Freshman, '08. Both are in their final year and were star men on the football team, Paul being especially valuable in his long runs.

Sidney Glenn, Freshman, '10, and a member of the COLLEGIAN staff, is in St. Louis in the employ of the Illinois Central Railroad.

On the afternoon of December 8th, at the reception into the Sodality of new members, Rev. William Murphy, recently of Rome, addressed the student body on the value and meaning of the virtues sodalists should cultivate. Father Murphy has earnestness and power as a speaker. We expect a career of future prominence for him.

In recent issues of the *Princeton Tiger*, contributions by Mr. T. Q. Beesley appeared, while in the November number of the *Nassau Literary Monthly* was contained an appreciation of Bliss Carmen from Mr. Beesley's pen.

Rev. J. E. Copus, formerly professor of English at S. I. C., has just published another novel. "Andros of Ephesus" is an interesting story of early Christian times. The author has laid the scene amid the vineyards and villas of the splendid city of Ephesus,

at the period when Christianity was beginning to exert its potent influence over the pagan world, bringing peace where there was doubt, calm where there was unrest.

The story contrasts the strength and simplicity of early Christianity with the gorgeous ritual and riotous festivities in honor of the goddess of the Ephesians. Through the story runs the thread of the love of Andros for the beautiful Lydda, the daughter of a wealthy Roman general, as sweet and charming a heroine as we could wish to meet. The death of Aratus, at the hands of Nitros, solves a perplexing problem.

Fr. Copus is at present professor of English and dean of the school of journalism, Marquette University.

THOMAS J. O'BRIEN, '12.

Societies

The Sodalists have become deeply interested in the field of practical charity—or social work, as it is commonly styled. Several papers on this topic have been read before the SENIOR assembled society in the library reading room. The SODALITY articles given thus far included a treatise on christian philanthropy—the real sociology, a history of the founder of the St. Vincent de Paul Society and its magnificent labors among the unfortunate. Messrs. Philip Carlin, Thaddeus Zamiara and Fred Happel were the authors.

This work should not be considered a passing fancy. The members are sincere in their desire to affiliate faith and works. For some weeks ago Fred Happel, who, with other students of St. Ignatius, has been teaching catechism to the Italian children at the Holy Guardian Angels Church on Forquer St., addressed the Sodalists at one of the weekly meetings and explained how great was the field for practical charity at our very doors. Father Dinneen then made a direct appeal for volunteer teachers in the Sunday School classes. At the next meeting nearly twenty-five placed their services at the disposal of the committee in charge. The work at the mission has for many years been under the devoted care of Mrs. William Amberg, and has grown to such proportions that a large number of teachers is required to carry on the classes. With commendable self-sacrifice our students journey every Sunday morning from all parts of the city to instruct the Italian children in the essentials of their faith. May they persevere in the enterprise they have so generously assumed!

The Senior debaters held an interesting gathering recently which had basely been styled a “business meeting.” Instead of such sordid matters, a most enjoyable entertainment was presented. The bill was opened by CHRYSOSTOMIAN a Schmitt Pianologue, followed by Mr. Higgins in a stirring declamation. Mr. William J. O’Brien occupied the next period with a well-delivered recitation. The violin trio, composed of Messrs. Byrne, Lemmer and Spiegel, gave a few selections from their repertory, by special permission of their booking agent. Although the electrical signboard had J. Fred Reeve down for a monologue, he did not favor the audience in that manner but set forth many lusty apologies (notice the “lusty,” Fred?) for its defection. Moving pictures closed the program as usual. True to the advertisements, some little business was introduced, namely, a dis-

cussion as to whether public debates should be held. The case has now been laid before Fathers Burrowes, who, it is hoped, will render a favorable decision.

The debates have become more spirited with every meeting, so much so that the chairman is frequently forced to plead for less pugnacity. A new rule is now in vogue regarding this official, a different one is selected for each meeting. His duty is to fully explain the subject announced for the day's debate. Meetings have become so engaging that they are frequently carried on till almost five o'clock.

The younger division is progressing rapidly. On the feast of the Immaculate Conception almost fifty new members were enrolled.

At that time a former student and sodalist, Father
JUNIOR William Murphy, lately of the North American Col-
SODALITY lege, Rome, and ordained last July, delivered the address.

The Junior debaters are making rapid strides towards becoming finished speakers. Indeed, the energy and interest so far manifested and the excellent achievements of
THE LOYOLA a number of the members both in their set
LITERARY SOCIETY speeches and rebuttals, and in discussions open to the house, warrant the assertion that speakers of force and fluency will be developed before the Senior society admits them to its membership.

Subjects of wide scope have been discussed with skill: Prohibition, Abolition of Trusts, The Fifteenth Amendment and others of like nature. High school students who are not members would do well to attend a few of the debates. Guests are welcome. The meetings on Friday afternoon begin at half past three o'clock.

Through the courtesy of the sanctum the score of magazines and college periodicals received there monthly are now being turned over to the Library. Besides this welcome addition Father Spalding has subscribed for many
THE STUDENTS' more. As an aid to debaters and others seeking
LIBRARY statistics and allied information, several hundred Government papers, documents and Congressional Records have been placed in open wall cases along the corridor. Although the issue of library cards has been almost doubled and library privileges are taxed to the utmost, Librarian Clennon asserts that he can still take care of several more applicants. So, don't let that consideration prevent you taking out a card!

GEORGE J. ZAHNINGER, '13.

Academy Notes

November 30th, a reading of Scott's "Lady of the Lake," accompanied by stereopticon views, was given by the members of Second High C in one of the science lecture halls. The class of Second High A were the guests and enjoyed the "lecture" very much.

DAVID McWHINNIE.

*To the little microbe Mirth:
May he continue to tickle us
And multiply enormously!*

Really, isn't Terlecki awful? A few days ago, when we asked him if he knew of anything funny that had happened lately in the college, he pleaded guilty to the following:

"A Mann carelessly walked along a Beam in which an iron Pickett was set very Nicely. After he had Dunne this, a Hayes (haze) gathered before his eyes and, as he was not Abel to keep his balance, he fell, and broke his arm and caused a Stack of trouble."

Have you, dear students, ever experienced a feeling of dread that you cannot explain; a vague notion of some evil that seems to haunt you and which you cannot shake off; a presentiment that something dreadful is about to happen? We do not mean the competitions—far more terrible is that of which we speak. We had observed, of late, the nervousness, the tense eager faces, the air of deep mystery of certain of our fellow-students and, considering it our duty to inform the college authorities of any possible plot against them, we have made an investigation which brings the whole matter to light. No society of anarchists is being formed by these students; they do not use dynamite, but, whisper it softly, the Aloyal Club expects to give another dance in January.

A discreet and guarded report of that brilliant social function, the Academy banquet, has just reached us. In fact the report was so discreet, so well guarded, that only after great difficulty are we able to give any details to the reading public. Quan is authority for the statement that there was really an orchestra—hidden according to the mode—and several others of the select few who were invited have confirmed this and have told us further that, of all the numbers on the long and very entertaining program, none met with more applause than the singing of Messrs. Bigane and Terlecki, who represented the Glee Club on the occasion.

As there is to be no college play this year, a number of the students have turned their attention to vaudeville and give great promise of success. A quartette composed of Messrs. Dowling, Doody, Stack and Connelly, are practicing assiduously on some very difficult popular music and they expect "some one of these days," to give a performance which will make the Glee Club look to its laurels.

JOHN J. FITZGERALD, Fourth High A.

LOYOLA.

The members of the Loyola Academy football team are looking forward with anticipation to the football supper which is promised for some day before Christmas. This will come as a fit climax to what we all consider to have been a successful season. Playing six games and registering but one defeat is a record we hope all of Loyola's teams to come will make yearly. A great deal of the credit should go to Father Riley, Coach Brennan and Manager Spearmann, who by their zealous efforts made the feats on the gridiron possible.

The schedule of the games played follows:

Oct. 6.....	Loyola—14	St. Rita's— 5
Oct. 13.....	Loyola— 0	Evanston H. S.—47
Oct. 19.....	Loyola—24	Lakeview— 0
Oct. 26.....	Loyola— 6	Cathedral Coll.— 5
Nov. 3.....	Loyola—55	St. Ignatius H. S.— 0
Nov. 12.....	Loyola— 6	St. Cyril's— 0

(NOTE.—With the score 6 to 0 in Loyola's favor, St. Cyril's forfeited the game because of injuries and lack of players.)

The basketball team is under full swing again. With a squad consisting of twenty men there is every promise of a season as successful as last year's. Coach Brennan is doing his utmost to put the team in trim for the opening game with Saint Cyril's, which is not far off.

Games have also been arranged with Lake Forest, Lake View, New Trier, Deerfield, St. Ignatius and St. Cyril's, and Manager Mahoney promises many others.

Seventy five new members were received into the Sodality of the B. V. M. on Wednesday, December 7th, the eve of the Feast of the Immaculate Conception, at St. Ignatius Church. Father Hormes officiated and addressed the boys in a very forceful and appropriate talk. A beautiful and unique badge was distributed among the boys. A room in the Academy building has been prepared for the Sodality, and Father Hormes has secured a very beautiful statue for it—Murillo's Madonna, in stone.

A sudden wave of industry struck Loyola Academy Saturday, December 10, simultaneous with the announcement that the Christmas competitions would begin on the following Monday. As the boys have been working hard, the professors feel confident that very few Christmases will be marred by "conditions."

The Loyola Academy Glee Club has been organized with thirty-two members, and twice a week, on Tuesdays and Fridays, their instructor, Professor Erst, tries to convince them that they can sing.

The library was opened for the use of the boys last week. This was long needed by the boys as a place of quiet recreation during the noon hours of the cold winter months. And containing as it does a well chosen assortment of books and magazines, it is also full of intellectual possibilities.

VINCENT F. BOLAND,
Loyola—Fourth High.

WISE SAYINGS MODERNIZED.

All the world's a stage, and a lot of people are riding on it who ought to be put off for beating their way.

The crown of the wise is their riches; but the pawnbroker lendeth mighty little thereon.

A rolling stone gathers no moss, but it gets to be a wonderfully smooth article.

God never sendeth mouth but He sendeth meat; and that man shall not overeat, He sendeth the Meat Trust.

When Jackie was a growing boy,
He had but little wit,
But Harold was the teacher's pride
And always made a hit.
But Jack, the dunce, now owns a store,
Is opulent and sleek,
While Harold walks the floor for him
At fifteen bones per week.

JOHN A. COLNON, Fourth High B.

Athletics

Now that the season has ended and the pigskin is resting for a year, we can add up our assets and liabilities with calmer minds and judge more justly of the material our doughty coach had at his disposal.

The season was ill starred, undoubtedly. However, the scalps that dangle from the belts of other and far older teams of universities here in Chicago, are easily counted. Loyola has individual players of worth and of great promise, and they gave their best this year—loyally—to a team of much rawness and one with serious handicaps which we will not pause to enumerate.

With new assistant coaches, new material and the splendid nucleus of Doyle, Sullivan, Herman, Dowdle, O'Brien and others, we can be buoyant with hopes of future successes and forget past failures.

Joseph Sullivan as quarter-back was a consistent player, vigorous, a good field general, and a tackler whose ability the Marquette game brought out.

Captain Ignatius Doyle is an absolutely fearless player, a fine tackler, an excellent punter.

L. Herman is alert and quick in action and bore the brunt of the battle directed against him so frequently. His forty yards around end at Lake Forest was brilliant.

John Dowdle, tackle, has football ability and his strength was especially evident in the P. and S. game.

The earnest work of Thomas O'Brien was invaluable to the team. Unfortunately he did not join the squad in the first part of the season. He was right tackle.

John Killian, end, has aggressiveness, speed, handles punts well and is strong in breaking up plays.

Emmet Monyhan, also an end, saved the team in many tight places by his long spirals.

The guards, Rodeway and Fromm, and the center, Farber, developed well despite the handicap of inexperience. Robinson, Rabb and Gates did good work for the team as half-backs and end.

George Kiley, left half-back, proved a valuable asset to the team. He is fast and clever at the pass. His open field tackling in the St. Viateur's game was faultless.

Bresnahan, Armstrong, Dugan, Tucker, Sackley and Hyland, and especially Igoe, have done good substitute work.

The players needed so much individual attention that this proved to be Mr. Scheid's greatest disadvantage. However, as two more coaches are to be added to the staff, all parts of the game will be carefully and fully attended to. The new coaches hail from Holy Cross and from Wisconsin University.

THE GAMES.

On Saturday, October 22, we hooked up with Chicago "Vets" in the hard-luck game of the year. The final score was 5—0, but with a little luck we might have won. Rabb, our left half-back, collapsed on the five-yard line with a clear field ahead of him, and our chance for victory was gone. We had the ball on the "Vets" ten-yard line three times, but failed to score.

The next game on October 29th was a victory. P. and S. never had a chance against our attack, and the final whistle found the score 17—0, in Loyola's favor. Tom O'Brien, Herman, Sullivan and Dowdle starred for Loyola, while Logan of P. and S. also did fine work.

On November 12th Marquette's magnificent machine, accompanied by a student band of thirty-five pieces (that's the proper college spirit) came down from Milwaukee to demonstrate to us what a football team can do. We must say that they have an excellent team, and to be beaten 61—0 by such warriors is certainly no disgrace. In fact, we did our best playing in that game and held for downs three times—once on the three-yard line. Sullivan and Doyle easily stood forth for their individual work. Doyle's punts averaged fifty yards, while Sullivan made at least ten open tackles.

On Thanksgiving day, before a large crowd, Coach Mark's warriors from Kankakee handed us a severe and unexpected jolt. Our playing that day was decidedly off color. Plays that had before worked successfully all went wrong against St. Viateurs. A line shift, followed by a forward pass or else an onside kick, caused Loyola no end of worry and eventually resulted in the scores 25—0. Quille, Fitzgerald and Moynihan of St. Viateurs, together with Doyle, Tucker, and Armstrong of Loyola were the heroes of the holiday game.

ACADEMY TEAM.

The Academy team finished the season with four victories and three defeats, a showing highly creditable when one considers that for the first month the squad was composed chiefly of inexperienced players. But the first two games, although defeats, gave a taste of battle and left a relish for more. This desire to enter the fray again, with the fixed purpose of winning, put speed into the play-

ers' offense and vigor into their aggressive work. The possibilities of the "new game" and its requirements had been grasped by this time, and the way the players swept the ends from rapid shift formations and made the passes while on the run, was beautiful to behold. Their last game was best. All the snap and dash and skill that they had developed was shoved into their final game. They worked hard for their success and so deserved it to the full.

A banquet was given in their honor at the close of the season, and on that occasion the much coveted monograms were awarded.

But the end is not yet. At present the members of the team are seeking new talent among the students for spring practice, and, doubtless, if they keep up their enthusiasm, they will secure a squad of at least forty. A coach from Holy Cross College is expected at the Academy during the holidays, and when in early March he issues his call for candidates, he will be greeted by a goodly crowd of players. Ye whom it may concern, give ear! Heed ye and attend—the Academy team is not merely started or on its way, but has arrived, is with us, and has come to stay.

Harry Tucker was brilliant in recovering on-side kicks. Leroy Stack reached out from the top story and caught forwards—on the wing. Frank English was ever reliable with his fifty-yard spirals. Jim Molloy mowed down a runner, Joe Bulger bombarded a line, and Gavin routed interference with professional ease. Several of the players had pet plays. Devitt liked the forward from formation E. Subzinski smiled when they called the signal for "tackle-through." Wade was partial to the guard trick. Benkendorf preferred "tackle-back." Taylor wanted a short "forward" and a broken field run.

The maroon sweaters and I. A. monograms are a joy to the beholder.

BASKETBALL.

The basketball season opened auspiciously on November 23rd, when the Laurels defeated a quintet from Precious Blood School by the score of 17 to 6. The High School department is now represented by three teams, and a large number of enthusiastic players have handed in their names for the class teams. The league will be well under way by the time we go to press. Two fifteen-minute games will be played every noon, and some exciting contests are expected.

The High School team will face a hard schedule. Several big games have already been booked; and our hustling manager, Jim Molloy, is out looking for more. Loyola Academy, Wendell Phil-

lips, Oak Park and the Paulists are among those who will be seen this year on the home floor.

A squad of over a dozen players is fighting for the honor of carrying the college colors to victory. First among the regulars is Jake Sullivan, who was unanimously elected captain after the first practice game. Jake will play right forward. He is speedy, quick at dodging and in shooting baskets. Either Prendergast or Armstrong will play the other forward. The latter, who starred last year at Notre Dame, has been playing guard; but his ability to shoot baskets would make him a valuable man at the other end of the field. Shoup has been playing a good game at center. The team is remarkably strong at guard. Connelly, Reilly, Tucker and Armstrong play fast, aggressive ball and are on their man all the time.

On December 12th the team met McFadden on the spacious floor at 42nd and Grand. McFadden has a bunch of husky players, and had but recently beaten Wendell Phillips by a lop-sided score. We expected to lose by twenty baskets or more; but the team surprised its adherents by holding their opponents to thirty-one points and running up fourteen themselves. Every man played desperately, Armstrong, Sullivan and Reilly in particular distinguishing themselves by fine defensive work. Our boys came back strong in the second half, holding McFadden to a score of 13 to 7. Two of Prendergast's four baskets were beauties, and drew cheers from the crowd. Jasper Dowdle held the watch, and his presence did much to stimulate our boys to do their best. He has the job nailed down. Another game has been arranged with McFadden for January 18th, when we expect to turn the tables.

14	SCORE.	31
ST. IGNATIUS.		McFADDEN.
Sullivan, Tucker.....	R. F.....	Dale
Prendergast, Hartigan.....	L. F.....	Obrock
Shoup	C.	Gordon
Armstrong, Sackley	R. G.....	Mapes
Reilly	L. G.....	Nelson, Brennan

Goals—Sullivan, Prendergast, 4; Tucker, Dale, 2; Obrock, 4; Mapes, 8. Free throws—Sullivan, 2; Obrock. Referee—Suebold. Time of halves, 15 minutes.

JUNIOR DIVISION.

The feature of the game with Precious Blood School was Zahringer's basket shooting. Zapp, Weisenburger and Duffy played good ball. The Laurels are having suits made by Spalding, and expect to meet a number of 110 lb. teams during the season.

17	SCORE.	6
LAURELS.		P. B. S.
Zahringer, Walton	R. F.....	Fenwick
Duffy	L. F.....	Johnson
Miller, Zapp.....	C.	Shea
Weisenburger	R. G.....	Sain
O'Neill	L. G.....	Rigali
Baskets—Zahringer, 3; Fenwick, 2; Miller, 1; Walton, 1; Duffy, 2. Free throws—Miller, 1; Zahringer, 2; Fenwick, 2. Referee—Hartigan. Umpire— Prendergast. Timekeeper—Doherty. Time of halves, 20 minutes.		

The Laurels went down to defeat on December 10th before the Iroquois A. C. The latter gave us a lesson in aggressiveness and team work. Webb kept the score down by fine defensive work. A lively time is looked for when the same teams meet on December 21st.

9	SCORE.	12
LAURELS.		IROQUOIS A. C.
Zahringer	R. F.....	M. Frank
Duffy	L. F.....	Davison
Zapp	C.	V. Frank
Webb	R. G.....	Hayford
Horgan, Weisenburger	L. G.....	Johnson
Baskets—M. Frank, 1; Davison, 2; V. Frank, 2; Zahringer, 2. Free throws—M. Frank, 2; Davison, 1; Zahringer, 4; Webb, 1. Referee—Hartigan. Umpire—Mitchell. Timekeeper—Doherty. Time of halves—20 and 15 minutes.		

J. FRED REEVE, '12.

Exchanges

The season of Christmas should, in our opinion, hold a special measure of importance in the ex-man's sphere, for the impartial spirit of "give and take" which he sustains throughout the year is universally emulated at this time by his fellowmen, cynic and optimist alike. And he, the ex-man, is himself filled anew with Yuletide feeling and develops a greater eagerness to diffuse laudation in his domain. Censure, which is like healthful but distasteful medicine, he will apply but sparingly, only where immediate administration is necessary. And as he "gives," there is away down in his heart a faint expectation of some gift in this season of good will. And invariably he does receive. There is nothing that pleases him more than a heaping tableful of bright new magazines, the output of student journalism in all parts of a continent. He delights in lingering over an instructive essay, a striking poem or a fresh story; for he knows that the authors are like himself—amateurs.

So we are grateful, with our augmented Christmas spirit, for the reception of those college publications which have reached our sanctum. Unfortunately we go to press before the arrival of the holiday numbers of our exchanges, but find plenty of material for review in the November issues. The "six best" chosen are: *The D'Youville Magazine*, *The Labarum*, *The Loretto Pioneer*, *The College Spokesman*, *The St. Mary's Collegian* and *The Brunonian*. Three are productions of feminine student-journalists and set an excellent standard of literary worth.

Custom has it that the ladies should precede, and the ex-man is no enemy of custom. As a general rule the ladies fight shy of fiction as of some literary bugbear, but this time they have bravely ventured to approach it—and succeeded.

In fact, fiction predominates in the *D'Youville Magazine*. "They That Walk in Darkness" and "New Thoughts" are both original, well told stories, with touches of real pathos. THE The latter is more capably handled. The Misad-
D'YOUVILLE venture of "Her First Romance" is bright and fairly
MAGAZINE. humorous, though a trifle forced in parts. By a coincidence, we suppose, a member of the feline species has been made the principal character in two fanciful stories: "Three Thousand Years After" and "The Tale of a Cat." Both are good in point of local color, but the latter is more clever both in conception and treatment. "Her Pursuit of Culture" is an in-

teresting and amusing bit of nonsense. As to the essays, they are generally fair, but incline towards mediocrity. Shakespeare's "Hamlet," as a character study, contains thought and consistent development, while "The Castle of Chillon," "Viola," and "Rouen" are to a great extent deficient in these qualities and lack finish. After struggling through "A Page from the History of Female Attire," we concluded that although the style is remarkably smooth and the construction almost perfect, we shall not, for obvious reasons, attempt to criticize the matter. Verse in the *D'Youville* has sunk almost into insignificance; but one can, on reading "To Ireland," find a rhythm not unlike the swing of Moore's immortal melodies. The one pretense at light verse is "A Modern Woman's Last Word," and it merits both praise and encouragement. We rejoice at the prospect of an Exchange Column, and wish the ladies every success in that department.

Sketches are not often found in College Magazines, but the *Loretto Pioneer* offers a few which are gems of description, though we had hoped for newer subjects than "Autumn." "A Mountain Retreat" is an odd variety of composition, but strangely impressive in its effect. The *Loretto's* PIONEER. verse would rank much higher if more attention were paid to perfection of meter. In some part of every poem in the issue, the meter catches, jerks and jars, thus spoiling the effect of good thought and diction. "Æschylus, the Soldier Poet," and "The Poet of Colonus," two essays of a similar nature, are both commendable, variety being more prevalent in the latter. The *Loretto* possesses an able exchange editor.

The *Labarum* may be proud of its verse in the November issue. It is difficult to judge which poem is the best, but we should choose "Indian Summer," with "December" a close second. A pretty piece is "A Letter," transmitting LABARUM. as it does very well, its change of mood. "Origins in English Literature" is a sensible, well-balanced essay, while "A Case of Curios," "Our Lady of Good Counsel," and "The Eucharistic Congress" are well written, though savoring of the Encyclopedia. The *Labarum* has fallen short in fiction this time. "Dante," with a well-worn plot, saves itself by excellent dialogue, while originality of plot is the only praiseworthy feature of "Doctors Differ and Patients—Play Tennis."

And now we come to the journals of the sterner sex, finding therein a few productions that are models of their kind.

A flaming crimson cover next attracts our eye, and we experience a passing grief that the *St. Mary's Collegian* cannot lend some

of its color to the sombre *Spokesman*. That a book's cover, however, is no criterion becomes evident when we peruse the contents of our namesake from California. Some of the best fiction of the quarter is represented in "The Greatest Team on Earth" and "John Collins, Fullback." Each is light in plot, related in a breezy fashion, winding up with the short story's chief asset—the snap finish. Following hard upon these brilliant compositions is "The Five-Eighths That Broke," a crisp football story, though rather trite in matter. "An Evening at Home" is a delightfully humorous sketch, marred, however, by certain crudities which could have been avoided. A timely and interesting biography of the late Father Lambert comprises the only trial at essay writing in this number, and this, with a wealth of verse, saves the issue from frivolity. "Musing" and "Evening Shadows" have equal merit with the best poems we have read among the exchanges. There is depth of thought and beauty of diction in "Ad Vitam Æternam," but the whole is handled somewhat clumsily. "The Storm God" is strong, picturesque, rhythmical.

The *College Spokesman* is a rather serious paper. "Newman and His Age" is a scholarly work, possessing noticeable maturity in its treatment, not a characteristic of youthful efforts. "The Crossing" breathes the true atmosphere of the sea, but "Broke" is mediocre. An interesting story with *new* plot and crisp presentation is "The Last of the Ganhemos." It is refreshing to happen upon a piece of fiction which abandons the beaten track. Another briefer offering of the same sparkling kind is "A Record Run," a hair-raising aviation story. "The House of God" is a masterful address, powerfully written and logically developed, manifesting solid thought and infinite care on the part of the author.

In the *Brunonian* "The Diary of a Cattle-Stiff"—so well is it told—reminds us of a Mark Twain diary with less of his humor. All the verse of the number is highly commendable. The dance of sketches good, indifferent, but none really bad, comes as a relief from the verse-story-essay monotony. Most of them are sparkling, pretty things, with a touch of humor now and then, and are, on the whole, very enjoyable reading. But the stellar production of the issue is "The Blackmailer—A Drama of Co-education," a short story which would redound to the author's credit as a professional writer and which is easily the finest fiction of the quarter. All crudities of style peculiar to amateurs are noticeably absent and the plot is treated in a serio-comic manner irresistibly amusing. PHILIP J. CARLIN, '11.

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No. 3

Enthralled

THE morning is pink,
And the even is grey,
And the full noon glistens gold;
And the stars they wink
On heaven's brink,
As night's thund'rous clouds enfold.

But the morning pink,
And the stars that wink,
And the noon that glistens gold,
Mere landscapes are to you and me—
Dull souls that the cities hold.

Augustine J. Bowe, '10.

The Poetry of Keats

JAMES FITZGERALD, '13.

"Beauty is truth, truth beauty, that is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know."



IN these lines from the Ode on a Grecian Urn, many more or less able critics sum up the poetical creed of John Keats. The soundness of the principle—if it may be called a principle that "Beauty is truth, truth beauty; that is all ye need to know on earth"—or whether, indeed, this is the sum of Keats' poetical creed, is merely a matter of opinion and is advanced on the authority of abler critics, merely as such. But this much even the most casual and superficial reader will see, that Keats was a lover, a passionate lover of beauty; his poems are the poems of one enamoured of beauty of the senses, the poems of a prophet of the senses and their delights. Critics say of him that he went back to Spencer and to Shakespeare's minor poems to find his inspiration, to Greek and mediaeval life to find his subjects, and in so doing established a transition in the poetic line from the best poetry of the past to the best of the future. They laud him as the forerunner of Tennyson, and through Tennyson of all English poets since; the father of every English poet after him. He, as did no one of his contemporaries, felt, expressed and handed on the exact change wrought in English poetry by the great Romantic movement. They say that with him poetry was supreme; that it existed not as an instrument of social revolt nor of philosophical doctrine, but for the expression of beauty.

These, of course, I do not claim as opinions original with me, nor do I hold them infallible. From his life, thought, and from his poems, we see that he was enamoured of the beautiful. It was, then, but natural that he should seek inspiration for the expression of that love of beauty where the beautiful could best be found. And there he sought it. He harked back to the days of old Greece. His fancy, he gave to wander among the all-embracing beauties of ancient Grecian art; and like a child in a field of myriads of flowers of varied beauty, it flitted to and fro, dwelling with delight upon the different forms of loveliness there to be found. His love of Grecian art and Grecian lore and Grecian literature approached nigh

to worship. He sought his inspiration far above the grossness of earth; his spirit longed and pined for something higher, maybe better. Harsh critics bade him return to his galley-pots. But they could not bid his spirit hence. For it was as far above the galley-pots, as were these same critics, in their opinion, above this dreaming chemist's helper.

It was always something symbolic of freedom from petty earthly care and concern; something that could lift him in spirit from the sordid tasks of earth he hated, to the realms of fancy that he loved; it was ever an untarnished beauty of ancient art which time had mellowed and purified—a beauty unmarred by the trivialities, the fads and follies of a time, or a period, or an age—it was ever a beauty to which distance had lent enchantment, that waked, that stirred him to song. And then how passionately, how intensely did he sing! Or perchance if his theme were of the present, still must he seek some beauty far removed again from the “weariness, the fever and the fret here, where men sit and hear each other groan.” He found it now in the full throated, care-free, spontaneous burst of melody from the nightingale far out of sight above in the sky. He sings to urn and bird alike, not as persons, but as beings of that other world—the world of fancy in whose fields his spirit played; beings that “when old age shall this generation waste, shall remain in midst of other woe than ours”; beings that “were not born for death.”

We need no critic to tell us this, we need but read a poem—a single line from this strange young man. Every verse pulses with intensity of his passionate love; in every line there is a freedom of conception and flight of fancy that fairly carries us away; yet there is not that wildness of imagery or expression we find in other poets; there is a saving restraint of style and expression that binds him to earth, that makes his poetry acceptable to mortals. How far his fancy would carry him, unrestrained, we cannot know; we can only be happy that there were some ties—even though of the senses—that bound him to earth. Other poets have been carried away by fancy until their poetry ceases to be poetry of earth, and becomes verse of airy nothings. Keats was far from this class. He loved, he sought, he burned to rise above the earth, but he wanted to take with him in his flight the best things he knew of earth. For instance, read in *Shelley's* overflow to the Skylark—

“In the golden lightening
 Of the sunken sun,
 O'er which clouds are brightening,
 Thou dost float and run
 Like an unbodied joy whose race is just begun.”

Here is a poet of the senses, indeed; but what mortal sense has ever embraced the perception of “an unbodied joy, whose race is just begun”? Compare this to a passage from Keats’ *Ode to a Nightingale*. Here indeed is an outburst of sensual passion; yet in its expression there is a restraint that saves and makes it acceptable.

“Oh for a draught of vintage! that hath been
 Cooled a long age in the delved earth,
 Tasting of Flora and the country green,
 Dance and Provencal song, and sun burnt mirth!
 O for a beaker full of the warm South,
 Full of the true, the blushful Hippocrene,
 With beaded bubbles winking at the brim,
 And purple stained mouth,
 That I might drink and leave the world unseen.”

How different from Shelley’s unbodied joy, is the hearty intensity of Keats’ cry for a beaker filled with beaded, bubbling wine and purple stained mouth! While, then, there is little or no restraint whatever in Keats’ fancy and feeling, there is still a bent to voice his feelings in no wild imaginative nothings, but rather in hearty utterances smacking of the best that earth can give to please the sense. Look into his lines, and even in the very heights of his rapture you will find a remarkably sensible, apposite and felicitous choice of words. Indeed, so proficient, so gifted was he in this aptness of expression, that practically his every line gives us a picture. Not a caricature; but a complete and finished portrayal. When we read such line as,

“Who are these coming to the sacrifice?
 To what green altar, O mysterious priest,
 Lead’st thou that heifer lowing at the skies,
 And all her silken flanks with garlands drest?”

it is as though we had taken in at a single glance some masterpiece on the canvas of some master artist.

But Keats' poetic spirit is seen to best advantage in his "Ode to the Nightingale." There we not only see, but we feel the poet's very heart in the lines we read. He is longing to rise; his spirit fairly pants for something higher—he wants, he knows not what; and weighed down by care, with heart aching, and dulled with the weariness of earth, he pours forth his very soul in song to the Nightingale hidden "in some melodious plot of beechen green."

There has been, on my part, no attempt to analyze the poetry of Keats; but merely to give some idea—imperfect maybe—but an idea of the moving spirit which prompted Keats to song. Keats was a poet of the senses—not such as are many poets of the senses, but one whose passion as expressed in his poetry is the longing, the striving for something, the desire to mount higher, to seek something beautiful, to seek the utmost beauty. It is such a passion that, the more we read its expression, the more we lament that it could not have found satiety in something above the mere sensual delights; that instead of seeking fields for the play of fancy in the best of earth's delights, he could not have found the inspiration which the humblest, most unlettered Catholic knows.

Ambition

As I travail every day
Through the vista'd length'ning way
Drear with toil and moil and sorrow,
Cherish I undaunted hope
In the wide, untravelled scope
Of the e'er receding morrow.

JOSEPH A. ABEL, '14.

To My Mother

AS the vast midnight weeps
Out of her million eyes,
Out of her mystic deeps,—
So do thy tears arise.

As some sweet dew that slips
Over the sleeping bloom,—
So do thy tears and lips
Keep life in the flower of thy womb.

Augustine J. Bowe, '10.

A Brand From the Burning

J. AARON COLNOR, '14.



INTER had begun to reassert itself. Since before day-break the snow had been falling in flakes as large as jessamine flowers, piling up on windowsills, forming ever-changing drifts across street and sidewalk, outlining with white every corner and gable of the houses, and clothing the city in a mantle of virgin snow. It was past midnight and hardly anyone was astir; a few pleasure-seekers returning home from the theatre, and a solitary policeman walking slowly up and down the block, were all who were abroad; for the snow fell heavily, and the good folks of the city had gone to bed early.

Mr. Charles King, alias John McNamara, by which pseudonym he was registered in the office below (this gentleman of two appellations), sat in his room on the third floor, before a roaring fire, warming his toes and cogitating on his fortunes. Viewed from one point these were at a very low ebb. If payment had been demanded, he could not have put up the money for the fire before which he was comforting himself—much less for the delectable dinner he had enjoyed some hours before. Being a specious gentleman, with a frank, open countenance, and graced with pleasing manners, and a large and stylish portmanteau, he was accorded the privileges of the hotel without question. Besides this outward show which he always regarded as a large part of his stock in trade, his entire capital, assets and resources consisted of a twenty-five cent piece, a franc, two Italian centesimi, and an unlimited amount of nerve. Upon this latter quality Mr. King relied to take him through numerous tight places, and to increase his aforesaid capital, assets and resources when that became absolutely imperative. It had become imperative now, and he was only waiting until the psychological moment to take prompt and effective action.

The goddess Fortune, his only acknowledged mistress, had placed in his hands the opportunity for the replenishment of his purse. That opportunity took the shape of a young millionaire who had arrived that evening from Pittsburg, bundled up to the eyes. He was a slight, pale young fellow with a downy mustache, dressed in a fur-lined overcoat and fur cap. These things Mr.

King admired as became a man of taste; but most of all was his attention attracted by the sparkling studs and scarf pin. He was quite a connoisseur in diamonds, and knew a good stone when he saw it as well as any pawnbroker along Clark street (who, by the way, could be relied upon to purchase those same diamonds if fortune favored him). An examination of the register, and a few words with the clerk informed him that the new guest was Richard St. John, and that he occupied the suite opposite his own. Mr. King sat and meditated on these things and waited for the clock in the church tower to strike three. This was his hour for business. This rule of action was based on a great deal of practical investigation as to the precise time when people sleep soundest. As every keen observer knows, two o'clock in the morning is the hour when the world turns over in bed, yawns, and goes to sleep again. For obvious reasons therefore three o'clock is the time when it is again sleeping soundly.

As a preparation, Mr. King carefully removed his pointed patent leather shoes. Then he opened his bag and drew therefrom a pair of heavy felt slippers, which fastened around his ankle by an elastic. He also took out an automatic "Savage." It was not loaded and was only intended to display to persons who happened to be wakeful, and who were supposed to express surprise at the presence of an unknown and unwelcome visitor. In all his experience, which had extended over five years of fortune hunting in two hemispheres, he had met but one man who cared to look down the black barrel of a revolver and make a disturbance. This man had compelled Mr. King to give him an "upper cut" before his exit was undisputed. He now put on the slippers, slipped the revolver into his right-hand coat pocket, and resumed his seat by the fire.

Fifteen minutes later, when the clock struck three, he was at the door of the suite across the hall. How he got through the door it is not necessary to state; but to a man of his experience a lock or a bolt was as little binding as a spider's gossamer thread, and to let all men into the secret of unbolting a door from the outside would be a bit of poor policy. He found himself in a dressing room. With a patent alcohol cigar lighter he lit the gas, for he could not regulate the glare of an electric bulb. In the bedroom beyond a small night lamp was burning, and he had paused for a moment at the door to make sure of the regular breathing of the sleeper. Now he turned to the dressing table, which stood between the windows. It was spread with a most elaborate and tempting

display. There were silver backed brushes of all sizes and kinds, scissors, cut glass vaporizers, and a gold cigarette case. Mr. King looked at these with a loving eye; he could appreciate fine things even though they belonged to another. He even smoothed his hair a little as he looked into the mirror.

But he had not come for this. Opening the top drawer, he fumbled through it. There was a quantity of neckwear, collars and cuffs, handkerchiefs and other sundries. There were also some buttons for the cuffs, and studs of fine gold, but Mr. King put them aside. He opened the next drawer. It was full of fine linen. In one corner there was a suspiciously large pile of handkerchiefs. He lifted them and disclosed to view a soft plush box. His eyes sparkled and he snapped open the lid. The diamonds within sparkled back at him—three as prettily set stones as he had ever seen, and a magnificent emerald set in a scarf pin.

He selected a large silk handkerchief and wrapped the jewels in it carefully, making a neat package which he put into his left-hand coat pocket. He closed the box and replaced it. He even laid back the linen and smoothed it into place, for he was a man of order. After he had replaced everything just as he had found them, something, it would be difficult to say what, possessed him to go into the sleeper's room.

Charles King, gentleman of fortune, had been deemed, even by his fellows at school, the most erratic of individuals. "It's King," or "a kingism," was sufficient accounting for any inexplicable veering in conduct at critical and unexpected periods. In a sense, he was a dual personality. The better side of him—the one that loved the honorable, the just, the truthful—was the weaker; but anon with gathered strength, it rose up, and brushing the hard, conscienceless other aside, caused him to suddenly turn from dishonorable doing at the very moment of success therein, and do the deed of a stronger, nobler person. The impulse, then, just mentioned, was a "kingism," and yielding to it with strange but characteristic readiness, he tiptoed softly to the door of the inner room, and after listening a moment, entered.

The night lamp cast a dull glow over the objects in the room. Its light fell on the sleeper, and made him seem less pale. He was lying on his side, with his arm thrown out, and his lips just parted in the effort of respiration. Mr. King went a little nearer. As the sleeper turned slightly and he could see his face clearly, he stopped, grasped nervously at the footboard, and put his hand

to his eyes, then involuntarily to his left pocket. He leaned farther over and peered into the man's face. His lips smiled, but his eyes were hard and cold as steel. "Dick," he muttered, and the room with its little dot of light faded away. In its place he saw a long stretch of white beach with the waves coming tumbling in. He was working over a young man, who had been seized with the cramps, and whom he had just brought to shore. The face of the man was the same as that which lay on the pillow.

King thought of a good many things which had happened that summer, and he thought of them rather sadly. Things turned out queerly, very queerly, most queerly; if it had not been for—but he smiled grimly, and put the phantom in its grave. The room seemed to be getting very hot. Perhaps he was nervous; yet there were few things, no matter how startling, that could upset his coolness. But what was all that rumble in the street below, and what—? He raised his head, and eagerly sniffed the air. Just then a cry floated up to him from below, a boy's shrill cry, and it said "Fire".

Simultaneously he heard the staccato notes of a fire-engine bell. He went into the outer room. It was hotter than the other, and his nostrils smarted. He jerked open the door and went into the hall. The smoke rolled heavily along it. What was to be done must be done quickly. Catching up a heavy overcoat and a pair of trousers, he bounded back into the next room. He laid his hot hand on the forehead of the sleeper. It awakened him.

"Get up," said King, "don't stop to dress but hustle on these things. The place is on fire."

"Who are you!" said St. John.

But Mr. King was already in the outer room. He stepped to the window and looked down. The street was full of men. He felt for the rope which usually hangs coiled on a hook under the window. He found it.

"We'll try the stairway first," he said as St. John joined him. St. John had hurriedly donned his trousers and was struggling with his coat. They went to the stairway. A battalion of black smoke and red flame charged up at them.

"There's a stairway at the other end of the hall," said St. John, "perhaps we could get out there."

"No use," panted King, and he pointed to the tongues of flame that were already licking around the corner at the far end of the hall. "We'll have to go by the window of your room."

They got into the room and shut the door. King began to uncoil the big rope. "It's not very dangerous, if the fire doesn't get here before we leave. You go first, Di——. Better put something under your arms so that the rope won't cut you."

"No, no," interposed St. John. "I can slide down it. It will take too long to lower me and besides you mustn't take any risks. Wait till I get my jewelry." He made a dive for the drawer, and took out the jewel case which he slipped into his pocket. The glass in the transom crackled and the flames peered in and lit up the room.

"Did you ever slide down a rope?" asked King as he looked at the young man's hands.

"No, but I can try. If I fall——" But the other cut him short and flung the noose over his head.

"Now you're off," he urged and the young fellow went over the sill. He was not heavy, but Mr. King was out of training. His muscles strained and his joints cracked as the rope slowly paid out. His eyes smarted, and once he had to take a hitch around the hook and lean out for breath. Then he shut his eyes and lowered away, but his breath came fast and his head was dizzy.

The rope slackened. With a gasp King sprang upon the sill, and let himself over. He twisted his leg around the rope and swung off. He breathed more freely, now that he was away from the window, but the rope grew hot in his hands, and he thought he must let go. But again his will seconded his muscles, and he still went down, down past the second-story windows from which the flames were already darting; down until he dropped into the eager arms upstretched to him. There was a cheer from the sympathetic crowd that had gathered in the street.

Young St. John caught him by the hands. "You have saved my life," he choked, "and I—I thank you."

"But come," said King, "there's a hotel a little way around the corner; you had better go there. This place is gone up. It isn't pleasant to lose one's clothes, I know, but such things have to be borne."

At the hotel steps King paused. "I shall have to go back," he exclaimed, "I—I have some things I've got to attend to."

As St. John turned to go up the steps he felt a light touch on his arm.

"Excuse me," said King, handing him a small packet made up in a handkerchief. "Excuse me, but you must have forgotten your jewelry."

Then before St. John could speak, he had mingled with the crowd.

Slumber

Ah ! sweet the gift at close of day
That God sends on its winged flight,
When twilight-shadows softly fall,
And intermingle with the night.

GEORGE M. NICELY, '14.

Confidence

COLD, gray, barren the rocks before me lay;
Up, up, higher I climb the long dull day,
And shadows o'er my pathway creep,
But on I go, nor pause to weep
My pains, nor backward scan the steep,
But clasp a friendly hand—my stay.

Half-way upward!—I dare not pause for rest;
Fear, toil, worry will all be for the best
When looking up, my goal I'll see,
My pace will quicken joyfully,
Success be won, and then shall he—
My guide, my friend—be sung, be blest.

Sylvester E. Holden, '14.

Ere Dawn

ON the snow-tipped crest of a mountain high,
In the dawn-dust of a star-shot sky,
Where the din of strife and the sob of pain,
Are as hushed as the beat of distant rain,
And the mystic songs of a fitful breeze
The imprisoned cares of my heart appease,
And hymn the birth
Of day, to the earth—
I patiently wait the dawn.

O'er the snow-tipped crest of the mountain high,
Comes stealing across the softening sky
A timid glow of ruddy light
Which snuffs the beacons of waning night ;
And ebon clouds with warmth transfuse
As athwart the sky speed the day-flame's hues:
Then again I'm strong,
For trouble's throng,
As I welcome the hopeful dawn.

John P. Burke, '14.

Robert Burns

MARK A. LIES, '13.



WEAKNESS—native and fostered—was the undoing of the Scottish poet; weakness in every form—intemperance, loose living, and all else that springs from that fountain-head of transgressions. Naturally a kindly, a “gude mon,” by nature a poet of supreme genius; yet again by nature weak, was Robert Burns. He sacrificed personal glory and the public pleasure to his besetting sin; for, though genius fought with weakness to possess the man, weakness conquered, and blotted out the life of a poet whose every new work gave greater promise.

Robert Burns was born in a small cottage near the banks of the Doon, two miles from Ayr, Scotland, on the 25th of January, 1759. His early life was spent in penury and want, for he was one of seven children of a needy farmer. Still the father possessed a knowledge of the worth of education, for in his early life he had roamed about the world, and had learned much. So Robert was not hired out among the neighboring farms, as was the custom of the indigent folk of the day, but he was kept under the parental eye till he was of goodly age. He says of himself in a letter to Dr. Moore: “At those years I was by no means a favorite with anybody. I was a good deal noted for a retentive memory, and a stubborn, sturdy something in my disposition. * * * Though it cost the schoolmaster some thrashings, I made an excellent scholar in English, and by the time I was ten or eleven years of age, I was a critic on substantives, verbs, and particles. In my infant and boyish days, too, I owed much to an old woman who resided in the family, remarkable for her ignorance, credulity and superstition. She had, I suppose, the largest collection in the country of tales and songs concerning devils, etc., etc. This cultivated the latent seeds of poetry: but had so strong an effect on my imagination, that, to this hour, in my nocturnal rambles, I sometimes keep a sharp lookout in suspicious places.” And very likely Burns owed much more than he thought to these tales, for it is certainly true that Scotland is full of imaginative stories of hobgoblins, elves and devils.

Mild critics attribute Burns' ruin to good-fellowship. Well, perhaps, but if good-fellowship will produce such dire effects, it has been sadly misnamed. The poet died directly from exposure in a night of convivial pleasures on the 21st of July, 1796.

It is a general belief that "The Cotter's Saturday Night" is the best work that has come from Burns' pen. In this descriptive poem is portrayed the peaceful family life of a Scotch peasant. An excellent insight into the life of a satisfied peasant is furnished us in this homely tale. In his own curiously quaint style, Burns depicts scenes with which, as an humble countryman, he was so well acquainted. While Homer, Virgil and latter-day poets have been educated to the finer, grander scenes of life, and would consequently have had to stoop to grasp the beauty of so ordinary a picture, Burns, with no education or light other than that inspired into every true poet, found himself on a plane with such lowly scenes—he had never known others. Hence we find that he alone was suited to treat of them and to present to the world, in poetic language, their beauties.

What simpler, lowlier tale than this: The Cotter, "his weekly moil is at an end," leaves the fields as the night comes on, and journeys back to the house driving his "miry beasts" before him. He meets his children at the door and rejoices in the prospect of a morrow of peace and rest. The family, old and young, together with a suitor, gather around the hearth to enjoy the evening. They sup, they pray, and as the hour grows late, the elder children leave for their cottages.

Burns was proud of his Scotch peasant descent, as is clearly evidenced in this scene of model home-life. It was a subject very dear to him, one that was ever uppermost in his mind, for all his poems touch upon the Scotchman in some such condition. And he endeavored to impress upon his countrymen, the beauty of their own customs and life.

"From scenes like these, old Scotia's grandeur springs,
That makes her loved at home, revered abroad;
Princes and lords are but the breath of kings,
'An honest man's the noblest work of God';
And certes, in fair Virtue's heavenly road,
The cottage leaves the palace far behind."

And realizing how basic the health and vigor of home-life is for the entire nation, he cries,

“O Scotia! my dear, my native soil!

For whom my warmest wish to Heaven is sent!

Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil

Be blest with health, and peace, and sweet content!

And O! may Heaven their simple lives prevent

From Luxury's contagion, weak and vile!

Then, howe'er crowns and coronets be rent,

A virtuous populace may rise the while,

And stand a wall of fire around their much-beloved Isle.”

It is characteristic of Burns that he describes by a brief phrase, that his most telling pictures are often contained in one word. In fact when we have read this poem, we are at a loss to find where we received the excellent and vivid impressions of the scenes. Details are few, but so striking and living, that the fuller image grows without further words from the writer. Thus “The miry beasts retreating frae the pleugh” suggests the heavy, plodding plow-horses, their fetlocks covered with a thick coating of moist soil, their flanks wet with sweat and steaming in the November chill; the plowman guiding the steel as it overturns in the furrow; the clanking of chains, and the commands of the driver. Again, “And weary o’er the moor his course does homeward bend” compares remarkably with the compact description of another poet, “The plow-man homeward plods his weary way,” in presenting the picture of the toil-worn farmer returning from the fields at the end of a long day. And then the home-coming is characteristically represented.

“At length his lonely cot appears in view,

Beneath the shelter of an aged tree;

Th’ expectant wee things toddlin’, stacher through

To meet their dad wi’ flichterin’ noise and glee.”

And further, as Jenny, the eldest daughter, introduces her sweetheart, we see a bashful country lad thus welcomed by father and mother:

“Wi’ kindly welcome, Jenny brings him ben,

A strappin’ youth, he takes the mother’s eye;

Blythe Jenny sees the visit ’s no ill taen;

The father cracks of horses, pleughs and kye.

The youngster’s artless heart o’erflows wi’ joy,

But blate and laithfu’, scarce can weel behave;

The mother, wi' a woman's wiles, can spy
What makes the youth sae bashfu' and sae grave;
Weel pleased to see her bairn's respected like the lave."

Suggestion, not details in number, not a defined and carefully completed picture, gives us the living image of the toddling "wee things," of the strapping lad and blythe Jenny, and of the observant mother.

Very little does Burns employ the artifices of the poet. In fact, save for inversions for the sake of the metre and rhyme, the whole tale could be told in prose. But when he does make use of them, he does so with startling effect. Is there not a very pleasing metaphor in the line, "His wee bit ingle (fireplace) blinkin' bonnily," where he compares the flickering of the flame to the merry flashing of a person's eyelids? The omission of frequent figures, however, displays Burns' sense of propriety, for in a homely tale, the presence of metaphors, personifications and the like would be entirely out of place.

"The Cotter's Saturday Night" is a poem that can be read and re-read, and still a full appreciation of its excellence not be reached. Beyond the musical flow of the measures, beyond the descriptions, beyond the beauty of the tale itself, there is an insight into human character, a subtle play upon the feelings, which irresistibly holds us. We cannot put a finger upon the exact words that express this; we only feel that it is there, and are content to say, "It is Burns' work," for few poets have ever excelled this Scotchman in ability to speak to the heart.

Burns has expressed sublime sentiments but he has also given us some very irreverent ones. It is hard to believe that the author of "Holy Willie," "The Calf," and other works in which irreverence is predominant, can be the same man who wrote the "Cotter's Saturday Night." I choose to say that it was the same in different moods. For, subject as he was to fits of drunkenness, some of his worst productions may have come out when in that state. However, this is only conjecture and by one who thinks enough of Burns' nobler poems to attempt excuses for the unworthy.

Nevertheless Burns was a poet uniquely great. He had very little education save what he received from traveling, and from extensive reading. He was of low birth, was brought up in an atmosphere opposed to letters and had few facilities for study. So he was just a rude country man, inspired with the best of genius.

With different surroundings, better education and more temperance, his renown would have been even greater than it is now. But when intemperance overcame him it sullied one of the brightest minds of his day. It is, then, sufficient tribute to Robert Burns to say that even vice in every form, unfortunate circumstances and perverseness of mind, could not prevent his works from existing for all time.

Life

WHAT is life when sounded?
A pathless ocean of tears,
With a shore of mystery bounded,
Its waves enshrouded with fears.

Barks are we on that ocean,
Guided by pilot unseen,
O'er the yawn of the ebbing motion,
To a home of eternal demesne.

Edward J. Dunlavy, '14.

Arrows in Flight

The Night

SILENTLY falls the night
Upon the shouting city ;
Like tiny lamps
The stars shine forth,
Their hueless light
O'er tower and dome falls bright.

The feverish city sleeps ;
While reverent Silence watches,
The tiny lamps
Grow dim and white,
And Phoebus peeps
O'er morning's misty deeps.

The Days

Days, ye messengers of Fate !
In single march ye move,
Yet never soon, yet never late,
Ye pass—mute, tireless forms !
Within the dark eternal Gate
To be seen no more.

What bring ye to us now,—
The love and pleasure we await ?
Mayhap: yet it doth seem
Ye ever bring us work and hate
Until we pass th' eternal Gate
To be seen no more.

John Aaron Colnon, '14.

The Protege

THOMAS J. O'BRIEN, '12.



It was one of those mild, drizzling nights that often come when winter is breaking, and give a dismal, dejected aspect to a great city. At least Miles Flaherty felt its depression as he savagely paced up and down his beat in the fashionable district of Verdon Park, his head bent in fierce reflection, and his steps firm and loud.

The numerous street lamps in De Monteville Terrace gave out a misty, flickering glare, and but a faint outline to the palatial white stone fronts that stood on either side. These houses were situated, as we said, in a most fashionable part of the town, and in the brief time Miles had patrolled it he had acquired a strong contempt for its pretence and glamor, its midnight autos and parties returning from the gay down town.

He longed for his old beat "behind the Yards," dangerous and rough though it was. There he was busy every minute, accosting some suspicious character, or collaring some thug. "Back of the Yards" the police traveled in pairs, and gradually Miles grew to regard scouting down dark alleys and unlighted streets as a keen excitement.

But De Monteville Terrace was new and strange to him; even the name had not yet been thoroughly masticated, and as for the people, they were foreign to any he had ever dealt with, and among them he walked as unrecognized as the morning milkman.

The "Yards" had its number of midnighters, but good or bad, Miles always received some sort of greeting from them. De Monteville Terrace, too, witnessed many returning home in the wee small hours, but to them the blue-uniformed guardian was a source of contempt, rather than fear or comfort. Hence Miles, so long used to free rein and discretion, ached to exercise his unhampered authority, and his strong hand itched to collar some insolent young fop and give him a good shaking up.

In this frame of mind he made his way towards his call-box, his heart inflamed against evening clothes and silk hats. Just as he was about to ring in his hourly report to the station-house, some unsteady body, which seemed to have gained momentum from the inside of the walk, struck him. Instantly his feet went

from under him on the slippery sidewalk, and he heard a thick, uncertain voice cry out hilariously, "Shay, old chap, 'scuse me, old chap, but ish—ish this Mon-Monteville Terrace, 329 Mont—" He wasn't allowed to complete his broken sentence, for Flaherty, his helmet in the gutter, his uniform wet and dirty, and his fiery Irish temper kindled to boiling point, had seized his inebriate interlocutor in familiar "packing-house" style, immaculate shirt, evening dress and shining pumps escaping his eye in the stress of his injured dignity.

But retribution was halted, for just then Miles was startled by an excited, pleading cry of "O, Officer, don't strike him!" The voice, sweet and musical, had a chilling effect on his wrath, and he forgot his struggling victim, as he slowly faced around and viewed the pacifier. Then, for the first time in his life, Miles did not know what to do; his face flushed, he fumbled with his hands, and looked foolishly down at his feet. Before him stood a tall, beautiful woman, stunningly gowned in white, a magnificent opera cape over her shoulders and her dark imperious countenance crowned by a large, white plumed picture hat. Then once more he heard her voice. "I'd be ashamed," she spoke authoritatively now, "to think of beating a defenceless man; but," she continued less sharply, "surely, Officer, you will not arrest him!" Then her voice grew soft and shrinking as she added, "Why expose him? His present condition is a sufficient disgrace for his wife—his children!"

Miles now stirred himself and turned to observe their companion. He was apparently oblivious to all surroundings, with his back against a stone pillar and his hat over his eyes. Flaherty hesitated, between offended dignity and embarrassment. Again the lady spoke, "Come, Officer, forget your jostle. His wife is my dear friend; take him home, won't you, to 329 De Monteville Terrace? Please favor me, sir." Flaherty felt a small gloved hand seize his, and a strange, captivating feeling crept over him, and he was led unresistingly to obey.

He reached for his fallen helmet, jammed it hard on his head, and seizing the bone of contention by the arm escorted him down De Monteville Terrace, his mind filled with visions of his fair pleader. Nor was he apt to forget the number, for his companion, rambling in true drunken fashion, repeatedly reminded him of their destination. Flaherty, however, knew the place, as the most

fashionable on the street, and, as they arrived alongside the unlighted, massive residence, he rather roughly led his charge up the few steps and then paused, while the latter skilfully opened the large oak door.

As he turned to go, he felt something new and crisp in his palm, and his protege's voice seemed strangely cynical and sarcastic, as he almost soberly said, "Pleasant return, Officer; one so obliging deserves reward."

Next evening, as was his habit, Miles purchased a paper, and almost the first thing that met his glance was the following caption:

"Rich manufacturer's home plundered. Residence of W. L. Vandergood entered by midnight prowler. No clew to thief, or manner of entrance."

Miles Flaherty read on; and then—well, he thought he saw a light: his jaw set hard, and gradually within him a stubborn contempt for all feminine allurements took root.

Driftwood

THREE STRATEGISTS.



ASKED Bobby if he wanted a story. He said yes. "Well," said I, "what shall it be—a fairy story, or a Christmas story, or a—" "Naw," interrupted Bobby, "make it a story with the 'Cubs' in it!" So I told him this.

MASTER PHELAN.

Young Master Phelan sat, hunched deep in the wide arm-chair, and sulked. His smooth, round face—smooth and round with the smoothness and roundness that comes of a healthy appetite well and often appeased—was all drawn together in a scowl—lips thrust out and nose puckered up and eyebrows dragged down—oh, a most unholy scowl! And why?

Why? Why!—it was Sunday, and the World's Series was on, and he had just twenty cents, and "ma" had just refused him a dollar, and—ah, blame it!—he'd promised to take Katie and—now, maybe you know! So, Jimmy sat nursing his grouch and casting wildly about for some scheme of revenge. Now, I well know it to be the most tiresome thing in the world to watch a fisherman waiting for a bite, so if you don't care to wait for Jimmy to catch an inspiration in the raging sea of his anger, we'll leave him and, in the meantime, I'll tell you something about him.

Jimmy "held a position" in a large down-town office at five dollars a week. So, you see, Jimmy never had much spending money and all that he did have he was wont to lavish in the endeavor to outshine his rival, Johnnie Stone, in the race for Katie's good will. Now, Jimmy was a "fan;" likewise was Katie a "fan." But both had to content themselves with accounts of the games from the paper; for the price of a double admission was too much for Master Phelan's pocketbook, and this Katie understood, and so Jimmy lost nothing in her sight thereby. But now Katie also understood, and had been given clearly to understand, that the very first Sunday game of the World's Series she should see with Jimmy by her side.

So confident was Jimmy of getting the "where-with-all" from his mother that he gave it little attention, and Sunday morning

after church he told Katie, "Be ready at twelve!" and went jauntily home to make the "touch." Now, perhaps Jimmy's mother should have given him that dollar, and maybe she didn't have the dollar—but anyway, as this story goes, we are back again to Master Phelan and his pout. We left him undecided what course to pursue; we find him decided. No ordinary revenge would be his. He'd get square all right, but in no crude way. He'd not work out the revenge himself actually—no! He'd let mother's conscience do it! He'd get sick. And then, blame it, she'd be sorry, and he'd get worse and she'd "eat out herself with remorse"—the hero said that in the last play he saw—and—well "she could eat." But he'd get square!

Well, Jimmy got sick. He laid aside the mask of anger and assumed that of patient, martyr-like resignation. At supper he nibbled his food; he breathed heavily; and, when his mother was looking, he coughed and sighed and passed his hand across his brow, and as a "clincher" he refused his helping of pie. And poor mother was ensnared. She inquired anxiously what was the trouble; she pressed upon him little attentions; she fixed him lotions; she packed him off to bed; she nursed him and stroked his forehead, the while Jimmy sighed and tried to look pale. Next morning, the poor boy was no better, and mother telephoned to the office that Jimmy was sick and wouldn't be to work that day.

All day Jimmy kept it up, till his poor mother was nearly distracted. She called in a doctor, who gave her no satisfaction for her two dollar fee. She left her housework undone to be with her boy. Her boy noted all this, and, imp that he was, gloated in his revenge. His plan which had so far worked to perfection was rapidly nearing a triumphant completion. He would wait till mother had cleared the supper all away; then he would take a change for the better, grow violently hungry, and demand a full meal. The evening wore along, and as the time for his recovery approached, the patient grew cheerful. His plans had worked admirably; his revenge was complete; but he was glad it was over. It was, he must confess, rather tedious work. As his thoughts ran on in this wise, there was a knock and in came Katie to see him. This unforeseen event perplexed him for a moment, but he made the best of it, determining to grow better during Katie's stay and to demand the supper as soon as she left. For a time they talked, and though Katie, while mother was in the room, confined herself to anxious inquiries concerning Jimmy's condition, it was plain to

be seen that she was fairly bursting with excitement. As soon as mother left them alone, she blurted out, "And oh, Jimmy, what do you think? The 'boss' gave us all a half holiday—and he gave us all tickets to the game and—and I went with Johnnie Stone—and oh, the 'Cubs' won, and—"

Master Phelan was sitting up in bed, his eyes wide open, and his mouth wider open, and his under lip quivering.

"Why, Jimmy!" cried Katie, "what's the matter?"

But Jimmie only waved her wildly away with his hand, and choked out, "Matter? Aw! shut up! Gwan home! I—I got a relapse!" And he buried his head under the covers.

I asked Bobby what he thought of the story. And he said he didn't see anything in it. He said he'd paid a dollar—a week's spending money—to see one of those games, and he was sick for a week, and there was no "fake" about it, either.

After the space of one serious face, Bobby asked pleasantly for a story with a soldier in it. I "thought" for a long time with an eye on Bobby to watch his patience develop to the point of "shatteration," then I told him of

TOMMY.

We stood in lines
'Gin the target signs,
On a Christmas day long ago;
And we wasn't glad
But fightin' mad
To be spendin' of Christmas so.

From Karas-Fin
We had staggered in
At night, to this swelt'rin' place;
And we'd here to stay
And earn our pay
A-starin' "Slow Death" in the face.

For the Injin sun
Scorched every one
With its piercin', bitin' rays;
And the fever spread,
And knocked men dead,
Through all them madd'nin' days.

But we filled each day
In the Colonel's way,
For what idleness meant, 'e knew;
And we kept at work,
For fear to shirk,
Lest the madness take us too.

As we banged away
On that blessed day,
At a bloomin' sign on a board,
'Twas England—oh!
And a Christmas snow,
That our thoughts kept turnin'
toward.

For an hour or more
Came the Colonel's roar—
"Ready—Haim—Fire!"
And we was 'ot,
And the smell o' shot
Was a-kindlin' up our ire.

For the fortieth time
Came that bloody rime—
"Ready—H——" from somewhere
Right down on our line
A-marchin' fine,
Came a lad of ten—or there.

A shaver, but stout,
And braver, no doubt,
Than any you see now-a-days.
"A soldier's son,"
Thought every one,
You could tell by 'is knowin' ways.

With sturdy step
'E for'ard kept,
Then 'alted as bold as could be;
And 'e 'eaved a sigh
As 'e turned 'is eye
Down the length of our company.

The brave little chap
With 'is 'and to 'is cap,
Gave the queen's own salute, and
said—
"I'm hongry!"—as free
As real gall can be,
Nor blinkin' nor showin' o' dread.

Then the Colonel swore,
And he turned to roar
At the lines of 'is grinning men,
But as 'e did,
Every smile was 'id,
Till 'e wheeled on the lad again.

Then the Colonel, sez 'e,
"If you're hungry,
Go 'ome to your mother, you cur!"
But the lad jerked 'is 'ead—
"Me mother's dead;
The plague got 'er yistiday, sir!"

Then the Colonel got red
At the back of 'is 'ead,
And 'is fingers and feet wouldn't
mind,
But plucked 'is sword-band
And kicked the 'ot sand.
And 'e turned on the men behind.

And 'e choked and 'e swore—
"What ye gapin' there for!
To your quarters, ye gawkish pack!"
And only too glad
We did as 'e bade
'Fore 'e could order us back.

Now I was guard
In the Colonel's "yard,"
When the lad, a-grinnin' came out
With a roguish strut
From the Colonel's hut,
And winked as 'e swaggered about.

"Dinner! Tommy!" came clear,
But he stopped at the cry
And with glist'nin' eye
'E swung to me with a leer—
"Me mother," 'e said,
"She's not quite dead—
But Christmas comes once in a year!"

"Well, Bobby," I questioned, "what of the story?"

"Hot waffles!" he replied. "Was the kid's—?" etc., for an hour. Finally Bobby asked with startling abruptness: "Were you ever in a story?"

"Oh, yes," I said. "But it's getting late now— Only one more? Well," and I told him of

THE STRANGE LITTLE MAN.

The three card monte man was haranguing the little crowd gathered about him, the while he toyed with three plain business

cards. On one was printed Kimball Pianos, Chicago; on another, Dr. D. J. Klein, Chicago, and on the third Peacock & Co., Chicago. As I joined the little knot of people, the monte man seemed to take a new grip on things and began again—"Easy money, gents, easy money—watch the cards, that's all—here they are, three in a row, take your choice and point it out—and take the money."

"I believe I can tell which card has Kimball Pianos on it," said an innocent-looking little man standing next me.

"All right, sir; try it," said the monte man.

"There, that one," said the little man, smiling. Sure enough he was right.

"I don't see how a man could lose his money at such a simple game as that," said the little man; "why, you can see the cards all the time."

"Suppose you place a little bet on it," suggested the card man.

"All right, I'll risk it," said the little man, "though I don't like to win money that way!" The bet was placed—five dollars it was. The cards were turned and of course the poor man lost. He tried again, in the hope of getting back his five dollars, but the poor, unsuspecting innocent lost again; then he bet his last dollar and lost that. Then he put his hand to his head and walked away. As I was turning away, he looked wearily at me and I stopped to console him.

"To think," he said, "that I, a man of a family with a score of little things to buy with that money, should throw it away in a game like that. I might have known it was nothing but three card monte. I don't know what I'll tell Mary—"

"Why don't you complain of the scoundrel," said I; "have him arrested?"

"Oh, I can't do that! I'm a resident of Riverside and I wouldn't have my neighbors know of this for the world."

"Oh, well, then," I said, "make the best of it, and let this be a lesson to you in the future."

"But he's got my last dollar. I've learned my lesson; but how am I to get home; and how will I ever face my family? For I promised them all some little present—"

"Can't you borrow some money from some one here in the city?"

"Oh, no one knows me here; I haven't a single acquaintance here," said the poor man, half crying. And my heart went out to him. "Well," said I, "you give me your card and I'll let you have

ten dollars and you can send it to me when you get home;" and I handed the poor fellow my address and the money, and left him and went home. Next day, by the very first mail, I received a happy little note thanking me for my generosity, and enclosed an order for ten dollars.

This was too much for Bobby, and he blinked.

"Maybe you don't think this is funny," I said as I was leaving him, "but it is. Think it over."

At the corner of the street I met John F. Noonan, who is a great friend of Bobby, and told him to stop in and give the young rogue a story with a moral—said moral to be delivered as he was leaving so that Bobby couldn't recover in time to ask for another tale before his escape was good.

I learned later that all went as planned, and that John Noonan told the following, which he had written expressly for Robert:

BUCK'S REFORM.

Buck used to live in our block and—well, he was a holy terror—What! You don't know Buck? You don't mean to tell me that you were born in this town and don't know Buck? Why, he was the greatest celebrity that ever lived on the West Side. Well, now, that discourages me some, but I'll tell you about Buck anyhow.

Me and Buck used to be pals, and I know as much about him as anybody. Buck could lick his weight in jumping catamounts, and in a pinch could sulphurize the air for miles around. Every kid in four wards had more respect for Buck than they did for the mayor. He had pounded it into 'em, and I ain't ashamed to admit that he did it to me. I traveled 'round regular with Buck; not that I was at all close to being as tough as he was, but I wanted to be, and I sort a' reckoned that being known as Buck's pal would increase my reputation for general cussedness. Well, Buck's reign continued for four years, and he was extending his domains all the time, when something happened.

Me and Buck was ambling serenely down Morgan street one day on the lookout, as usual, for anything that promised excitement. Buck saw him first, and almost died a' joy. Then we both sneaked up behind him, and let out a yell that would have done credit even to a college chap. A' course he nearly died a' fright, but it didn't seem to bother him any when he recovered. He was

a year or so younger than either of us, his skin was white and soft, his eyes were mild; long, curly hair hung over his slight shoulders; in short, he looked about as meek and innocent as Mary's lamb. But say—that kid could swear a few. Me and Buck stood there like dummies while he relieved his chest of a string of cuss words that would have deepened the blue of the ocean. Talk about Buck's vocabulary! Why, this kid could beat Buck ten ways. When he got through he walked off slow and easy, leaving me and Buck standing there with our mouths open like a couple of fishes come out to take the air. Buck recovered after a while but he didn't say a darn word, just turned and slunk sadly away. Believe me or not, I never heard Buck cuss once after that. His spirit was broken. He's been meek and peaceful ever since. I suppose he thought that if a kid like that could beat him so easy, there wasn't much use in tryin' to be bad.

Moral: We all might as well quit swearing, for the fellow that converted Buck is living yet.

JAMES FITZGERALD, '13.

The St. Ignatius Collegian

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The purpose of the St. Ignatius Collegian is to foster literary effort in the students of the present, to chronicle all matters of interest pertaining to the Loyola University, and to serve as a means of intercommunication with students of the past. The active co-operation of students, friends and Alumni will enable the Collegian to attain its threefold aim.

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VOL X.

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No. 3.

Editorial

Why this issue in March? THE COLLEGIAN purposes to become a bi-monthly. The strong interest taken in the January issue, and the flood of Christmas stories and sketches that overtaxed the limits of our cover, forced upon us a recognition of the fact that there is much latent ability here at S. I. C. that needs encouragement, development, and a larger outlet. Had there been an earlier edition than this, the material remaining in our desk after the Christmas publication could have been utilized. But to print it now would necessitate a recasting that, in most cases, would destroy the productions and their peculiar merit.

Furthermore, a more frequent chronicle of college and university activities, which have of late crowded in upon us, is imperative. And although a bi-monthly publication does not fully meet requirements, it is a step forward which our loyal students and alumni and friends will appreciate and acknowledge.

The spirit that manifested itself in regard to the Christmas issue of THE COLLEGIAN gathered new strength and suddenly burst forth in January into a new association styled variously L. R. A. —the Loyal Rooters, the Booster-Knaben. The organization has no partial spirit or narrowed interest, and is emphatically one of the most gratifying movements the College has known for some years. It proposes to engender, to direct, to maintain college spirit—not merely in athletics, nor in this place or that, nor in any particular clique, but in the University and all its departments and activities. Hence it has the approval and best wishes of the authorities and of all the students. THE COLLEGIAN bids it welcome; and wishes it health and longevity!

The recent appointment of Justice Edward Douglas White to the position of Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court is an event well worth remembering in detail. In MERIT the first place, it is a monument to President Taft's RECOGNIZED. impartiality. For it is well known that excepting the President, the Chief Justice possesses the most power in the United States government, presiding as he does over the ultimate court of decision in all affairs of State. For this reason his chair is a much coveted seat of office. Hence, upon the death of Chief Justice Fuller, a difficult task confronted Mr. Taft. There were three men eligible to the position. Two of them are personal friends of the President, of like political affiliation, possessing clear and praiseworthy judicial records. The third is merely an acquaintance, a native Southerner, an ex-Confederate soldier, of opposite party faith, but the eldest Justice in point of service and an acknowledged master in every department of judicature. It was in the final choice that Mr. Taft demonstrated his executive ability, putting aside friendship and mere political consideration to give merit its recognition. And how was his action received? Not only was there a total lack of the usual and expected criticism, but the heartiest approbation was expressed throughout the country.

Justice White is undoubtedly the proper man for the office. Students of his professional career, mentioning his remarkable powers of mind, relate that invariably, after listening to the entire submission of evidence and the argumentative speeches of attorneys, he can extract the pith of the whole case, logically, connectedly, apply the law, and render an accurate decision—all with-

out a single written word or without a moment's preparation. Ability of this stamp evidences not only a naturally brilliant mind, but a mind thoroughly developed and trained to utilize its talents. For the latter reason it is a substantial tribute to Jesuit education and to Jesuit methods that Justice Edward Douglas White is an exclusive product of their institutions, for he completed his preparatory studies at the Immaculate Conception College, New Orleans, and his higher ones at Georgetown University, Maryland.

Following the publication of the appointment just referred to, one of our Chicago papers commented, editorially, on the fact that the new Chief Justice was possessed of a keen and logical mind; that he was large and broad in his views—and this, it was said, in spite of the fact that he had been educated according to the narrow methods and in the hard, dry logic of the Jesuits. The writer evidently forgot his previous remarks commending the powers which made the Chief Justice so eminently fit for his new post and honor—a keen and *logical* mind. And he further failed to ponder that truth broadens a man, and to be trained so as to be able to find the truth is not exactly narrow training. Hence, we do hereupon congratulate ourselves that we are receiving the same narrow training, and trust we may profit by the hard, dry, Jesuit logic as well as did Chief Justice White.

P. J. C.

University Chronicle

College Notes

On the 14th of February Father Henry S. Spalding addressed the members of the Western Catholic Writers' Guild on the subject of the Bollandists and St. Valentine. On the twenty-first and second of the same month, he was in Prairie du Chien, where he gave his illustrated lecture on the life of Marquette to the students of Sacred Heart College and the pupils of Saint Mary's Academy. Recently he spoke in Benton Harbor, Michigan, on the school question.

Father Patrick A. Mullens also spoke before the Catholic Writers' Guild, February 28th, on the poetry of Sydney Lanier; and the lecture was repeated for the pupils of Saint Xavier Academy. At present, Father Mullens is giving the Lenten Sermons at Our Lady of the Angels.

The Lenten Sunday lectures at Saint Jerome's, Rogers Park, are being given by Father George Dinneen.

A new and very efficient association was formed after the Christmas Holidays—The L. R. A. An account of it and its official mouth-piece, *The Boosterknaben*, is given in the notes on the Societies.

The little god of music must surely have been loitering in the vicinity of Kimball Hall on February 8th, for his touch was more than noticeable in the success of Loyola's Concert. **THE** From the first tap of Professor Pribyl's baton, to the **CONCERT.** last Rah! Rah! of the Varsity Song, there was a succession of well-chosen, professionally rendered musical numbers. Although the attendance was not markedly large, it was evident that the audience was heartily interested and appreciative.

The Concert was opened by the University Orchestra of forty pieces. We deem it safe to say that the present organization under Professor Pribyl's tutelage is unsurpassed among amateur orchestras. The perfect unity in every detail of rendition was in itself a pleasure to witness, and gave evidence of a very thorough drilling in all of the finer points of orchestral technique. This is

even more appreciable when we consider the classic nature of its selections, the great majority of which were the difficult compositions of the old masters. The celebrated "Coronation March" of Meyerbeer was the first offering of the evening and was interpreted accurately in all the tonal shading and power, characteristic of the piece. Applause was so enthusiastic that a second appearance of the Orchestra was imperative, but then and there the musicians established the precedent of barring all encores for the evening. The second number proved to be a sort of diversion in the shape of four nervous persons called the Varsity Quartette. "The Goblin Man" was followed by "Little Puff of Smoke, Good-night." Then appeared a soloist, Mr. Elmer Spiegel, presenting his rapt listeners with Musin's "Mazurka de Concert." In Mr. Spiegel's playing there exists that quality which fascinates all true lovers of music—soul. It was remarkable in his memorable but lost soprano voice, and now inevitably issues from the strings of his violin. The plaudits given to his work were still in progress when the curtain rose—bringing to view the College Glee Club. That lively crowd of youths immediately transported the audience from the dreamy, languorous atmosphere created by the violinist, to the shout-filled air of a Spanish arena before the battle of the bulls. The Glee Club's presentation of "The Toreador," by Trottere, a somewhat difficult piece, was very creditable. Mr. Joseph Bigane did especially well as soloist. After The Glee Club had retreated in good order, Mrs. Bernard J. McDevitt, the wife of an active alumnus, favored the audience with a duo of beautiful vocal numbers: "Snowflake" and "The Serenade." Her voice possesses a pleasantly peculiar flexibility and richness of tone, which render her solos a treat to her listeners. Opera was the next in order and in the capable hands of The Orchestra, Flotow's "Martha" commanded the keenest attention, for it was played in a manner that would have elicited from Herr Dippel himself a word of approval. That the Intermission followed was proved by the babel of chatter. The respite was uneventful, as is the wont of intermissions, and the curtain was once more drawn upon an instrumental trio consisting of Professor Pribyl, violin; John Kalas, the cello, and Edward Vlaciha, piano. All three gentlemen are finished artists, and it is needless to say that the number was thoroughly enjoyed. Our baritone soloist, Mr. Bigane, then rendered Beethoven's beautiful "Creation's Hymn," doing the old masterpiece ample justice with the full, mellow quality and long

range of his voice. The piano had not thus far been exercised to any extent, but Mr. Vlaciha next extracted from it with masterly touch the chords, majors, minors, crescendos and decrescendos in their grand combination in Friml's "Chant Poetique," the "Etude" of Loeschorn, and Wienawski's "Concert Valse." The succeeding number was an effort by the Glee Club Academy Choir Combine. After the usual precautions had been taken to prevent the overflow of several small boys from this bulging company, Gounod's "Unfold Ye Portals" was sung. Despite some crudeness, the attempt was very good in view of the work demanded by that powerful composition.

After having lived for the most of the evening in the atmosphere of Spain, of Germany and of France, everybody experienced a kind of glad-to-get-home sensation when the Orchestra swung into the martial strains of "The National Overture, America." Before it was finished there had begun a surreptitious pinning of headgear—the signal for the end of the Concert. There remained, however, another number, introducing to the public the new society organized for the rooting welfare of Loyola U. So the Loyal Rooters Association, assisted by the Glee Club and portions of the audience, gave forth from their lusty throats the Varsity Song. Then yell followed yell until Kimball Hall was empty and the Concert had passed with its success into history.

P. J. C.

The brilliantly lighted ballroom, the rhythm of orchestral music and of moving groups of young ladies and gentlemen—all were present to render the first Senior Prom one of the most successful functions in the history of both Loyola U. and St. Ignatius College. Seldom before had the College, its friends, its alumni and its students been so well represented as they were in the gathering that threatened to overcrowd the pretty North Side ballroom. And a more congenial assemblage could not have been desired. Friends met friends; classmates found old classmates; and a gathering to which all parts of Chicago and vicinity had contributed mingled in such hearty fashion that when the last strains of "Home, Sweet, Home," had melted into the maroon and gold of the walls, there were not two unacquainted persons in the room. And so the founders of the Senior Prom had their brightest dreams realized in the magnificent social success of the affair. And the most important element of this success seemed to be the total lack of

the conventional stiffness common to such occasions. While there was sufficient formality to maintain in every way the standard of a Promenade, yet everyone seemed to possess the spirit of freedom so essential to social harmony in such an event. The movers of the Prom are confident that they discovered the true combination of informo-formality, which bids fair to become the keynote of all the Promenades in succeeding years.

The Senior Prom was founded on the purpose of adding another of those features which go to complete the many-sidedness of a University; and the inauguration of the Promenade custom on February 27th gives further indications of Loyola's growth. Considering the extremely brief space of time in which the Prom was conceived, set in motion, arranged and finally completed, there was scarcely a hitch in the entire proceeding. Apart from the facts that the routine of dancing on that evening made a false start, and that the capacity of the hall was rather limited, every detail otherwise conducted itself with surprising smoothness and regularity. The decoration of the room, hurried as it was, could not be other than simple; but the decorators evidently had kept in mind that simplicity is the soul of taste. During the intermission the floor was surrendered to the rapidly growing L. R. A. which entertained in its own peculiar manner. Although most will concede that our own U. Orchestra is unexcelled, it cannot be denied that the musical corps from which emanated the Terpsichorean strains of the Prom, is one of the best in its profession.

Thus, considering the Senior Prom in all its phases, it can only be termed a notable success, the greater part of which is due to those who attended. So the Senior Class of 1911, through the medium of the COLLEGIAN, tenders to the faculty, the student body and finally to all others who were present, its heartiest expressions of gratitude.

P. J. C.

On Wednesday, March 1st, the students of St. Ignatius, under the direction of Father J. R. Rosswinkle, went into a three days retreat. There are many events of importance during the school year, but by far the most important is the annual triduum. The one this year will long be remembered by the students as a most salutary event in their lives. Its success was due primarily to the spirit of the students, but this spirit was aroused by the reverend director. How successful it was, each student knows best for himself; but

such earnestness as was aroused by Father Rosswinkle, could not fail to produce the best results. So the good effects of the retreat are, after all, due in greatest measure to the director. Indeed, he gained the confidence of the boys by some power of his own; a power which, as one of our most prominent eutrapelians, after the very first talk, so comprehensively and succinctly put it was—"He's there!" He seemed to realize that the way to a boy's conscience is through his funny bone. Good humor prevailed at every talk, and good humor opened the way to the conscience of his hearers. There was no one who was not benefited, except it be, indeed, some stray "plug ugly" or "deck-walloper." There may have even been some few—spiritually speaking—re-buttonings of cassocks; and if Father Rosswinkle made any friends, then these re-buttoners will be his staunchest.

Besides the regular exercises of the retreat, the reverend director gave two talks to the college men in the domestic chapel. There he sounded the warning, "Rocks ahoy!" But he didn't rest with the mere warning cry; he went on to point out the rocks and to tell how they should and could be avoided.

The three days of prayer and meditation were brought to a worthy close on Saturday morning at the early Mass, when practically every student received Communion, and all were given the Papal Blessing.

Father Rosswinkle hurried away to Cincinnati immediately at the end of the retreat. His parting words were expressive of his desire to form many friends among the students; and, by present indications, there will be many a tug at his inviting latch string when he returns. If our retreat-master makes friends everywhere as rapidly as he did here, the list must be on the order of an endless chain.

JAMES FITZGERALD, '13.

Law Notes

Much of importance to the law department, and the University as well, has transpired in the quarters of that institution in the Ashland Block.

The courses are all well under way and many of them already completed. Especially noteworthy is a series of lectures in the first year class conducted by Mr. A. David of the Chicago Bar. His subject, Criminal Law, is exceedingly interesting and Mr. David has succeeded admirably in his exposition of it.

No less active has been the Loyola Chapter of The Lincoln Law Club in its recent social affairs. Saturday eve, February 13th, the annual banquet of the club in honor of their patron, Abraham Lincoln, was held in the Great Northern Hotel. The first speaker of the evening was Judge Kickham H. Scanlan, who dwelt impressively upon the need and practicability of such an organization as the Law Club. Rev. Alexander J. Burrowes, representing the faculty of the University, in his remarks commended the initiative of the students in coming together as they had, and alluded to this sentiment as a great factor in the progress of the Law School.

Monday evening, the 13th of February, the students of the law department were invited to a musical recital at the La Salle Hotel by a few of the student members of the "LOYOLA U" musical societies of the college. The occasion for this meeting was, the publication of a new song, "Loyola U," by Father A. J. Burrowes, and the rendition of it by Messrs. Bigane and Devitt caused much favorable comment among those present.

The practice court of the school is in full session and is meeting with most serious attention from the student body. There have been already many interesting and well pleaded cases on the docket, and the work at present indicates that there will be many more favorably concluded before the close of the scholastic year.

In the first case that was decided, Mr. John Divine triumphed over Mr. Francis McGovern in a personal injury suit. Messrs. Edmund Sinnott and John Divine are at present arguing a demurrer. The Hon. Thomas Lantry presides as judge, and various attorneys are selected from the third-year men. The students of

the first and second year take their place in the jury box and witness stand.

We are pleased to announce the marriage of Mr. Joseph E. Bidwill, of second year, to Miss Mae Connery. The brilliant wedding took place at St. Ita's church on the North side. Congratulations are extended to the happy couple, and best wishes follow them.

AUGUSTINE J. BOWE, '10.

Medicine

The midwinter examinations were held from the 13th to the 20th of January, and resulted in but few "conditions."

On January 20th the second semester began. Improvements and additions have been made in the course, and several new men entered.

After successful examinations in osteology and myology, the Freshmen began dissection. This routine of subjects differs from that had in other medical schools, where Freshmen are sent into the dissecting room at once, and are taught osteology and myology together with dissection. Here, with our method, when the student enters the dissecting room, he knows something about the muscles and their relation to other structures; then he is required to find them and actually see the relation between part and part of the body. Dr. Rankin, who is in charge of the dissecting room, desires to make the present class gain a record for itself, and if the results he has so far obtained foretell the working-out of his plans for the future, his desires will be realized.

We understand that H. L. O'Connor, director of the laboratories and instructor of histology and pathology, has been appointed Pathologist at the Mary Thompson Hospital of this city. This will give the students of Bennet Medical College a greater sphere for pathological study; and they sincerely rejoice that their energetic instructor has been given an honor he so well deserves.

Some time ago the "Loyola U" song was distributed among the students, and has since been taken up with enthusiasm.

The list of graduates is now being compiled, a fact that is of interest to the Seniors.

The Senior class was royally entertained on Saturday, February 18th, by the Abbott Alkaloidal Company. For three hours in the afternoon, the class examined the laboratories and the methods used in preparing chemicals. At six, the party entered the dining hall, and during the dinner speeches were delivered by Doctors Waugh, Robertson, Abbot, Dorlan, Pollock and Redfield.

As Bennet Medical College students have not obtained an internship at the Cook County Hospital for some four or five years past, the faculty will endeavor to have them merit one of these positions this year. Hence, following the practice of the other medical institutions, a Quiz Class has been started with a view to preparing for the examinations.

The school has recently been honored by appointments of two of the members of the staff—Dr. Crowe as County Physician, and Dr. Aste as surgeon at the Cook County Hospital. Several members of the faculty have been appointed members of the Consulting Committee of the same hospital.

BOHUMIL E. PECHOUS, '10.

Pharmacp

After the successful completion of the first semester's work the Senior Class began the studies outlined for the second half of the term with renewed energy, and hope to attain even better results than obtained during the first part of the term.

Two Senior students manifested in a degree, at least, a part of the knowledge acquired during the past two years, by passing the State Board Examinations which were held the latter part of January. Harry L. Wittenberg successfully passed the Indiana State Board of Pharmacy, while K. C. Cabanski was successful before the Illinois State Board of Pharmacy. The remainder of the students of the Senior Class feel satisfied that when their turns come, they will be equally successful.

The Didactic work in Pharmacy under the direction of Professor Secord seems to be giving the majority of the classes a little worry, but we hope to overcome all obstacles and acquire a thorough theoretical and practical knowledge of the subject before the close of the term.

The Dispensing and Operative Pharmacy continues to be as

interesting as ever and many points in the various processes are taken up in detail with very good results.

The Work in Chemistry has lost none of its former attractions for the class and under the direction of Professors Phillips and Schaar we feel able to withstand any test to which we may be put.

Histology as applied to the adulteration of drugs, is being given every consideration by Professor von Zelinski and Mr. Wheeler and in view of the careful and well planned work received, with an excellent collection of notes and drawings, we should be well prepared to readily note any sophistication.

Even at the present time we feel well grounded in the subject of Materia Medica, and if Dr. Flinn continues to force us to study in the future as he has in the past, we may be assured of a thorough understanding of the subject.

The subject of Expression under Dr. Warde, and Pharmaceutical Jurisprudence by Mr. Caperton, are demanding a deal of our time and attention at the present, and indeed will aid materially in our future work.

F. A. HARLEY.

Alumni Notes

The last business meeting of the Alumni, which was held the last week in January, was not very largely attended because of the inclement weather. The election of officers for the ensuing year was held, and the regular ticket chosen.

President—Joseph H. Finn.

Vice-President—Edward F. Garraghan, M. D.

Honorary Vice-Presidents—Jacob F. Mehren, '70's; Rev. John J. Code, '80's; Leo J. Doyle, '90's; Arnold D. McMahon, '00's; Lawrence J. Walsh, '10's.

Recording Secretary—Theodore E. Cornell.

Corresponding Secretary—John J. Killeen, M. D.

Treasurer—Payton J. Tuohy.

Historian—Rev. Charles F. Conley.

Executive Committee—Robert I. Pigott, Edwin J. Stubbs, Frank H. Hill, Jr., John K. Moore, Frank J. O'Byrne, William C. Waddell.

The present Democratic Candidate for Mayor of the city, Carter H. Harrison, entered St. Ignatius College in '76, after some three years spent abroad at Heidelberg and Altenberg. He was enrolled in the class of First Humanities, which, roughly speaking, corresponds to the present Fourth Year of High School. After four additional years of college, he received his degree of A. B. ('81). A degree of LL. B. was conferred in 1900.

The catalogues declare that Carter H. Harrison, Jr., received premiums and honorable mention in such useful and facile studies as penmanship, history and geography, the classes of the High School not being as advanced as now. But many a despondent student of Latin or of Greek or of Mathematics at the present time will regret to learn that, as Mr. Harrison continued through the college classes, he merited distinction in Greek and several prizes in Latin translation and even in theme-work, and seems to have been notably successful in the sciences—Physics, Chemistry, Astronomy, as well as in English.

The Chrysostomian records show Mr. Harrison to have been an active member of that association, and to have risen from the honorable office of Censor, the first year, to the more notable one of Vice-President the final year spent at St. Ignatius.

After graduation in '81, Mr. Harrison became a real estate dealer, and a few years later assisted his father in the management of the *Chicago Times*. A period spent abroad followed. Then for four terms Mr. Harrison occupied the mayor's chair, succeeding his father who had been shot down by an assassin.

Frank C. Moran, Vice-President of the Albert Pick Co., is now candidate for alderman of the 20th ward.

We regret to record the death of Frank C. Burke, who died suddenly February 9th. Mr. Burke was, at the time of his death, State Representative from the 25th District, and prominent in political affairs. He was a member of the Democratic County Executive Committee and active in the present campaign.

News from James Emmett Royce, former member of the COLLEGIAN staff, states that he is still pursuing his journalistic career on the coast, and at present is editor of societies on the *Spokane Tribune*.

We observe by his professional card that Michael J. Ahern, '07, is now practicing law, with offices in the Ashland Block.

A happy and elaborate marriage took place January 25th in St. Ita's Roman Catholic Church, when Joseph E. Bidwill, Clerk of the Circuit Court, wedded Miss Mae Connery. A reception was afterward given at the La Salle Hotel, after which the couple departed on their honeymoon. Mr. Bidwill attended St. Ignatius '96-99, and his rise in political circles has since been very rapid. The COLLEGIAN extends its congratulations on the felicitous marriage.

Among the Niagara seminarians ordained last Christmas were three St. Ignatius boys, James Kiley, John Cpalski and James E. Burke. Father Kiley is stationed at St. Thomas; Father Burke is at St. David where he has already wrought much good, and has aroused enthusiasm among the younger boys of the parish in his gymnasium, for the equipping of which he conducted a successful raffle.

E. J. Prendergast, son of former Judge Prendergast, is now partner in the firm of Prendergast, Trumbull Company, Chocolate and Cocoa Manufacturers.

"The old students of St. Ignatius are the most unhesitatingly loyal Alumni to be found! What do you do to your boys?"

This declaration has been heard from several persons, and but recently from the pastor of one of Chicago's parishes in which a number of former students of the college reside. And when, in the present instance, it was observed that loyalty to the institution in which they were trained is a trait of all Alumni, the reply was, "I have graduates of other colleges in my parish, but their loyalty is not as active or aggressive as that of your men. In fact, though I am attached to the institution where I was educated, my interest after these many years of separation is quite mild—it lacks the enthusiasm I refer to. To criticize St. Ignatius or the Jesuits means a challenge from any of her men, who seem to think they are personally called to a defense."

This incident is mentioned here to record it for the observation of present and past students, and to affirm that it affords no small amount of pleasure to the faculty and those interested in St. Ignatius and Loyola University.

THOMAS J. O'BRIEN, '12.

Societies

In a talk recently given to the sodalists, Father John J. Donoher, S. J., told of men who, like the Crusaders of old, carry a crucifix about with them as a reminder to avoid sin.

SENIOR He exhorted the sodalists to take up the practice,
SODALITY. either to enable them to avoid forming habits, or to rid themselves of such as they might have, that were reprehensible. Accordingly, he later secured pocket crucifixes, which were given at a recent regular meeting to such members as requested them and voluntarily pledged themselves to practice the devotion.

At the regular semi-annual election, the officers were selected as follows: Prefect, Philip Carlin; First Assistant, Frederic Happel; Second Assistant, Thaddeus Zamiara; Secretary, Frederic Schmitt; Treasurer, James Tormey.

The officers for this second half of the year are: Prefect, Edward Molloy; First Assistant, John McNamara; Second
JUNIOR Assistant, Joseph Gubbins; Secretary, Edward Mc-
SODALITY. Hugh, Edward Scott; Sacristans, Charles Wells and Ceslaus Zamiara.

The League has just issued several new leaflets regarding its purpose and regulations. One gives an excerpt from Rev. Father Provincial's letter, which records an audience with
EUCCHARISTIC the Holy Father, in which he expressed to Very
LEAGUE. Rev. Father Wernz, General of the Society of Jesus, his great pleasure at the formation and progress of the League, and sent a special Pontifical Benediction to all its members.

Up to the present time, the League has been established in eleven Jesuit colleges, and in as many academies and schools. The Reverend Director has received letters almost daily from other cities, requesting information about our organization. Indeed, so numerous have these become, that inquiries are now answered by a printed form giving the complete history of the League as organized here at St. Ignatius, and its methods of procedure.

At present our sturdy cavaliers—the Knights of the Ready Tongue—are eager to enter the lists to champion the cause of the

Crimson and Gold. Sir Knight Reeve is now
 CHRYSOSTOMIAN. but a shadow of his former lusty self, so does
 he pine for the tourney. The usual weekly
 jousts have been so fiercely contested that one fears lest this pro-
 posed intercollegiate affair may end fatally.

The officers for the final term have been chosen and are:
 Vice-President, Joseph Ryan; Recording Secretary, Richard Byrne;
 Corresponding Secretary, Thomas O'Brien; Treasurer, John Lem-
 mer; Censors, Frederic Schmitt and George Devitt.

Apropos of champions—the members of the L. L. A. assert
 their willingness to cross swords with the Seniors at any time. The
 outcome would be doubtful, even though the latter
 LOYOLA have had more experience, since for captivating de-
 LITERARY. livery and double-riveted arguments, the L. L. A.
 members yield place to none. In fact Vice-President
 Bellock assures us that any one of their meetings would make
 the recent Lorimer controversy dwindle into insignificance. To
 prove his assertion, he urges anyone to step in on a regular debate
 day, and see for himself.

The officers lately elected are: Vice-President, Ray Bellock;
 Recording Secretary, John F. Noonan; Corresponding Secretary,
 Fay Philbin; Treasurer, Harry Beam; Censors, Richard Regan
 and Aaron Colnon.

It is our pleasant duty to chronicle the birth of that energetic,
 up-to-the-minute organization known as the Loyal Rooters' Associa-
 tion—a big name, but it's a big project with big
 LOYAL ideas and a big purpose. The determination is to
 ROOTERS' "boost" every event, whether athletic, dramatic,
 ASSOCIATION. musical or social; and principally to "root" most
 loyally at all the games held at home and
 abroad.

The official organ of the L. R. A. is the "Boosterknaben"—a
 French phrase, as the editorial in the advance sheet declared, mean-
 ing "The Young Men who made Knocking Taboo." In
 THE the "Edition de Luxe" of February 27th, it is stated
 BOOSTER- that a "Booster" is a man who treats each and every
 KNABEN. college affair as if it were a personal or a family mat-
 ter. When the college team plays, he is there. When
 the Chrysostomian debates, he is there. If we conquer, he rejoices;

if we fall short, he grieves. He loves the colors and the halls of his Alma Mater; he has a fraternal feeling for all her sons. In the editorial comment on the Senior Prom, we read: "The Senior Prom is the result of the same movement that gave birth to the Boosters' Club. A month or so ago, by a common impulse, the student body arose and resolved to mingle with the drudgery of the daily task, the pleasures that college life, and college life only, can afford. It is a great thing to have acquired knowledge; but knowledge is not all that makes a man. There is the art of making friends. There is the generosity that makes giving an ampler source of pleasure than acquiring. There is the steadfastness in difficulty, courage in defeat, generosity in victory, the fraternal spirit in daily life, unselfishness of soul. All these make for success and happiness.

"Now, what is college spirit if not the putting into practice of these social virtues? He who is a Booster professes to have some of this spirit, and to want more. He who is not a Booster tacitly admits that he is too self-centered to care for anything in which he himself is not personally concerned. The first will get from college life all the good it contains; the second hardly half of it. The first will make hundreds of friends, who will stand by him throughout life; the second will shortly forget the five or six members of the particular clique into which he was drawn.

"If you are not a Booster, begin today! We want your voice. We want you to go crazy over the *College*, to prevent your going crazy over *yourself*."

Elsewhere is given an account of the joint concert of the musical societies of the College. Since that event, the Choral Clubs have suffered the loss of Mr. Ernest Sumner as director. Last year, Mr. Sumner first became acquainted with St. Ignatius; but so pleasant an acquaintance and so skilful a director did we find him, that his resignation this year because of other occupations that prevent his continuing with us, is regretted by all. Although he came a stranger, Mr. Sumner now leaves our halls with many warm friends wishing him well.

The work of directing the singing clubs will be taken up by Mr. Leo Mutter, who for many years has been the organist and choir-master in Holy Family Church, and who has trained many choral societies and boy-choirs with pronounced success.

GEORGE J. ZAHNINGER, '13.

Academy Notes

SAINT IGNATIUS.

After a terrific and bloody contest which occurred in the classroom of First High B as a result of a disagreement between the generals of two opposing armies on the field of FIRST HIGH B. Latin, the victory, a two pound box of choice chocolates, was won by General Byrnes' soldiers, while the vanquished, under General Barret, succeeded in escaping with a one pound box. In each army, however, discussions arose among the soldiers as to who should get the oak leaves. But the matter was quickly settled in General Byrnes' camp when he quietly walked off with the coveted prize; and in General Barret's, when Private Zapp appropriated the leaves for his own use and that of his comrades-in-arms.

JEROME BYRNES.

The January elections in First High C made E. Zahringer, President; Thomas Walsh, Vice-President; Edward Duffy, Secretary; Joseph Wallace, Treasurer; Raymond FIRST HIGH C. Flavin, Librarian; E. Nerney and John Flanagan, Historians.

For two months the four Latin baseball teams had been fighting for the pennant. The Sox, under Captain Zahringer, finally wrested the prize from the Giants, under Captain Walsh, in a hotly contested post-season series of three games.

The members of the class gave an entertainment on February 25th, to an appreciative audience of parents and friends of the class. The program:

1. College Moon.....*Select Choir*
2. The Bootblack.....*James J. Sheridan*
3. Little Willie's Hearing.....*Edward H. Duffy*
4. Violin—Simple Aveu.....*Murray W. Sims*
5. Spartacus.....*Emmet J. Morrissy*
6. Skimpsey.....*Raymond A. Walton*
7. Piano—The Rustle of Spring.....*Thomas G. Walsh*
8. The Death of Gaudentius.....*John L. McGregor*
9. My Funny Experience.....*Eugene V. Zahringer*
10. Song—Sweet Miss Mary.....*John W. Carver*
11. Bernardo del Carpio.....*Arthur J. Mulvihill*
12. Piano—Valse.....*Joseph M. Wallace*
13. The One Legged Goose.....*Murray W. Sims*
14. Song—Loyola U.....*Select Choir*

EDWARD DUFFY.

Second High—B.
St. Ignatius High School,
March 5th, 1911.

Editor Academy Notes, THE COLLEGIAN.

Dear sir: Since my last letter to you I have felt that in it I did not do justice to the course of English that is given in this school. Although I mentioned, at some length, my surprise and pleasure at its thoroughness; further investigation has shown, that it merits a greater appreciation than I have hitherto given it. The study of English with the radioscope, illustrating various views of the author and his work, is most beneficial in fixing the subject upon the student mind. Another attractive and very educational feature is the study of how to gather and arrange material for composition. It is in reality the science of literary observation. It has helped me to pick out the color of things that I have observed. The success that has attended this attempt on the part of the pupils cannot be appreciated unless the results are heard as I have heard them. An idea that brought great success in the study of the authors was this: From the authors listed in the examination for college entrance four were selected for study, and each student read these books and wrote his criticism. These criticisms were really competitive, since one most nearly perfect won the author the privilege of delivering his criticism in the form of an illustrated lecture to his class.

The history class has just finished its course of ancient history. All are required to write a brief treatise on this matter, the most perfect of which is to be given as a lecture, illustrated with slides. This feature of holding out as a reward for perfect work, public appearance and the delivery of a lecture produces splendid results and makes study a pleasure and not a task. The interest with which the members of the class strive for success is equal only to that shown in athletics and must surely result in finished students. I have never seen, in any institution, such a perfect combination of study and interest. The course is one in which the serious study is hidden under the appearance of a scholarly rivalry.

STEWART C. McDONNELL.

Now, when they had done themselves reason in their dinners, stout William Pickett and lusty Walter Eggert hied them to the playroom, where great deeds of derring-do are daily performed. And they repaired them to the gymnasium, where privily they held council and did debate and loudly declaim, for there was not peace among them. After they had spoken long, William arose in wrath and challenged Walter, and it was done unto him as he asked. Then they doffed their raiment and geared them with padded gloves, which smartly sting but injure not. After this they arose and did skip about merrily and blythely after the manner of one dancing, and they smote one another with many and ponderous blows. And each was struck many times and often did they em-

brace until good Robert Connelly, who was chosen to judge them, did interpose himself and cause them to separate, though he declared the victory to neither. Then they ceased and, the bell having rung, they departed.

An erstwhile contributor to THE COLLEGIAN, John Henry, has decamped to the aid of the Boosterknaben—said to be a “weekly” because it appears whenever it is able. On the payment of a generous sum, we obtained permission to reprint Mr. Henry’s valuable article entitled:

“THE QUARREL SCENE FROM JULIUS SEIZER”

As Enacted Three Times a Week in the Gym.

Sullivan: I said I was an older player, not a better; did I say better?

Henry: If you did, I care not.

Sullivan: You love me not.

Henry: I do not like your fouls.

Sullivan: Away, slight man!

Henry: There is no terror, Sully, in your threats; for I am so used to hearing such vain talk, that it passes by me like a Blue Island car, which I respect not.

JOHN J. FITZGERALD, Fourth High.

LOYOLA.

Loyola Academy is eagerly awaiting the starting gong of the baseball season. This year’s prospects are exceptionally bright, since a very large number have given in their names for the squad. All the members of last year’s team have returned, and there are, besides, a great many new ones to make them fight for their positions. Coach Brennan is very well pleased with the enthusiasm shown on all sides, and predicts a winning season for the team. Manager Hartnett is preparing the schedule which is partly settled.

The basketball team has just closed a very successful season. Six games were played and our men got the long end of the score in five of them. The games played were as follows:

Loyola.....	49, vs. St. Ignatius	5
Loyola.....	43, vs. Evanston	15
Loyola.....	29, vs. Deerfield	17
Loyola.....	55, vs. Lake View	23
Loyola.....	25, vs. Francis Parker	24
Loyola.....	8, vs. St. Ignatius	18

The game with Deerfield, which was to have been the last of the season, was unexpectedly cancelled.

The third quarterly distribution was held on Saturday, March 4th. Those taking the class honors were as follows:

Fourth High—Edward J. Amberg, Third High—Emmet Hartnett, Second High—Francis De Hay, First High, A—F. J. Fegen, and First High, B—J. A. Roeder.

On the afternoon of February 28th, the Academy boys were entertained by a lecture on the famous Mammoth Cave in Kentucky. The illustrations had the added interest of having been taken by the lecturer, Mr. Smith, and proved to be a well chosen and instructive collection.

We are pleased to welcome Father V. Hormes back to Loyola after an absence of six weeks.

Very active preparations are being made for the annual play which is to be given after Easter. The parts have been assigned, and the appointees are engrossed in their work under Father Johnson's direction.

VINCENT F. BOLAND, Fourth High.

Athletics

BASKETBALL.

Basketball has claimed the attention of the athletic element at Loyola since the last edition of THE COLLEGIAN. The squad, composed of Joseph Sullivan, Dyer Vincennes Sackley, Frank Hartigan, Robert Connelly, Arthur P. Reilly, Joseph Holton, Charles Bidwell and John Henry, has been under the care of Mr. Sheid, the University coach, erstwhile of Holy Cross. Sullivan was chosen to lead the five. In addition to four games with McFadden, which cannot be counted as College games, the team met and defeated Washington Park, Chicago Latin, the Loyola Pharmacists, Farragut High, St. Cyril's second team, and Loyola Academy. The team lost only two games, one at Loyola and one at Chicago Latin. That not a single defeat was suffered on the home floor must be attributed in large measure to the Loyal Rooters, whose cheering animated our boys and made them fight to the last ditch.

The team work improved steadily as the season progressed. Connelly and Sullivan played star ball in every game. Sackley, though entrusted with the position of guard, displayed considerable skill in shooting baskets. The other members of the team filled their positions well.

The game with Chicago Latin was exciting down to the last minute of play. Though considerably outweighed, our boys held their opponents to four baskets, and by superior team work succeeded in amassing thirteen points themselves.

13		8
S. I. C.		CHICAGO LATIN.
Sullivan	R. F.....	L. Bowes
Moroney	L. F.....	W. Bowes
Sackley, Hartigan	C.	McCreary
Connelly	R. G.....	O'Gara
Reilly	L. G.....	Walker
Baskets—Sullivan, 2; Moroney, 1; Sackley, 2; Connelly, 1; L. Bowes, 1; W. Bowes, 1; McCreary, 2. Free throws—Sullivan, 1.		

On February 4th we had little tussle with Farragut High. The L. R. A. was out in full force and gave a number of new cheers. After the game had been safely stowed away the second team went in and ran the number of baskets up to twenty-five.

50		3	
S. I. C.		FARRAGUT HIGH.	
Connelly	R. F.	Hahn	
Hartigan, McGowan	L. F.	Pratt	
Giovanni	C.	Besta	
Holton, Sackley	R. G.	Dullard	
Henry, Bidwell	L. G.	Von Dracek	
Baskets—Connelly, 12; Hartigan, 4; McGowan, 3; Giovanni, 2; Sackley, 1; Bidwell, 3; Besta, 1. Free throws—Pratt, 1.			

On Tuesday, February 21st, our boys defeated Loyola Academy in what proved to be the best home game of the season. It would be unjust to select anyone for special mention when every man on the team played spectacular ball. McCue and Mitchell starred for the visitors.

18		8	
S. I. C.		LOYOLA ACADEMY.	
Sullivan	R. F.	Hurrley	
Hartigan	L. F.	McCue	
Sackley	C.	Amberg	
Connelly	R. G.	Garrity	
Reilly	L. G.	Mitchell	
Baskets—Sullivan, 4; Hartigan, 3; Sackley, 1; Hurrley, 2; McCue, 2. Free throws—Connelly, 2.			

VARSIITY TEAM.

The entire schedule of the Varsity team has not as yet been completed. Manager J. F. Ryan has announced a partial list:

- April 8th. West Ends.
- April 11th. Crane.
- April 17th. De Pauw University.
- April 22nd. Barry Council of K. of C.
- April 28th. University of Arkansas.
- April 29th. Milliken University.
- May 2nd. Notre Dame University.
- May 20th. St. Procopius College.
- May 31st. Young Men's Sodality.
- June 1st. Notre Dame University.

Every endeavor is being made to have a heavy schedule for home games, and for these, season tickets for one dollar will be issued. It is expected that every student in the various departments of the University will show his personal loyalty by purchasing a ticket.

ACADEMY TEAM.

The Academy will be represented this season by a likely crowd of ball players. Twenty have signified their intention of "trying out," and from all appearances rivalry for positions will be keen and prolonged. Manager Connelly says that the schedule is fast nearing completion. Star teams from St. Cyril's, St. Rita's, Loyola Academy, Elgin High, Latin School, University High, and Waukegan High will contend on the diamond with the Academy braves. Many other good teams will be added to the schedule before the end of March. From the present outlook all the Thursday dates will be played out of the city. But at home or abroad we feel safe in predicting that the Academy team will render a good account of itself and valiantly uphold the spirit and name of Ignatius.

J. FRED REEVE, '12.

Exchanges

"A friendly eye could never see such faults
E'en though they appeared as huge as high Olympus."

The Christmas season must surely be conducive to extra literary effort, for the "Six Best" January numbers offer a series of both readable and relishable articles. Essays, as usual, retain the upper hand in point of numbers, but in quality are hard pressed by the fiction output. Verse is not abundant, but still lends its valuable spice and tone to the literary section.

The Niagara Rainbow is the same bulky volume with contributions, student and otherwise. "O Fair White Year," the single attempt at poetry, is, without exaggeration, beautiful. NIAGARA Simple thought, encased in rich diction with happy RAINBOW. meter, constitutes a poem whose perusal so pleased us that we scanned subsequent pages for more—and were disappointed. The only flaw noticeable is a futile attempt to rhyme "I" with "mystery." "Wit and Humor" presents in an interesting, concise manner the philosophy of the genus "Wit" and the species "Humor." It required three readings of "On the High Sea" to ascertain whether the writer was in earnest or only suffering from an attack of *mal de mer*. Though forced in parts, the sketch is novel and clever. One of the most praiseworthy essays of the month is "Beethoven." The system of writing a "heavy" essay in relays receives our hearty approval, for in the effort at hand, the treatment is thorough and the presentation masterly. We read "Beethoven" with that satisfaction which a well-handled composition always gives. "Greek Literary Culture," although it evinces a good deal of literary talent, was evidently too large a subject for the writer, as the stiffness of treatment shows. We entertained the faint hope of exposing a bit of fiction but could find no traces of anything in that line. Although we are not free to pardon *this* sin of omission, we compliment the ladies at the Falls on their publication.

When we took up *St. Mary's Chimes* we decided that the first thing in order must be an expression of genuine gratitude to Mother Mary Pauline for the reception of her pretty ST. MARY'S New Year's gift. It was the cause of very pleasurable surprise—that kind of surprise which anyone CHIMES. will feel on the discovery of an unknown friend. A

perusal of the *Chimes* satisfied us that it easily wins a place among the Six Best. "John Boyle O'Reilly" is written in a fresh, sparkling style which counterbalances the stereotyped nature of the matter. There is nearly the reverse of treatment in "The Genius of John Milton," a paper of good conception and distinctive thought, though somewhat monotonous in the writing. "Interesting," is about the extent of praise which can be given to the enumeration of practical examples illustrating that "Things are Not What They Seem." Among the verse offerings, "The Mountain" is undoubtedly the best in the issue, and one of the best poems of the month. The form is well chosen and the effect impressive. "Rebirth" and "A Prayer" are mediocre principally on account of the triteness of their matter; but "My Star," barring a few rough spots, is charming. We found "The Lavender Dress" to contain both originality and conformity with real life; also a praiseworthy attempt at the "snap finish" though one *might* foresee the catastrophe. On the whole, however, the young ladies operating the *Chimes* are to be commended for their production.

Essays are the long suit of the January *Laurel*. "National Greatness: Its Rise and Decay," is a sensible, though a trifle florid presentation of a broad subject. "Percy Bysshe Shelley" is fair, but reminds us too much of the encyclopedia. There is the same fault in "Isabella of Castile." Both essays show labor and care, however. It is not often we happen upon a story as well told as "The Black Pan." Aside from juvenile treatment in parts it is one of the best pieces of fiction we have read during the month. The two poetical contributions, "The Old Wood Fire," and "Reflection," contain some choice diction, but were unfortunate in the meter. A good feature of the *Laurel* is a model Exchange Department, reviewing several other college papers with thoroughness and judgment. The managers of the *Laurel* might call the attention of the printer to the disfiguring effect produced by sinking the type too deep.

The University of Virginia Magazine always impresses us as an up-to-date, clean-cut paper. Balance characterizes the January number—balance and finish. "The Mourners" is a pure lyric and a gem of its kind. We liked the pleasing lilt and picturesqueness of "The Camp Fire." It afforded us another of those refreshing glimpses above the plane of mediocrity. "The

"Song of the Wind" possesses the same excellent characteristics as the forenamed, but has even more striking rhythm. The author of these poems is evidently possessed of more than ordinary talent in this particular line. Another noticeable fact is the abundance of fiction submitted by the Magazine. There is mystery enough in the "Beetle of Catalapeque" to render it interesting, but its worth is marred by a succession of somewhat jerky sentences. This defect might be remedied by materially varying their length. "A Corked Cupid," "The Test," and "Limb of Satan," are readable though surrounded by a pronounced Hymeneal atmosphere.

The bulk of contribution to the *Exponent* of January is done by '14 men, and their work deserves considerable credit. The writer of "The Strenuous Life" gives good expression to a truth which we see exemplified on every *EXPONENT*. hand: strenuosity is the destroyer of peace and contentment. His theme is fairly well developed aside from an occasional "lyric leap." The oft-repeated story of "Joan of Arc" is none the worse for its repetition in the *Exponent*, for the writer adheres very successfully to his own style. A bright bit of erudition is "Fads and Hobbies of Royalty," a satisfying departure from the usual routine of essays. We read "That Bitter Night" and pronounced it good until we reached the ending, which must have been intended for another story. At least we were wholly incapable of perceiving its connection with the balance of "That Bitter Night." "Hope" contains good thought but the rhyme scheme seriously detracts from the general effect. "Snow" would be a praiseworthy bit of verse but for the number of tried and trite expressions such as "moonlit wintry night"; "shrouding mother earth"; "star-strewn realm above." There is a goodly number of true humoresques in the Local column.

The fresh jaunty style, the simple plot and the real pathos of "A Study in Brown," give the laurels for fiction to the *Georgetown College Journal*. Although we might quibble on the probability of the story, yet we could not but render it the reward of its general merit. It is, in our opinion, an ideal short story. Powerful diction marks both poems: "Mambre—The Promise" and "Bethlehem—Fulfilment." The essay on "Edward Douglas White, Chief Justice of the United States," is a mature, compre-

hensive and strongly written paper. We have a vivid picture of the "Ellsworth-Jackson Killing, 1861," written by a contemporary. The *Journal* continues to omit the Exchange Department from an otherwise complete magazine.

In recalling the various college magazines we have become acquainted with during the last three years or more, we are struck by the fact that so many omit of purpose, or treat in a most slighting manner, the Exchange Department. The greater number of those journals that carry such a section, treat it in so weak and profitless a way, that they are certainly examples of the uselessness so many claim for such a column. But the few that have editors who are interested in their tasks, and who have and can formulate views and criticisms regarding the various magazines that come to them, are among the very best journals that are published, and the work contained in their "Exchanges" is of value, not only to the editors themselves, but to their colleagues in the world of amateur journalism. For, assuredly, if we write critiques of the work of masters, and print our observations (and the observations of others, indeed!) in our literary section, why cannot we analyze and commend or disagree with the work of those who are more of our own ability, and who are working under conditions like unto our own? Are not the principles of style, correct language, pure diction, etc., the same in both instances? Are there not standards to which the writers for college magazines should attain? We, it seems, can pass judgment more readily upon the work of the artist and master than upon that of our contemporaries.

Another point is that editors and chance visitors to sanctums read the exchange departments of college magazines with no small interest; and we are of the opinion that those not acquainted with merely local items are more apt to peruse this section of the journal than those others, which of a truth aid very little to an editor's literary stature, and yet are of too great importance in our eyes to be curtailed, much less omitted. We do not decry departments for local news and items, but we think that the fallacious arguments against "Exchanges" can, without much ado, be turned against them with as much justification as against the section we are championing.

In our mind there are several magazines wherein the exchange department has a flavor all its own. There is good nature; there is

excellence, not only in the matter presented, but in the manner of its treatment; there is a word of praise here and one of kindly censure there that required tact and taste and no small power of expression. And as all this is distinctly the personal work and the results of the scrutiny of the editor in charge, and as many fellow-writers in other institutions will read thereof and be prompted to attain to an excellence that is attainable, we claim a hearing for "Exchanges."

PHILIP J. CARLIN, '11.

The St. Ignatius Collegian

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No. 4

Easter Morn

AND when the Easter morn grew bright,
The dark earth's bosom thrilled to song :
A singing bird shot heavenward
Athwart the light;
A wind sprang down the vale unto the sea
A-crying to the sleeping hills along;
Sweet bells announcing matin time
Pealed forth in joyous chime,
With a swing and a fling
Of melodies that ring
E'en now around the wakened earth,
And call to birth
The hidden life of meadow-lands,
Of heath, and e'en of wild sea strands.
So free the bird, so sweet the sound,
The reverent, gladsome chime
Of Easter bells at matin time,
That leaped my heart with joy profound.

Arthur F. Terlecki, '14.

Classical Influences on Arnold

GEORGE J. ZAHRINGER, '13.



IN THE discerning study of the Poet—the man and his work, it is interesting to note how the one is a very function of the other, if we may use a mathematical comparison; and to observe how every change in the poet produces a corresponding change in his poetry. It is as if we were contemplating the movements of a prodigious pantograph whose smaller point traces the lines while the long arm sweeps boldly along in titanic mimicry of the other.

There is not nor has there been one poet whose life and character cannot be most accurately deduced from a careful consideration of the theme and general tone of his verses. It has been said, in a contemporary publication, that there are certain evidences remaining after a man's death which will indicate the path his footsteps followed in life. Though this was written of a dramatist, it is even more true in regard to a poet. In fact every poet leaves behind in his works unmistakable manifestations of his personality, his character and his early training.

It is this last circumstance which is singularly noteworthy in the case of Mathew Arnold because of the enduring result it brought about in his poetic productions. Of Arnold it may well be said that he was "steeped in the classics." From boyhood he had moved, had dwelt and had thrived in an atmosphere of classic culture and refinement.

If heredity count for anything, then Arnold's proclivity for the ideals and literature of the ancients seems not remarkable. His father was the famous Dr. Thomas Arnold of Rugby—a typical English preparatory school—where classical studies were considered the Alpha and Omega of all education. It was from such a master and at such an institution that young Arnold received the rudiments of that training destined to affect so markedly all his writings. True to English traditions of thorough education he was, a few years later, sent to school at Oxford—that Mecca of all English students past and present. Here he at once gave evidence of his classical tendencies by winning against severe competition a scholarship at his own college. The first acknowledgment of his poetic

ability was made, sometime afterwards, when he succeeded in carrying off the Newdigate prize for English verse.

Although Arnold's tastes and ideals were lofty, he found kindred spirits at Oxford, whose principles were no less elevated. Among his comrades and associates there he numbered such embryo celebrities as John Henry (later Cardinal) Newman, Thomas Hughes, who afterwards immortalized Arnold's father as "the Doctor" in his "Tom Brown's School Days," and Arthur Hugh Clough, whose death Arnold later bemoaned in that brilliant elegiac poem "Thyrses." Only a few months after graduating with honors at his own college, he was, in recognition of his classical attainments, elected a Fellow in Oriel College. This uncommon distinction had likewise been bestowed on his father some thirty years previous. Shortly after being thus signally honored, he became a professor of Latin and Greek at his boyhood's Alma Mater—Rugby. It was this experience in teaching the classics that no doubt accounts for the accuracy and fidelity with which he reproduced Greek poetic forms and structure in his English verse.

In Arnold's disposition there were two conflicting elements, the pedagogical and the poetical. It is well, perhaps, that they were kept distinct, for it is doubtful if the precise mind of the schoolmaster could ever have been reconciled to the unchained fancy of the poet. But that same training which had qualified him to teach the classics imparted likewise that peculiar Attic tone to his poetry.

It was to these same classes also that he turned for refreshment and the melancholy pleasure which accompanies the contemplation of classic ideals, lofty, tangible, yet unattainable. Ward says of him, "There was, as it were, a permanent nostalgia of a simpler and earlier age; * * * the sad reflection that he whom nature and training had endowed with Hellenic clearness of vision and utterance, should have to express the thoughts of an age in which all is confusion and perplexity." Of this attempt to imitate Greek forms Arnold himself wrote: "It must not indeed be supposed that these (the choruses in "Merope"—a "Greek play in English verse") are the reproduction of any Greek choric measures. So to adapt Greek measures to English verse is impossible; what I have done is to try to follow rhythms that produced on my own feeling a similar impression to that produced on it by the rhythms of Greek choric poetry." Nevertheless he is the purest classic writer the English language has ever produced. Imbued with the spirit of

Greek culture and its ideal standards, he compared all his efforts with these criterions. So successful were his endeavors that his masterpiece, "Sohrab and Rustum," has been declared the nearest approach in English to the simple thought, plain diction, rapid movement and lofty theme of Homer. Witness the Homeric simile, the simplicity and rapidity of this excerpt from "Sohrab and Rustum":

"He spoke and Rustum answered not, but hurled
His spear; down from the shoulder, down it came
As on some partridge in the corn a hawk
That long has tower'd in the airy clouds
Drops like a plummet; Sohrab saw it come
And sprang aside, quick as a flash."

This brief quotation clearly demonstrates with what cogency the classic ideas of lucidity and celerity of action had influenced his poetic character. But these ideas were not the only principles of poetry which Arnold absorbed from his Hellenic models. He also, like Goethe, adopted idioms in many of his poems. "Even after his master," said Swinburne in his wonted fanciful language, "this disciple of Sophocles holds his high place; he has matched against the Attic of the gods this Hyperborean dialect of ours and has not earned the doom of Marsyas."

Homer, Sophocles, Epictetus—these aided him from boyhood and abided with him till the end. Their influence penetrated deepest. To them he undoubtedly is indebted; to Homer he owes his simplicity and to Sophocles his clearness. That deplorable spirit which permeated all his poetry—that spirit of fatalism which is especially noticeable in "Resignation" and "Sohrab and Rustum," he assuredly drew from the philosophy of the stoic Epictetus. In the latter poem innumerable instances occur, one perhaps may serve to illustrate and it may explain Arnold's theory of life:

"* * * I came, and like the wind I go away—sudden and swift, and like a passing wind. *But it was writ in Heaven that THIS SHOULD BE.*"

By nature Matthew Arnold was gifted with a poetic genius singularly apt in appreciating the phases and enigmas of life. By study, the continued study of "the best that is known and thought in the world—to him, classic literature, he developed that talent to

'critic clearness'." It is that quality which makes the poems of Matthew Arnold so enduring. It is that wonderful style, its lofty tone, its simple dignity and noble calm, that placed and has maintained him in that respect in which he is held today—the most classic of our modern poets.

An Easter Chime

Ring loud the chime !
 'Tis Easter time
And Christ again is risen ;
 All nature sings,
 For joy He brings
Who comes from death's great prison.

Yes, ring the chime,
 'Tis Easter time
And Christ again is risen ;
 Hymn thou His praise
 In gladsome lays,
He comes from death's great prison.

JAMES A. MAJOR, '14.

Pompeo Giordani: Gondolier

JOHN AARON COLNON, '14.



OM——pe——o!"

It was a man's voice that floated over the Grand Canal. A gondola glided from the landing at the Caffé Quadri, and with one graceful sweep of the oar was at the steps of the Palazzo Mocenigo.

"Buona notte, signore," greeted Pompeo.

"Buona notte, ciò," replied the Count, and as he stepped into the gondola it quietly slipped away from the blaze and bustle of the Palazzo. The Count seated himself among the cushions with a sigh of relief. To be the curator of the Museum Malamacco was no sinecure—and he was tired. Ah! it was so restful to feel nothing but that beautiful silence, broken only by the star-silvered dip of the oars and the faint snatches of music from the Caffé.

The life and charm and beauty of Venice are to be found and felt in ever-increasing force upon the broad, bright expanses of water, over which she hovers, poised in the tremulous air, like some giant, white sea-bird; and upon the sea, which pulses through her dark canals, as blood flows in a man's veins. Pictures and churches and palaces—there are enough of these to fill a lifetime with study and delight; but learn Venice first, to the lapping of the water against her walls, to the sound of the rhythmic cadence of the dipping oar, and to the music of the gondolier's cry; learn Venice first in the peaceful, desert-like silence of the lagoon, shimmering through lights of silver and pearl, or in the green paths and purple byways of her narrow, sun-streaked, shadow-laden canals. On either hand stately palaces rise gray and lofty from the dark flood, holding here and there a lamp, which brings balconies and columns and carven arches into momentary relief, and throws long streams of crimson into the water. Upon this beautiful expanse the moon of Venice, like a cunning necromancer, displays most marvelous effects of light and shade, transforming it into an avenue of emerald or gold, an eloquent reminder of the time when Venice was a paradise of pleasure, when life upon its liquid streets was a perpetual pageant, and this incomparable avenue its splendid promenade. Occasionally a boat full of musicians will appear, and, to, the passion-

ate throbbing of the harp or guitar, a score of voices chant the songs of Italy.

At last the gondola passed abruptly out of the Grand Canal into one of the smaller channels, and from comparative light into darkness only remotely affected by some far-streaming flickering brazier. But ever the pallid, stately palaces; always "the dark heaven with its trembling stars above, and the dark water with its trembling stars below," but now innumerable bridges and an utter loneliness, and ceaseless sudden turnings and windings. As they were passing the Museum Malamacco, the Count, was struck violently on the cheek by some missile.

"Dio mio!" he cried in pain and astonishment.

"What is it, signore?" asked the surprised gondolier.

"My cheek—something struck me. Holy mother! how it hurts," replied the Count.

Pompeo guided the gondola to a hotel lamp, and a fruitless search was made for the object.

"It fell into the lagoon perhaps, signore," ventured the gondolier.

"Perhaps," replied the Count, "but anyway let us go on."

The gondola again proceeded until it rested at the foot of a stairway before a barred door. The Count stepped out.

"That will be all to-night, Pompeo," he said. "You may go."

Then the Count turned and went up the steps.

* * * * *

All was very still in the Museum Malamacco. It had closed several hours before, and only a solitary watchman remained in the building. A masked man opened a trap door in the roof and descended a rickety ladder with infinite care. At the bottom he paused and listened. It was as silent as a tomb. He moved about among empty crates, broken cases and various debris until he found the stairway. It took him nearly five minutes to descend this short flight. At the foot he again paused.

"I must act quickly," he whispered to himself. Then he glided noiselessly down the deserted aisle. Every now and then he would cautiously light his way with a flash from his lantern. At last he reached the end of the corridor. Again he paused and listened, and again the same death-like silence. Then setting to work, he silently pried the lock off one case and let down the door. He

flashed his lamp over the trays, then shut off the glare of his lantern with a movement of impatience, and carefully closed the case. He moved on to the next section and forced the lock. There was a creaking noise. He paused in alarm. He listened a few moments.

"It's only the old boards, you fool," he muttered. He opened the third case, and immediately uttered a suppressed exclamation of joy. At last he had found it, and he fondled it lovingly—oh, so lovingly. It was a miniature of the Virgin carved in a piece of old ivory. Oh, the pains with which it had been done; every line and contour stood out with a marvelous distinctness. The Louvre had offered half a million francs for it, but it was not for sale. The thief was about to move away when he felt a heavy hand laid on his shoulder. With a cry of alarm he sprang from his captor and started to run. He did not go far. A wall confronted him, and he was cut off from escape. Like a hunted animal he turned upon the watchman. "Figure of a pig!" he shrieked, mad with hate, "you shall never see this again."

The watchman made a clutch for his arm, but with a sudden effort the robber had wrenched himself free and thrown the statuette through the window.

* * * * *

Pompeo descended the narrow stairs and emerged upon the piazza which he had just left. It had been partly paved with brick and was very dirty. The houses which surrounded it were old and shabby and, even in this Venice of lofty edifices, remarkably high. A wooden bridge crossed a vile canal to an open space, where once congregated the merchants who sold antique furniture and old pictures. Then he descended another flight of narrow stairs and rapped three times at a heavy oaken door. It was cautiously opened and he glided within. The room he entered was very low and small. In the centre there was a large deal table, above which flickered an abominable oil lamp. About the table were seated eight men and two women, people of the lowest class of humanity—the class which has made Russia tremble and which is dreaded by all the nobility of Europe. No greetings were exchanged, the issue of that meeting was of too much importance to each one of them. Pompeo walked to the table and silently took his seat. A short, thick-set Russian was a heavy black beard then arose and taking a leather bag from his pocket laid it on the table. He openly counted out eleven tiny balls, ten white and one black. These he placed in the pouch,

which he shook vigorously. Then one by one the conspirators rose, walked around the table, reached in their hands and extracted a ball. Pompeo drew the black ball!

No demonstration of any kind followed. The leader simply took from a satchel a bomb and handed it carefully to the trembling Pompeo. "The Prince lives on the Rio Salute, you know where, friend. It is his custom to leave his palace every evening at 6 o'clock. You will be there about half an hour before. You must not fail."

Without a word Pompeo carefully concealed the infernal machine and quickly left the group.

* * * * *

The Rio Salute was truly a gorgeous sight that evening. Every foot of its water surface was part of everything about it, so clear were the reflections. Full of moods, whims and fancies was this wave space; one moment in a broad laugh reflecting a bit of blue sky peeping from behind a cloud, its cheeks dimpled with sly eddies, the next swept by flurries of little winds, soft as the breath of a child; then, when aroused by a passing boat, breaking out into ribbons of color—swirls of twisted doorways, flags, awnings, flower-laden balconies and Venetian beauties, all upside down, interwoven with strips of turquoise sky and green waters—a bewildering, pleasing jumble of tatters and tangles, maddening in detail, brilliant in color, and the whole scintillating with a superb picturesqueness.

Pompeo noticed all this as he sat in his gondola, nervous but determined. He looked as for the last time at the women sitting in groups stringing beads, the men squat on the pavement mending their nets. It was about time for the Prince to appear, and he took the bomb from its hiding place. As he did he noticed a small object glistening there in his boat. What was it? Oh, nothing, simply a bit of tinsel, he thought; yet he reached for it. It was an exquisitely carved miniature of the Virgin! Pompeo gazed at it in rapture, for here was wondrous workmanship, and he could appreciate beauty in any form. He handled it reverently, for its sweet face recalled, because of some faint and scarcely tangible resemblance, the Madonna he had seen in the little church just off the Palazzo, with its beautiful altars, its candles, its incensed air, and its saintly padre. It was many years since he had been there—to any church, for that matter. But how well he remembered the happy days of his first

- communion, his confirmation and—oh God, how he remembered! The bomb slipped from his hands and fell into the water. Then the Prince and his retinue came out and went away; the children still played on; but his ears were deaf and his eyes were blind. "God forgive me" was all he could utter, and as night fell he was still sitting there in the same position.

* * * * * *

The next morning the Count was surprised, to say the least, on being informed that Pompeo had been found dead, with a dagger in his heart, and the priceless image in his hands.

Robin

Why do you sing
 In chilly spring,
 O Robin red bedight,
 Of flowers fair
 And scented air,
 Of sunny days and bright?

 Now in reply,
 Thus answer I—
 The reason for my song
 Is just to cheer
 Your spirits drear
 That drooped the winter long.

SYLVESTER E. HOLDEN, '14.

Spring

LET welkin ring with praise of Spring
From lusty throats and clear,
And Joy to-day have fullest sway;
Earth's fairest child is here.

I've waited long to sing this song,
A paean of her birth,
And though old Snow was slow to go;
The livelier my mirth!

Long may she reign, and in her train
Bide mirth, her choicest gift,
To chase away the clouds of gray
That o'er the sky must drift.

John A. Noonan, '14.

April Showers

YE April showers,
Why seem so sad,
Why fill the day with ceaseless tears!
Your mission is to clad
The earth with flowers,
To brighten hopes mid crowding fears,
And lift the weight of growing years
From our faint hearts, once glad
As spring's fleet hours;
Ye April showers.

Edward J. Dunlavy, '14.

The Story of the Sockeye



ICK is a very wee Sockeye when we first discover him, early in March, swimming about with his brother "Billie" in a clear little pool of the Salmon River, beneath the shades of the snow-clad peaks of the Canadian Rockies.

As the Salmon River proceeds on its downward course, and is joined by other streams, it gets to be a real, big river, and when it is about five hundred miles nearer the Pacific Coast, it is called the Fraser River, which is the largest run-way in the world for that courier of the deep, his Highness, the Sockeye Salmon. The fisherman and the trade call him "Sox" for short, so Nick and Billie won't be offended if we refer to them hereafter as "Sox." We will follow the two little fellows, not because they are "Sox," but because they are too interesting to let go unnoticed, and because they belong to a family too important in the business world to be overlooked.

They are curious creatures with bodies not half an inch long, and large, staring eyes half as big as their little bodies. A soft, pinkish substance is still clinging to the middle of their transparent forms; this is the egg from which they were hatched only yesterday. As the fry dart in and out among the others, one of the older "Sox" bites the filmy substance from the back of a smaller one; another has his tail bitten off, and many are swallowed whole by their bigger brothers; but as there are lots of minnows left after these little catastrophies, nobody minds. Our proteges escape bodily harm, and after a few days have thrown off all vestige of the egg and have grown to a length of about three inches.

One day, swimming out a little farther than they have ever ventured before, they find themselves going down with the current, floating backwards, of course; for a salmon cannot swim head-foremost down-stream; he would drown trying to do it. There are a great number of their fellows with them, so they go merrily on, now in deep water, now in shallow, now gliding over slippery stones, now falling ten, or perhaps a hundred feet down a water-fall, but always tail foremost. Six weeks have passed, and the cold, clear, glacier-fed water has changed to less clear and warmer water, and as they bound into the air here and there, they see great ships, and buildings at the edge of the broad stream. This is the

big Fraser River and the water does not flow so fast. However, our friends, now grown to a respectable size, do not mind that, as there is still plenty of company and food can be caught easier in the less turbulent currents. Eating has become their sole occupation and delight. There are any number of hard and soft shell crabs, and they think it fun to break in and get at the nice, soft meat; and then there are squids and minnows, and even fresh sardines, and the more they eat, the faster they grow. But as the delights increase, so also do the dangers. At one place Nick is lifted high into the air in a minnow net, and barely escapes by wiggling out of the clutches of a Siwash Chief. At another place, Billie is actually in a sea lion's mouth, and loses a patch of his scales in making his exit. So they are beginning to look out for these dangers and to avoid them. Now grown to the goodly length of about twelve inches, either one of them would make a very appetizing meal, served with a strip of bacon, as a baked salmon trout.

Jumping high into the air one day, Nick notices that the banks of the river have disappeared, and that there is nothing but water in every direction. And the water is salty; but both like it, and swim far out, say thirty miles, into the deep, staying far enough down to be out of the way of hooks and nets, although they live in daily fear of the shark, the sword fish, the sea-cow, the sculpin, and other cannibals of the blue depths. Eating is still the main occupation of the two brothers, and having come to the end of their journey, they mingle with the myriads of their kind around them. They are two of the ingots that go to make up old Neptune's silver horde. We will leave them here, ravaging for food, and floating aimlessly in the cool water of the broad Pacific, and diverge a little.

* * * * *

As has been said, the salmon which we have been following is known as the Sockeye; "rich, red and oily," so say the labels on the cans into which they are put to be sold for our picnic lunches. The Salmon (or Salmonae family, as they are known to science) is a very large family, ranging from the little grayling caught in the running brooks of Michigan and Wisconsin, to the big King salmon so well known on Puget Sound, and which averages twenty-two pounds; although Kings of forty and even one hundred pounds have been taken. But as by far the largest and most numer-

ous of the Salmon family are caught on the Pacific Coast, and especially in the Puget Sound region, we will consider only these. They are known to the trade as (1) Sockeye (or Blueback), (2) Silvers (or Cohoes), (3) King (or Chinook), (4) Humpback (or Pink), and last and the least desirable (5) Dog (or Chum). Of course, these classes are known to science by longer names, but these names would make the fish themselves crazy if they ever heard them, so we won't bother with them. Now, practically all salmon are caught while coming in from the ocean on their way to the spawning grounds in the fresh water streams. The Spring salmon, that caught in the spring, is always superior, for the reason that the nearer the salmon gets to the spawning period the less fit it becomes for food. The King and Blueback run in the spring, and the others in the fall.

Of course, these fish are not all of the same value, and the law now demands that each can be labeled showing exactly the grade of salmon contained therein. So when buying salmon these days, the housewife can tell whether she is buying Pink or Sockeye without opening the can—that is, if the labeler has complied with the law. If he has not, the salmon should be avoided as doubtful. The value of the fish is determined by the firmness of the flesh, the amount of oil it contains, and lastly, but the most important of all, the color of the flesh. The redder it is the better. The flesh of some perfectly good salmon in a catch will be white, and these are useless for canning, although it is said they are every bit as good for food as their darker brethren. I do not mean to infer, however, that the Pink and Dog salmon are as good otherwise as the darker colored Sockeyes and Reds, because the former grades are inferior in nutriment and flavor, hence sell for a lower price. The Columbia River Chinook is somewhat of an exception to the color rule, being a high grade fish of light pink color.

All winter the salmon houses located in Vancouver, Seattle, Portland, San Francisco, etc., have been sending out circulars and letters to the trade, and signing up long contracts for so many cases of "Sox," Reds, Cohoes, etc. They haven't got the fish, nor have they any means of knowing positively that they will get them, but still they sell them and sign contracts to deliver them. This is a game where the reapers do not sow, and where the harvest is absolutely beyond their control and power to gauge except by precedent and meagre advance signs which may or may not signify the volume of the coming "run." Contracts thus entered upon are always made

"Subject to Pack," and usually also "Subject to Opening Prices." "Opening Prices" are the prices named by the salmon trust, The Alaska Packers' Association (A. P. A. for short), just as soon as the extent of the run has been determined, and these prices govern for the different grades all over the country. If the pack is small, the prices will be high; and if the pack is large and fish plentiful, the prices will not be so high, but high enough to suit the Association's purpose. If it has in mind to drive a big independent concern, or a number of small independent ones, out of business, it may make the prices quite low so as to give such little profit that undesired rivals are forced out of business. These prices usually fluctuate throughout the year, but at the opening of each salmon season the trust lays down the price for the whole world, and to get any advance business the independents must promise to meet these prices. Thus the clause "Subject to Opening Prices" is in all pro-season contracts.

You might ask how a firm will know the number of cases to contract for. Like the rest of the business this is figured on precedent, the number of traps or boats controlled and the daily canning facilities. The clause in pro-season contracts "Subject to Pack" relieves the packer in case of a "short run."

Every four years occurs what is known as the "Sockeye year," the last was 1909. In the "Sockeye year," this, the most valuable of all salmon, comes in from the sea in droves that tax the strengthened facilities of the canneries, and is the year when everybody connected with the business expects to "clean up" and get even for some past loss or short run. Over a million and a half cases of Sockeyes were packed in 1909, whereas but fifty thousand cases were packed the previous year. To inquire why the Sockeye runs every fourth year, while the other grades run every year, is like asking why some plants can be left in the ground all winter and will come up in the spring, while others must be planted anew. No scientist has yet ventured a solution of the question.

It is not uncommon for cannery men to borrow thousands of dollars beyond what they could possibly pay should the run fail, for the purpose of rehabilitating the traps and canneries and making preparations in general for the big run. How soon the New York or Chicago banker gets his money depends entirely on the run. If the run is good, he gets it on time, as soon as the fish can be canned and shipped; but if the run soon "peters out," he must wait until the salmon-man can raise the money elsewhere, and if

the "elsewhere" cannot be found, we read in the morning paper that So & So Fish Co. was declared bankrupt due to failure of the expected Sockeye run. However, the western salmon merchant's note is usually taken by the money lenders for any reasonable amount, and the fishman usually "makes good." So far, the Sockeye run has not failed to show up every fourth year, although as each year comes around, the doubting Thomases will say "Everything has got to happen for the first time, sometime," and nobody can declare of a certainty that a single fish will come in. In 1909 the tension was almost to a bursting point, due to failure of the fish to appear on schedule time. The New York brokers couldn't restrain themselves any longer, so they caused it to be inserted in the New York financial papers that "The big salmon run is on and promises to be the greatest in history." Thus the fish were running in Wall Street before they were running up Puget Sound. The run did come later, however, and broke all records for size. It was not uncommon for 40,000 fish to be taken in one "haul" from the "spiller" of the big traps, and hauls of 90,000 are on record.

While the office force are sending out circulars in the winter and spring to get the trade "lined up," the cannery has not been idle. All machinery has been gone over, new installed, extra parts placed nearby in case of breakage, and the despised Chinamen have been busy making the tins and wooden cases, so that by the time the big run is due, everything is "all set," and as clean as a whistle. Finally the word is passed along from a cannery down the Sound, "They're on the way." An electric shock, as it were, goes through each of the cannery help, from the cannery owner, who is himself out "on the job," to the Chinese cook. The fish must be caught while they are here, for once they are gone, they are gone for good. And they must be canned as fast as caught, for if the fish are not canned fresh from the water, they will not keep. Moreover, no fish are to be caught from midnight Saturday night until a midnight after midnight Sunday night, even though the run is on in its fullest force. This is the protection the law allows the fish to prevent extermination. Men work sixteen or perhaps twenty hours a day, eating and sleeping when they can, or else going without it for about a week. Sane men become mad men, and even the "Chink" foremen get worked up to such an extent from loss of sleep and excitement that they scarcely know what they are doing. Their commands to the "finners" and "fillers" are given in choppy monotones that sound like reports from a Winchester. An outsider asking one of these Mongolians a civil question during the rush would stand as

good as chance of getting knocked down on the spot as receiving the information, and the Chinaman would hardly know he had done it.

An example of the strain under which the men work came to my notice during the last Sockeye run. Gus Olson, a Seattle Norseman, owned a small fishing launch, and with the aid of another launch and a small crew, was reaping his own harvest of "Sox." During the rush, while pulling the over-laden net into the boat, Gus lost his balance and fell into the briny deep. As soon as he came up, one of his men, letting go the net, grabbed a pike hook, and sticking it into Oley's clothing, began dragging him to the boat. The big Swede, spitting water, but red with rage, pushed the pole out of the way and cowed his would-be rescuer with something like the following:

"You ————— (Swedish). Pull in tham fish. Don't mind me." And the mate obeyed, knowing full well that if he disobeyed orders at this stage of the game, he might as well jump overboard as be thrown.

* * * * *

We will now go back to our two friends, whom we left swimming about thirty miles off the Straits of Juan De Fuca (the entrance of Puget Sound.) Nick and Billie are now fine, big shiny salmon, about ten pounds in weight, a little over the average weight of their class. It is the spring of the third year since they left the shallow pool away up in the Canadian Rockies, and an unaccountable impulse impels them to start back in that direction just at this time. Perhaps they are anxious to see if the water-cress pools are still as nice and clear, or if the big, red salmon eggs are as juicy as some they found before. After a little while they feel filtering through their gills, that old, familiar mountain brook water, still cold, as if it had just come out of the glacier. A long current of it is being sent far out into the sea by the great spring thaws. The feeling that comes over them is something like that of an entombed miner, who, seeing for the first time in days the glad light of heaven streaming into his dungeon from a little opening far in the distance, starts in the direction of it with eagerness. Thus, from the moment that Nick and Billie feel that cool, fresh water, they have but one ambition, and that is to follow it up until they come to the head of the stream, and then go up the river itself.

After a day's traveling the mouth of the river is reached, but not by both of them. Billie has been lost on the way, and we will find

him after awhile. Nick, swimming playfully about in the fresh water, as he enters the broad mouth of the Fraser River, attracts the attention of a Venus of his tribe, and immediately courts and weds her. From this time on, the two are inseparable, and he really forgets about poor brother Bill. There is very little difference in the appearance of handsome Nick and his spouse, except she is somewhat shorter in body, although equally as heavy as Nick. They seem to be starting out on their honeymoon, but their journey is to end in fearful death, and Nick's kindness and protection will soon turn to a relentlessly cruel persecution of his beautiful bride.

Proudly she forges her way by his side, against the current now made strong by the melted snows. Their progress is necessarily slow and they do not average more than four or five miles a day. And they have six hundred miles to go before they get to that much-longed for shallow, warm pebble-bedded pool, high up in the Rockies whence the little salmon start in the spring. Soon they leave the plains and are up among the rocks. The river is still wide, but the current is faster and the obstructions more numerous. At different places in the shallower parts, men are standing out in the stream with top-boots and holding a dangling worm at the end of a string. But no worm, however, enticing, can induce either one of them to turn aside to taste it, for from the time they reach fresh water, in their upward course they forget all about eating, and take all the nourishment needed from their own bodies. In fact, their all-important stomach, which a short time ago could very comfortably put away a whole school of sardines, has now lost all its usefulness, and by the time the fish has completed its lifework, that is, spawning, the stomach will be no larger than a thimble. Occasionally a salmon going up stream is caught by means of a shining spoon-hook, but the salmon bite at this to get rid of the annoyance rather than from a desire to eat. The big falls at Red Horse are reached and the water is fairly boiling at the base. No salmon ever lived that could jump these falls. Falls of ten or twelve feet have been taken with little effort, but a hundred and sixty feet is out of the question. Gamely the pair throw themselves against the seething wall. Each time they fall back, and are washed down the stream, only to return and try it again. Exhausted, but never discouraged, they swim over to one side and to their great joy find that the good Government has provided a fish ladder, a series of little falls, which they eagerly climb, and are again on their way.

Silently and fiercely they forge ever upward, their whole being possessed by that one idea "Get up to that little pebble-bedded pool

and do your part toward propogating the species before you die." Nick now urges on his spouse by pushing her with his sharp snout, and even biting pieces out of her already bruised sides.

April has passed along to July, and our little fighters are now high up in the green Rockies where the mighty Fraser has dwindled to a noisy little mountain stream, fed here and there by quiet brooks coming out of the depths of the shady pine forests. Picking out one of these brooks, and finding a pool where the water is about four feet deep, the two strugglers voluntarily halt for the first time since they started their long climb, almost three months before. It is the fifteenth of July, but the water is yet a little too chilly to lay the eggs, the proper temperature being about 54 degrees; so our pilgrims rest here and wait.

Let us look at them again. The female has not changed as much as the male, although her fine, slick, silvery back has now become bony from loss of flesh, and changed to a flabby blue and red color; the scales have all fallen off, and several jagged wounds show the effects of the long climb. She looks in wonder and fear at her once handsome Nick, and we cannot blame her. He is so thin that the large bones of his back show plainly through his flaccid blue skin. He has developed a decided hump at the shoulders, and his body is covered with large purple blotches which means the same to him as a black eye does to a boy. The lower part of his mouth has become about two inches longer than the upper, and his jaws are so hooked that he cannot close them together, and they look like a pair of callipers. His front teeth have grown an inch in the last two weeks and are very canine. Those teeth that were so useful on the roof of the mouth and tongue, have disappeared altogether.

Finally the pool gets to the desired temperature, and with his long snout and badly bruised tail, he smooths off a round space among the pebbles in which the female is to lay the eggs. The effort costs him a good deal of hide, but he has long since become insensible to pain. After the female has relieved herself of the burden of from three thousand to six thousand little globules, they both cover them over with sand and pebbles as well as they can, but government experts tell us that at least 90 per cent of the eggs thus laid are lost by being washed away or eaten by other fish. In from 120 to 160 days, the eggs which have the fortune to survive will hatch out into salmon fry.

The two big fish are now done, and the sooner they die, the better they will be satisfied. They wander aimlessly up the little

brook into shallower water, and from sheer want of energy, a week after they have spawned, they give up the struggle, and their flabby forms are found lifeless among the weeds near where they had long before started their eventful life journey. No salmon has ever been known to return to the ocean after spawning.

During the spawning season, the head-waters of the Fraser, the Columbia, the Skagit, and other salmon bearing rivers, are veritable carion beds; great, mushy salmon, a few months before lively and beautiful, but now dying with rottenness, cast themselves upon the sun-beaten rocky shores of the shrunken streams, there to die by the thousands and contaminate the air for miles. Many die in the water, and in the late fall, the Salmon River at the head of the Columbia is a sluicy mass of the dead and the dying. Whatever causes their body to actually fall away after spawning, and their life to cease, moth-like, is only another of the mysteries of nature which no scientist has been foolish enough to try to explain.

* * * * *

Now we will go back to the ocean and find poor Billie. While his career is not quite so romantic or tragic as that of his brother, nevertheless it is none the less decisive and interesting. Swimming along, brave and strong, with his thousand of comrades, his nose runs up against a hard barrier, full of little holes just big enough to stick his snout through. It is too strong to break down, so he does the next best thing, and follows it along toward the shore, for he has run into the "lead" of one of the Alaska Packing Company's traps in Puget Sound. The "lead" is a strong wire netting, stretching about 2,000 feet out into the Sound from the shore. Following this, Billie at last finds an opening, into which he rushes, only to find himself in a large enclosure where the fish are so thick that he can hardly swim. This is a "heart" of the trap. This "heart" is the first of a series of three enclosures which compose the main part of the trap. If his fish brain would tell him to go back and retrace his steps, he could still get away, but a salmon's fish sense at spawning time is ever "Onward, Upward," never "Backward, Downward." So he goes on into another, smaller enclosure, which is the other "heart" of the trap, and then into the last, a still smaller pen, called the "pot" or "spiller." This has a sort of trap-door entrance with a strong net spread on all sides, and even at the bottom. He is under about twenty thousand of his fellows, and they are jammed so close together that he will not be

able to stand it long. What an awful, swirling mass! Frantic to be free, and hemmed in on all sides, they lash each other unmercifully. To speak of throwing a man into the "spiller" during a run is the same as speaking of death to him. Each cannery has its story of so and so who was pulled out a mangled mass, crushed almost instantly in that inexorable press.

Soon poor Billie, away down at the bottom, feels something pressing against him from below, and he is rising upward, and before he knows it, amid much loud talking and swearing on the part of men around him, he is thrown rudely upon the deck of a scow which has all its sides boarded up. His breath comes hard, but he can still lash his body with great force in and out amongst his fellows piled three feet deep in the old boat. A little ride, and he is forked through the air, landing on the floor of the cannery.

Everything here is in "ship shape," above all, spotlessly clean, from the newly scrubbed floor to the top row of empty cans piled to the ceiling. All the help employed in the salmon canneries are Chinamen, although they are never called Chinamen, but "Chinks." The owner makes an agreement with a Chinese contractor to supply the labor for putting up the salmon at so much per case (usually about 45 cents), and the Chinese contractor does the rest, and sends in his bill at the end of the season.

Billie, almost dead now for want of breath, is first passed along to the "finner," who with about four strokes of his big knife, removes fins, head and tail, and slits him open. Now he is dead, though quivering a little. Next he is passed along to the first tank of clean water, where the entrails are removed, and these, together with the head and tail, are put on a conveyor to be sold to the factory and manufacturd into guano. Now, what is left of Bill, although it has not had much chance to get dirty, is passed along to a second tank and there very thoroughly scrubbed. He is then ready for the slicing machine, and the deft "Chink" slips him in just far enough under the ever-falling circular knives to cut him into nice cutlets large enough to fill a one-pound "tall" can. These cutlets are then passed along automatically to the "filler," who places them in the new, clean cans, after first putting a pinch of salt in the bottom to act as a preservative and flavoring. That pinch of salt is the only foreign substance used in the canning. So here we have our once beautiful, silvery Knight of the Order of Sockeye, child of the eternal snows, and the "gem of the deep,"

now wearing a shiny coat of mail in the form of seven one-pound "tall" cans, and all within three minutes after he had been landed on the cannery floor.

We now come to a procedure that would make Billie sit up and take notice, were he a little more sensitive. The cans are first put into a steam oven with the temperature at 212 degrees, where they are kept for 30 minutes. They are then taken out and a tiny hole is punched in the end of each tin to allow the steam to escape. This opening is immediately closed up, so as to allow as little air as possible to enter, hence the little knob of solder you find on the end of each can. The salmon is then steamed for an hour at a temperature of 240 degrees, and this practically completes the process. Then the cans are stacked up and held for from one to six months for seasoning and further inspection. Each tin passes through at least five inspectors' hands before it is declared fit for shipping, and the salmon put up by the average cannery today is bound to be one of the cleanest and least adulterated of all canned goods.

Many establishments are now using the "Iron Chink," a wonderful machine invented by a Seattle man in 1906, to which the fish are fed directly from the nets, and which "fins," "heads," cleans and cans them at the rate of 70 big Sockeyes to the minute. Operated by three men, it does what previously took thirty to accomplish. However, Chinese labor is cheap, and many of the less progressive canneries still stick to the hand method.

The average person, especially in these middle western states where fresh food is so available, probably eats very little salmon, since it is almost impossible to buy good fresh salmon, and many people have a prejudice against any kind of canned goods. It may be a surprise, therefore, to hear that today this industry takes third place among the great industries of our great Northwest. To give an idea of the extent of the business, the following facts may prove interesting:

Salmon packers receive from \$1.50 per dozen for the best grades to 65c for the cheaper grades. Approximately 5,000,000 cases of salmon of all kinds (four dozen to the case), are put up yearly, which, when taken with the value of the by-products, represents a value of \$28,000,000. Forty thousand people are given employment in the industry on our western coast. The 5,000,000 cases will weigh approximately 250,000,000 pounds; enough to allow every man,

woman and child in the United States about 30 pounds apiece, or enough to feed the nation for an entire month, should all other food fail. To transport this supply to market, would require 50,000 box cars, or a freight train over 400 miles long.

But we of the United States, though the largest salmon producers in the world, cannot monopolize such a delectable product. Walking along the docks at Seattle, Tacoma, or Vancouver, one will see the huge ocean freighters bound for Singapore, Hong Kong, Manila, Sidney and Liverpool, heavily laden with the new clean cases stenciled "Yacht Club," "Royal," etc., to feed the mouths of many different races.

As in many other industries, the greed of man must be checked to prevent him from exterminating the source of supply of this most important article of food, as happened on our eastern coast. For no less than twenty years ago, the rivers of our New England states were just as full of running salmon as our western rivers, but today there is not a case of salmon packed on our whole Atlantic coast. Reason: Greed and insufficient Government protection.

Inasmuch as it is estimated that over 90 per cent of the 5,000 (more or less) eggs which the female salmon exudes at the spawning season are lost, during the last seven years the U. S. Government, in connection with the authorities of California, Washington, Oregon and Alaska, and the Province of British Columbia, have taken it upon themselves to place hatcheries at the headwaters of every important salmon river from southern California to Alaska. The result is that at the present time more than 500,000,000 salmon fry are liberated each year from these hatcheries, and started on their downward course to their ocean home, whence, after three years, the surviving ones join the returning throng and help fill the ever-waiting tins, or get by and do their part toward the propagation of the species. So, with the increase in hatcheries, and the strict enforcement of laws for the protection of the fish, there are prospects that the supply of this wholesome and tasty commodity will not be diminished, but made equal to the ever-increasing demand. And, with the soaring food prices, if, at some future time, the tin-mailed knights of Nick and Billie's family should be found as a staple product on our tables, as the fresh salmon steak is on our western coast today, we will only be thankful for the conditions that brought about the change.

JOHN F. HENRY, Third High A.

The Shadow

LITTLE shadow, oft you mock
And follow me at play;
I well could use you as a clock
And tell the time of day.

But when the sun goes down again,
You fade quite out of sight;
Ah, would you were my comrade then
Through all the lonely night.

Sylvester E. Holden, '14.

A Lark Arose

WITH softened note,
But clear as mellow flute, a lark
Arose ere dawn
Had slipped from night's embracing dark,
And sweetly sang
In timid, chanting strain,
Unto the hill,
The river and the plain.

George M. Nicely, '14.

Ignorance is Bliss

JAMES FITZGERALD, '13.



OW, I haven't the faintest idea how a bogus bill of the denomination one hundred came into the hands of Mr. Swiggins, but that Mr. Swiggins did have it, I am absolutely certain. Moreover, if Mr. Swiggins did not have it, I'd say he had it anyway; because that counterfeit bill comes in this story and somebody must have it. I can't say Mrs. Swiggins had it, for Mrs. Swiggins has no patience with liars and I want Mrs. Swiggins' and everyone else, (especially those who read this tale), to have patience with me. And I won't let "Billy" Stork have it, because "Billy" Stork has too much already that he didn't come honestly by. And, anyway, I want Mr. Swiggins to have it; not because I like him—as I do—but because, well because he should have it if this story is to work out all right—as I am determined it shall. So Mr. Swiggins had the bill—"denomination one hundred"—"counterfeit." Don't ask me to tell you where he got it! I've enough to do to tell this story. But he had it, and I'm sure he came honestly by it. (I used that phrase once before; but, well, this is my story.)

Certain, then, I am of Mr. Swiggins' honesty in this matter, because of my knowledge of his cast of character which prompted him to no vice, save a weekly "night with the boys," and surely, the penance doled out by Mrs. Swiggins for this little periodic "skate" on the slippery path, was ample enough; and, truly, Mr. Swiggins had come to accept this penance in such a childishly, cheerful manner that he quite disarmed (if one can say this of a pen—though the pen is mightier than the sword)—he disarmed the angel who puts down the black marks in the black book, and got off scot-free. Certain I am, then, that Mr. Swiggins was guilelessly ignorant of the fact that he carried on his person a passport to the penitentiary. But at this rate, this story will never get anywhere.

Well, as I said before and several times, Mr. Swiggins had a bogus one hundred dollar bill. With the aforesaid bill in his pocket, and under his belt the worth in hot scotches of many smaller bills, Mr. Swiggins left "the boys" just between sinful Saturday night and saintly Sunday morning. Mr. Swiggins ambled three blocks. He stopped on the corner, got a grip on the hot scotches, and thought it over. He came to this conclusion:

"Swhiggins you're drunk—again! The Missus don't like you to be drunk! Swhiggins, the Missus has a very mushcular arm! Better get a peace offerin', ole man!"

Having thus concluded, Mr. Swiggins looked about for a place where peace offerings were sold. Across the street there was a pawn shop open—the only open thing in sight save Mr. Swiggins' mouth and one of his eyes. Of course the only one of these, Mr. Swiggins could see was the pawn shop; thither he went.

Mr. Swiggins desired a peace offering. Mr. "Pawn-Broker" had one, in a three hundred dollar diamond ring, which Mr. Swiggins could have for eighty-five dollars. Mr. Swiggins offered a hundred dollars and stood by his offer. The pawn-broker relented; and they exchanged commodities. It was a good example of reciprocity. Mr. Pawn-Broker wickedly sold Mr. Swiggins a paste "diamond" ring for one hundred dollars. Mr. Swiggins innocently gave Mr. Pawn-Broker a bogus one hundred dollar bill for a diamond ring. Mr. Swiggins had a paste diamond ring; Mr. Pawn-Broker had a bogus bill; both were highly satisfied. Which only goes to show that oftentimes ignorance is bliss.

Mr. Swiggins, man of family, having successfully transacted the business on hand, released his grip on the hot scotches, and relapsed into a state of hazy contentment. He had provided for the future. He was doing as all wise prodigals do—he was bringing with him the fatted calf. And so, what care had he? Answer: None. The scotches would take him home. They did their best. They had him four blocks from home, when he began to take matters into his own hands. He walked solemnly up to the lamp-post on the corner and warned that individual to "quit followin'" him. That individual maintained a dignified silence; whereupon Mr. Swiggins waxed indignant.

"Yu are shadowin' me! I passed yu three corners back; an' ev'ry time I get to the nex' block, here yu are waitin' fer me. Now, don't chu folla me 'ny longer—yu stay where yu are—'cause I know yu—"

With which parting abjuration, Mr. Swiggins wheeled about and started on a wild sprint down the street. He really ran well for a man carrying such weight; but when he reached the next corner his "shadower" was ahead of him standing ominously in wait. Mr. Swiggins approached him, and looked up into his shining face—

"Say, ole fella, let's call it off! Yer good deal bigger 'n me; an' I guess you could hole me up all right. I know yer after that ring;

but yu see it's this way. If you take this ring 'way from me there'll be no peace offerin' for my wife, and the war'l go on just accordin' to plans. The ring ain't much good anyway, ole fella, and—"

Now Mr. Swiggins said a great deal more than this, of course, but we haven't time to hear it all. And, anyway, I can't write hot scotch dialect very well. But Mr. Swiggins said more; oh, indeed, yes; and he took out the ring and showed it to the solemn red-faced bandit. And while he was showing it, it dropped out of his fingers into the gutter. Mr. Swiggins excused himself to the tall, thin, red-faced bandit and got down on his hands and knees to look for it.

* * * * *

"Billy" Stork, porch-climber by birth and profession, came cautiously out of the flat on the corner—feet first, through the pantry window. "Billy" Stork was a daring soul and—or is it necessary that he be a daring soul? If it be; then, a daring soul he is; if not, well—"Billy" Stork learned that Mr. Swiggins had dropped a hundred-dollar diamond ring in the gutter, and "Billy" would be glad to help Mr. Swiggins find it. Of course, "Billy" saw the ring the moment he arrived on the spot and kicked it gently under some—(Muse! put some leaves in the gutter!)—under some leaves in the gutter. Then Mr. Stork looked everywhere the ring was not. Now it chanced, as Mr. Stork stooped down, in his careful search, to peer into the gutter, his pocket—his coat pocket—yawned open. Mr. Swiggins, as it further chanced, caught a glimpse of sparkling pearls—a string of them; also knives, forks and spoons—the product of a rich but dishonest night's labor. Mr. Swiggins had no need of forks or knives or spoons; there were plenty of these in the Pension Swiggins. But the necklace—oh, he had need of that—he had lost the ring—he must have a peace offering—(But Conscience interferes. Curses! We must get Conscience out of the way; and that quickly, for "Billy" Stork is growing tired of stooping in the gutter!)

* * * * *

"Conscience, I would a word with thee. See you, yon steady, brilliant little star shining far up in the heavens; so small—yet 'tis in reality a very sun in magnitude! Ah, Conscience, it only goes to show that everything, great or small; good or evil, rests in the point of view."

* * * * *

Ah-ha! The deed is done! "Billy" Stork bids Mr. Swiggins a hearty good evening. Mr. Swiggins bids "Billy" Stork a no less

hearty good evening. And they part never to meet again. Another case, kind reader, of reciprocity. Mr. Stork got Mr. Swiggins paste-diamond ring and Mr. Swiggins got Mr. Stork's—ah, you have guessed it! paste necklace. Of course, the necklace was paste; do you suppose such an experienced cracksman as "Billy" would be so careless of a genuine pearl necklace. Why, if you wish, you can have it that "Billy" allowed Mr. Swiggins to steal the necklace. Perhaps, "Billy" was moved by the kindred thought that some day he, himself, might have to encounter a baleful-eyed partner in the business "matrimony" on just such an occasion as this case of Mr. versus Mrs. Swiggins. (Dear reader, if you have digested that sentence we shall proceed.) I say you can have it that way if you wish. It doesn't affect the story in the least; anyway the story is over.

Only, next night at the Cracksman's Ball, Mr. William Stork's partner in the grand march had a tendency to display a brilliant new "diamond" engagement ring—"value one hundred dollars." While that same night at the opera Mrs. Swiggins was observed to toy carelessly with a new string of pearls. By Mrs. Swiggins' side sat Mr. Swiggins. And ever and anon, as Mrs. Swiggins toyed, Mr. Swiggins winked. To whom he was winking, I know not. Perhaps to himself; perhaps to the Angel who marks the black marks in the black book. And either case, I'm sure the wink was returned.

This was all very well. For how could "Billy" Stork have sealed his engagement with a string of pearls? And how in the world could Mr. Swiggins justify, in the eyes of his wife, his possession of an engagement ring? Which only goes to show that providence is kind; that ignorance is often bliss; and that it is often folly to be wise.

Character Motifs in Enoch Arden



ENOCH ARDEN, "a rough sailor's lad," was possessed of those noble qualities of bravery, fortitude and sternness of character which enabled him to persevere in whatever task he undertook. Even in his childhood when he played about the little seaport town with Philip and Annie he, "the stronger made was master." As a consequence he so prospered that a more careful or bolder sailor "did not breathe for leagues along that breaker-beaten coast," and "thrice had he pluck'd a life from the dread sweep of the down streaming seas."

His predominant characteristic, however, was his self sacrifice, so evident throughout his whole career. For after his marriage and the birth of his first babe he at once conceived the resolve to hoard his savings to the uttermost that he might afford "his child a better bringing up than his or hers had been." For this he labored unremittingly; for this he risked a thousand winter gales, sailing "abroad on wrathful seas," and, often journeying inward, bore his ocean spoil to parts so distant that he was known not only to the market cross

"But in the leafy lanes behind the down,
Far as the portal-warding-lion-whelp,
And peacock yewtree of the lonely Hall,
Whose Friday fare was Enoch's minist'ring."

"Then came a change, as all things human change." For Enoch while lying in the harbor of a larger port which had been opened ten miles to the northward, clambered on a mast and by mischance slipped and fell, breaking a limb. Here during long and tedious days of inactivity, this ambitious and God-fearing man, lived in a state of doubt and gloom as he pictured his wife and children leading wretched, beggarly lives; and wholly forgetful of self, his one prayer was, "Save them from this whatever comes to me."

Ever true to his first resolution, having been offered a position as boatswain, he determined to sail, not once, but twice or thrice—as oft as needed, with the hope of returning some day rich enough to have his young ones educated and to spend his remaining days in happiness and contentment.

Acting out this purpose, the unselfish Enoch gave up "a clean hearth and a clear fire." But wrecked on his return, he was cast

upon a lonely island, "the loneliest in a lonely sea," where for many years he lived in a state of ill content. Day after day sitting by the shore and watching the huge waves thundering on the reef, buried in thought, he reverted back to Annie and his babbling babes, only to awaken to the realization that he was far away from home on a verduous but hateful isle.

His bright hopes to be once more in happiness with his wife and loved ones had not yet vanished, when the long looked for sail hove into sight and terminated his lonely doom. And on his dull voyage back to the port whence he had sailed, his thoughts ever "fled before the lazy wind" homeward. Bright was the afternoon, sunny but chill, when sad and dejected he turned away from the house where Annie had lived and loved him, and repaired to Philip's residence where in cover he witnessed the warmth and beauty of their home life. Not with the gleamy eyes of hatred and jealousy did he behold the tall and noble Philip amidst his tender wife and playful children, but with a feeling of mingled joy and despair; and lest he should "send abroad a shrill and terrible cry, which in one moment would shatter all the happiness of that hearth," he prayed,

"Uphold me, Father, in my loneliness
A little longer! Aid me, give me strength
Not to tell her, never to let her know."

Still, he was not entirely unhappy, for he was strengthened by his ever firm resolve and prayer which came "from a living source within the will." His one desire was to die with the assurance that Annie's happiness would not be marred. For this reason, he bound by oath the half frightened Miriam Lane, to whom he had related his story, not to reveal his identity. And when she insisted on bringing his children to see him, with half indignant words he begged her not to disturb him, but to let him bear his will through to the last. And so past this heroic soul away charging her,

"When you shall see her, tell her that I died blessing her, praying for her;

And tell my daughter Annie, whom I saw
So like her mother, that my latest breath
Was spent in blessing her and praying for her.
And tell my son that I died blessing him.
And say to Philip that I blessed him, too."

MORRELL T. TAYLOR, Third, High C.

Annie Lee

"Semper fidelis" might well have been the motto of Annie Lee, for the word fidelity is written indelibly on the whole of her life. It stands pre-eminent above all her other beautiful traits of character and leaves its impression upon them all, for the very theme of her existence is touchingly expressed in the simple words, "But she loved Enoch." She was ever true to him, and it was only the delicate kindness of her childish heart that caused her to shed tears for Philip, to "pray them not to quarrel for her sake" and to "promise to be little wife to both."

She loved deeply, chastely, holily; and found her sole contentment and delight in being near and laboring for the object of her affection. Like the needle of the compass ever true to its mysterious attraction, her every thought and wish centered upon Enoch, and even the dull drudgery of daily toil became hallowed by the thought of his return at even-time.

Cheerfully, industriously and serenely she performed the duties of a faithful wife and devoted mother until the sad hour of parting, that parting which was planned to last only a few short months, but which her foreboding heart warned her was to be final upon earth. Then for the first time in their wedded life "Annie fought against his will," not with bitterness and sharp reproach, but by

"Manifold entreaties, many a tear,

Many a sad kiss by day and night renew'd."

These were the only remonstrances that her gentle nature would allow her to make, and by them she showed how completely she was governed by his love.

During those long years of separation, when her mind was confused by gloomy doubts and dark forebodings, the one guiding thought of her life and the standard by which she judged her actions, was "What would Enoch say?" Often when it seemed to her despairing heart that all must end in misery and want, she wandered up and down the rocky coast and gazed with reddened eyes across the tossing billows, hearing Enoch's doom in the ominous sound of the breakers below her. At other times when all was calm she would become more hopeful and would sit by the hour, with beating heart, anxiously waiting for the first glimpse of Enoch's vessel. Time itself could not weaken this sentiment so woven in the fibre of her being, and even when ten long years of silence had elapsed,

she still continued to hope for his return in spite of signs and reasons against such a hope.

"O, dear Philip, wait a while;
If Enoch comes—but Enoch will not come —
Yet wait a year, a year is not so long;
Surely I shall be wiser in a year;
O, wait a little!"

And though mother love finally caused her to yield to Philip's continued entreaties, yet he must be content "to be loved a little after Enoch," for death alone, if anything, could stifle in her will its noble quality of fidelity.

Philip Ray

In our study of Philip Ray's character we must be guided largely by his actions as he was of a quiet, retiring nature and not given to expressing the sentiments of his being; for while Enoch boldly spoke his love, "Philip loved in silence." He was, however, too noble and generous to bear any ill-will towards either Annie or Enoch, and though we see him as a child crying out passionately, "I hate you, Enoch," yet we cannot fail to notice that in after years he never showed any feeling of bitterness or resentment. On the contrary, when he saw that Annie had bestowed her love upon another, he crept silently away like a wounded creature, "had his dark hour unseen" and passed on through life with a serene countenance, but "bearing a life-long hunger in his heart."

With instinctive delicacy he refrains from intruding himself upon the happy, wedded pair; nor, after Enoch's departure, does he cross her threshold until the sight of her dire distress causes his heart to reprove him for thus standing aloof when he might be "some little comfort" to her. Urged on by this unselfish love, he presents himself before her and begs that as a favor she will allow him to educate the children as Enoch had desired to do. Yet even this he asks with a bashfulness and a hesitancy which spring from his nice sense of propriety and from the pure and disinterested motives by which his conduct is actuated. And when he gains her consent to this plan and acts towards the children of Enoch "like one who does his duty by his own," yet he denies himself the pleasure of her company, lest the slightest breath of gossip tarnish her fair name.

Making the children the messengers of his charity, he often sends fruits from his garden and flour from "the tall mill that whistled on the waste;" but with such characteristic delicacy does he disguise his gifts, that he seems to receive rather than bestow. Even when he at length gives expression to the life hunger within him, he gently says, "Take your own time, Annie, take your own time," fearing that he might hurry or distress her. And further, the supreme self-denial and tender considerateness for Annie displayed when, after winning her consent to wed, he surrenders his claims upon her, make him thrice noble;

"Annie, when I spoke to you,
That was your hour of weakness. I was wrong,
I am always bound to you, but you are free."

There is, then, naught but purest love, most sympathetic kindness, and exquisite delicacy throughout the whole career of Philip Ray, the miller's only son.

JOSEPH L. SCOTT, Third High C.

Harbingers

'Twas the trilling of a bird
That I heard,
And the laughing of a brook,
Truant, hidden in a nook,
And the whisp'ring of the breeze
To the trees ;
'Twas the vanishing of snow and rain
And the flowering of the wakened plain,
That the welcome tidings bring
Of the spring.

JOHN AARON COLNON, '14.

Cupid's Pranks

(ANACREON)

THE solemn midnight hour has passed,
And I my lot with sleep would cast;
Worn out with toil, I'd banish care
And woo in slumber visions fair;
When lo! a knock my dreaming mars,
'Tis some one at my portal bars.
From out my bed I straightway leap:
"Who's that," I cry, "disturbs my sleep?"
"'Tis only I, a little child,
Have ne'er a fear, I'm very mild,
Though now I ween, a sorry sight,
A-wand'ring through the moonlit night."
Scarce heard the tale the child relates;
I light my lamp, unbar my gates.
A boy with bow and wings, I spy,
A quiver dangling on his thigh.
Then near the hearth I place the waif,
I smooth his hair, his hands I chafe.
And when the cold which made him numb
Has left, he says, "Now good friend, come,
Let's try my bow if anything
Has flawed the stretching of the string."
He draws, an arrow strikes my heart
Sharp amain, like a gad-fly's smart.
Then up he springs and loudly cries;
"My bow's unharmed. Lo! your heart dies."

Robert E. Graham, '14.

A Private Deal in Oil



UBLIC opinion was strongly against the Honorable Henry Kirk and none realized it more than he. After a political speech in the town hall at Quinton, which brought forth hisses and catcalls instead of the desired applause, the Honorable Henry retired to his room at the hotel in a disgusted frame of mind.

Now, politicians will sometimes do things that the blind goddess does not always approve, and it was something of this sort that the Honorable Henry had in mind as he turned out the gas and sat down in an easy chair to smoke a cigar before going to bed. At the stroke of one he arose, stretched his big body, and, cautiously opening the door, peered down the corridor. Apparently satisfied with what he saw (or didn't see) he tip-toed down the hall and let himself out at the front door.

Keeping in the shadows of the low, wooden buildings which lined the street on either side, he turned the corner and hastened up an avenue. A neat little cottage loomed up before him in the darkness. He paused and peered about him. Then entering the yard at the rear of the cottage, he approached a window and rapped sharply upon the pane with his key ring. After a few minutes, and receiving no response, he rapped again and this time a sleepy voice inquired:

"Who's there?"

"It's me, Kirk, Joe. Come on outside. I want to see you a few minutes."

He heard a mumbled reply, and a moment later a man clothed in pink pajamas, made his appearance at the door.

"You're a great one to come waking people up at this time of the night. My wife will be deucedly curious about this."

"That can't be helped. I'm going to lose this town if something isn't done."

"Anyone could see that from the way they took your speech to-night, Hen."

"If Quinton didn't cast the deciding vote, I wouldn't lose any sleep over it, but ——— Joe, you're a good friend of mine, aren't you?"

"As good as you've got, I guess."

"Then give me a bucket of coal oil and forget that I was here tonight."

"Coal oil! What the dickens! Are you crazy?"

"Not quite. Trot out the oil and keep mum, no matter what happens."

With the oil in his possession, he repeated his instructions of secrecy and disappeared in the night. Half an hour later a lurid glare lit up the sky. The Honorable Henry came running up the street, waving his arms and shouting, "Fire! Fire! Fire!" at the top of his lungs.

The town hall was on fire. It was clear that only a miracle could save it. But the miracle was not forthcoming. The heat was so intense as to defeat all efforts of the volunteer firemen to get near enough to dash water upon the blaze. Confining their efforts, therefore, to the adjacent buildings, they kept the flames from setting the neighboring houses afire. Every man worked as if his life depended upon it, but none worked harder than the Honorable Henry Kirk.

At last it was over. All that remained of the building was a great heap of glowing embers, and the Honorable Henry was for the fiftieth time telling how he had been unable to sleep, and thinking that a cigar and a stroll would do him good, had gone outside where he had discovered the fire and aroused the townspeople.

"Gentlemen," he said, "something must be done. You have a very pretty little town here and it must be protected. That it has an enemy, has been proven tonight—an enemy, gentlemen, who is perhaps in our midst at this very moment! What assurance have you that your homes will not be burned when you least expect it? If this person is allowed to go free, not only your property, but the lives of your loved ones as well will be in constant danger. A reward must be offered for his apprehension. I start the fund with a donation of fifty dollars!"

In a quarter of an hour five hundred dollars had been subscribed, and as the Honorable Henry made his way to the hotel he was applauded wildly on every side. "Kirk! Kirk! He's all right! Rah for Kirk, our next State Senator!" was the cry. He had won the kindly feeling of the town and his path to the capitol building would be paved with words of good fellowship and praise. A guard of honor escorted him to the hotel.

After a time he ascended to his room and found his friend, Joe Keely, awaiting him.

"That was a cold one you rang in on me," Joe began.

"How is that?"

"Weil I supplied the oil to set the town hall afire and if you're caught, it looks as if I might be held as your accomplice. The fact that I didn't know what you wanted with the oil would be no excuse in the eyes of the law."

"Oh, rats! You're talking nonsense. No one has said that I started the fire, and, even if they did, I wouldn't let a friend get into trouble about it. You just go home and keep still concerning our little deal in oil. Sleep well and remember that job I've promised to get for you when I am elected Senator."

* * * * *

The campaign was nearly over. The Honorable Henry Kirk was gaining where before he had nothing. His opponent, Edward B. Jones, a mild little man with a kindly face and an apologetic air, had fought energetically but to no purpose; and now, the day before the election, he had challenged the Honorable Henry to debate before the people at the Odd Fellows' Hall at Quinton, whether or not the bill for building the deep waterway through their district was to be advocated. The townsfolk and the neighboring farmers, were concerned in the question, and the more influential were opposed to the bill.

The hall was jammed with an eager throng of men and women. At one side of the platform sat the Honorable Henry Kirk with his friend, Joe Keely; at the other, Edward B. Jones and a little group of politicians who had forced him into the debate to endeavor to offset his opponent's brilliant campaign in the district. Mr. Jones covered his side of the question, the negative, in an able manner and took his seat amid a half hearted effort on the part of the audience to applaud. A hush of expectancy fell upon the room as the Honorable Henry Kirk arose and stepped forward to the edge of the platform.

"Ladies and Gentlemen——"

A messenger hastily made his way up the aisle, handed the Honorable one something and quickly disappeared. It was an envelope across the face of which was written the word "Urgent." Tearing it open, he glanced quickly over the few lines it contained. A sickly pallor spread over his face and the missive fluttered, unheeded, to the floor. Several times he essayed to speak, then—

"My friends, I shall be unable to reply to Mr. Jones this evening. A message bids me hasten to a death bed, and I shall barely

have time to make the Express soon due at Quinton. And further, financial complications herewith arise, that will demand my undivided care and attention and compel me to withdraw from the senatorial race. Mr. Jones will have no opponent in tomorrow's election."

As the Honorable Henry made for the side door, Joe Keely picked up the forgotten missive and read:

"You have your choice of cancelling your candidature for Senator or taking the consequences when the people of Quinton learn the truth regarding the little deal in oil between my husband and yourself. If you are in town tomorrow morning I shall claim the reward.
"MRS. KEELY."

JEROME BYRNES, First High B.

The St. Ignatius Collegian

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Editorial

Spring fever is a malady to which all human beings are subject, but it is an acknowledged fact that its most common victim is the college student. As a rule, its effect is only a listless demeanor, a temporary cessation of study and an open aversion to class-room environment. But not infrequently the disease is fatal—to a promising college career. Unable to withstand its attacks, many make the great mistake of leaving school and securing a "job." They nip their education in the bud, an act that brings them many a twinge of regret in after life. "I wish I had stayed at school," is a sentiment often uttered by hundreds of ten-dollar-a-week persons. And many of them owe their present standing to an attack of innocent spring fever. So it behooves every student to keep the upper hand of *his* distemper until the crisis—June examinations—has passed. Let him temper his longing for outdoor life with the realization that he has a mark to make in life, and that failure to reach that mark will shadow his conscience long after the pleasure of his whim is forgotten.

P. J. C.

From all sides comes the cry of "yellow journalism, down with it!" and there the cry ends. The very people who wave their arms and rant unceasingly about the sensationalism, the immorality, the degradation of the modern newspaper will never fail to patronize the very "yellowest" sheets in circulation and at the same time refuse to subscribe for good clean, up-to-date publications.

Many Catholics show their insincerity by asking for a Catholic press. There is a Catholic press; there are scores of Catholic writers under the standard of clean journalism; there are several Catholic weeklies, monthlies and quarterlies, but what they really need is subscribers! If those who shout for purged journalism would substitute a Catholic publication for the quires and reams of trash that flow into their own homes, they would be taking a long stride towards accomplishing the actual good. The Catholic press, the arch enemy of "yellow journalism," cannot expand or grow in strength without vigorous financial and moral aid. And if it cannot be expected from its own people, "yellow journalism" will never become whiter.

P. J. C.

University Chronicle

College Notes

The Oratorical Contest will be held Thursday evening, May 11th. The John Naghten Debate will occur on the evening of the 18th of May. On May the 6th, in the afternoon, FUTURE CONTESTS. the Elocution Contests for the first and second grades—members of the First High and the Second High classes—will be held; while those of the Third High and Fourth High classes and the Collegiate Department are to occur, May 25th, in the evening.

Our College Hall, so long deserted except for the three Distributions after the quarterly examinations, has been smiling to itself these last few days as one does who for dreary years has been confined to a sick-room and at last, on some bright spring day is permitted to feel alive again in the open air. There have been students' meetings, elocution preliminaries, rehearsals, and several public performances all within the last few weeks.

The first concert of the Cecilian Choristers Club of Holy Family Parish, was given in the College Hall, Monday evening, April 17th.

Ably assisted by the Loyola University Orchestra and CHORISTERS other talent from the College Department, the singers CLUB. presented a program that was not only of a distinctly elevated character, but was well rendered and gave earnest of the future excellence to which the Choristers are bound to attain. The Coronation March, Catlin's Selections from Martha, by the Orchestra; the violin solos of Messrs. Elmer Spiegel and Richard Byrne; the Sanctus and the Benedictus from Gounod's Messe Solennelle, and "Forget-Me-Not" by the Choristers; and the duet, Guarda Che Bianca Luna, by Masters Elmer Sanborn and Edward Turner, were the chief numbers of the concert.

Two days later a lecture was given by Messrs. Frederick Reeve, Philip Carlin and William Higgins, in the Hall. The Life Story of Blessed Jeanne D'Arc was interestingly told, and was JEANNE illustrated by a selected set of pictures imported from D'ARC. France. Among these were reproductions of the works of Henner, Laugier, Doyen, Joy, Benouville and others. The lecture was repeated on Saturday, April 29th, before a very large audience.

On Saturday, April 22nd, the capacity of the Hall was overtaxed by the crowds of boys from the Eighth Grade Parochial Schools, who came to the Gymnasium Exhibition and GYM. EXHIBITION, and Minstrel Show given by the students of MINSTRELS. St. Ignatius. A varied number of feats on the

bars and horse and mat, engaged the attention of the youthful spectators; while the unique Minstrels under the direction of George Devitt, afforded merriment. Messrs. John Curry, Edward V. Walsh, Francis Igoe and Philip Carlin made excellent "dusky dandies," and Messrs. William Madden as an Italian, and Joseph Bigane as an English gentleman, were assistant comedians. Mr. J. Fred Reeve was well chosen for Interlocutor.

The public performance of the Exhibition and Minstrels, Monday evening, April 24th, met with very enthusiastic applause from the exceptionally large audience. The Minstrels especially were well received. The songs of Messrs. Walsh, Bigane and Madden being to the fore.

On Wednesday, March 22, 1911, the members of the Collegiate Department, trained to the minute and in the pink of condition, entered the Intercollegiate ring to give and take in the LATIN AND battle royal for the English championship of the Mis- ENGLISH souri Province and, incidentally, for a purse of fifty CONTESTS. dollars. The prevailing opinion among the contestants about here is that they gave a great deal more than they took, which is in the nature of an oracular saw. Since it is the demand of custom that we express a hope and a certainty that L. U. will stand high in the list of winners, we hasten to express it. And having expressed it, we pass on to the Intercollegiate Latin schedule for April 19. All that we said, or did not say, of the English contest holds here. We only add to our expression of hopefulness, thus: "Stimulated and rendered confident by the brilliant victory (tautology) of Mr. T. Zamirara last year, his successors, the Juniors and, forsooth, the Sophomores, trained to the minute and so forth, and so forth, look confidently for a repetition of the success of last year, etc., etc."

We had a mass-meeting some time back—the date doesn't matter; but oh, such a mass-meeting. And "The Band" was there—and it played—three several tunes. The entire MASS MEETING. student body was there. We marched into the hall to the tune of "Who Were You With To-

night, Tonight!" Which brazen question receiving no answer, we took our seats. "Big Ann," our cheer master, wielding a beribboned baton, led us through a series of "rahs" for the University in general. Somebody introduced Mr. Manager Ryan—who needed no introduction—and Mr. Ryan very straightforwardly told us what was what in regard to the proper use of a certain fifty cent piece in our possession; namely, that we should buy a season ticket therewith. Ten tenths of his auditors cheered him to the echo and nine and one-half tenths held on to their "two bits"—I mean, four bits. Mr. Ryan resumed his seat. Rahs for Ryan. Followed Mr. J. Fred Reeve, mayor maker, who introduced himself and fifteen minutes later silencing the mob by an imperious gesture, began to speak. Feeling the restrictions of an address on the College baseball team, Mr. Reeve cut loose. No subject was too "broad" or too "keen" for J. Fred to venture upon, from political predictions to maligning the College spirit of South Side students. Which latter, of course, made no impression upon us, South Siders. These political speakers never do know what they are talking about, anyway. The first one in the assemblage to tire of hearing Mr. Reeve was himself and, despite clamorous objections he left the platform. Then we "nine-rahd" for Mr. Reeve. Whereupon the speaker of the day was presented, "Mr. Coach Scheid." "Our Coach" said he was no orator, but no one believed him, so he proceeded. He pulled a thirty-five dollar bill from his pocket and he waved it on high, and he said, "Here's the orator! Money talks!" My next-seat neighbor freshly queried, "How? With a billious—or is it a silvery voice?" My dire purpose was diverted by a general roar of approbation as "Our Coach" announced the strong schedule of games to which the fifty-cent season tickets would admit one with the true college spirit. The remainder of his harangue was composed of a Demosthenic appeal to two discreet and taciturn "stars" in the rear of the hall; a demand for a bigger grand stand; and a whirl at "phonetic" arithmetic. The Coach said what he meant and he meant what he said, and we are all with him to the makings of a man; and anyone who isn't with him—well, in our private opinion, that one hasn't "the makings."

Then, when Mr. Scheid was through, we "out rahed" ourselves for *Scheid*, SCHEID, SCHEID! Then the Band and the mob had a battle over the College Song and, though outnumbered, the Band carried off the honors. The Band was down on the program for three tunes and so it played over again one of the ones it had al-

ready rendered; I'm not sure which one it was, but it was either "Loyola" or "Who Were You With Tonight, Tonight?" Nobody quite knew but everyone agreed that it was some tune or other. All in all, it was a great display of College Spirit. The speakers, the Band and the listeners and the rooters of a certainty showed well. And Coach Scheid hit it off nicely when he said, "If you'd only show half the spirit in your contests, that you are showing here today, we wouldn't need any mass-meetings." True! But alas, I fear many of our bravest soldiers on *parade* are not worth a "rah" when it comes down to actual *warfare*.

We know it should be beneath us as College scribes to descend to the chronicling of anything Academic; and from the other side of the fence, what goes on there is none of our business. But disregarding all consequences, we are going to pay our humble tribute to that healthiest institution in the whole College—bar only the Sodalities—the Loyola Literary Society. We may be barking up the wrong tree, but we understand that it is our duty to chronicle College "doings," and if anything has been done worthy of note in the College, then Loyola Literary Society has done enough to take the very highest place in our consideration. We hasten now to repay the debt we owe, if not in space, at least in sincerity. In this school, where the lack of College Spirit is so much deplored; where attempt is made by so many various schemes to foster College Spirit; at a time when, from this very lack of true, earnest College Spirit so many of our societies, old institutions and contests are languishing, the Faculty ought to recognize and the student body learn from such a healthy, able, flourishing institution as the Junior Debating Society. Personally, we conceived a respect and an enthusiasm for this society on the first day we entered it and that respect and that enthusiasm has grown; and since we left it, we have found no other student organization or student activity which does not suffer in comparison with it. Like all true, efficient organizations, it works quietly and constantly. This year it has held twenty meetings and twenty debates. This is the only claim to distinction it makes.

Any student in high school who willingly misses his year or more in the Loyola Literary Society is a fool; I might use a shorter, more precise and more expressive word, but "fool" will do. Because, he is missing something he will never get all through the remainder of his course. We can boast our athletic squad, our Senior societies, our classes in oratory, debating and elocution; our minstrels and our

rooter clubs, but for the real, noiseless, efficient, healthy, earnest, successful institution—there is the Loyola Literary Society.

JAMES FITZGERALD, '13.

Law Notes

The Debating Team of the Law Department, composed of Messrs. Edmund M. Sinnott, Thomas F. O'Connor, Arthur W. Kettles and Michael F. Looby (alternate), CREIGHTON-LOYOLA journeyed to Omaha, Nebraska, the last week DEBATE. in March, and there debated with the Creighton University Team on the resolution "Resolved: That the conservation policy of this country be left to the States rather than to the United States." Loyola championed the affirmative side, and Creighton the negative. The latter was represented by Messrs. William J. Donahue, John W. Delehant, Francis P. Matthews and Hubert C. Robertson (alternate).

After the University Orchestra had concluded the Overture and the Chairman had made a few introductory remarks, the debate was opened by Mr. Sinnott, who in a clear manner set forth the state of the question and indicated a brief outline of argumentation Loyola was to follow. The main portion of Mr. Sinnott's speech dealt with the dangers of over-centralization of power, which, he predicted, would result if our natural resources were turned over to the federal government.

Mr. Donahue followed, and in a manner similar to Mr. Sinnott's, outlined the arguments of the negative side. He denied that Mr. Sinnott's interpretation of the question at issue was the correct one. A lively discussion ensued.

The second Loyola speaker, Mr. O'Connor, before entering into his set speech, secured the permission of the Chairman to make an explanation of the subject without interfering with the time allowed for the debate, and very clearly pointed out to the audience that Loyola's stand in the matter was correct, being corroborated by the correspondence exchanged, which was quoted.

Mr. O'Connor's speech was logical throughout, and in it he sought to prove that the state is a better conservator than the national government, and that where the latter had had an opportunity to manifest its power, the results had invariably been disastrous to the country.

Mr. Delehant then followed, and endeavored to prove that federal control of our resources would necessarily be more uniform and therefore more desirable than state control.

The last champion of the affirmative side, Mr. Kettles, pointed out what the individual states had accomplished in the way of conservation, and after concisely reviewing Loyola's arguments, urged that the control of our natural resources be left, where it is at present, in the state.

Mr. Matthews closed the set speeches for Creighton. His argument consisted in indicating specific instances in which the state had failed in its work of conservation, and in showing that the federal government is in a better position to act in this matter than is the individual state.

After entertaining numbers offered by the University Glee, the rebuttal was begun. Here the order of speaking was altered, the negative preceding the affirmative. Each debater found the allotted six minutes too brief. So animated was this part of the discussion that it was admitted by the audience and the professors of the University, to have been the best rebuttal ever heard at Creighton. There were continual interruptions of applause as each point was brought home to the auditors, and the judges found the giving of a decision so difficult, as the oratorical abilities of the two teams were declared about equal, that it was decided to give the debate to Creighton on the grounds that they had supported the administration. Two judges voted for Creighton, Mr. Emmet Finlay and Professor F. C. Woolery, and one Mr. John C. Galvin, for Loyola.

After the debate, the judges and speakers and their friends, adjourned to the Rome Hotel, where the Loyola Team were quartered, and partook of a sumptuous banquet tendered by the Creighton students.

Although naturally disappointed with the decision handed down, the Loyola men returned home with nothing but words of praise for the victors.

This was the first debate between the western Jesuit Universities. Next year the Creighton Team will visit Chicago, and it is hoped that Loyola will prove to be invincible.

While in Omaha Mr. Sinnott, the Chief Justice of the local Lincoln Law Club Chapter, spoke of the law organization to Mr. McCarthy, President of the Senior Law Class at
EXPANSION. Creighton, and others who might be interested in the plan. He was successful in enthusing the students

DEBATING TEAM OF LOYOLA COLLEGE OF LAW.



EDMUND M. SINNOTT



THOMAS F. O'CONNOR



ARTHUR W. KETTLES

over the possibilities of a Chapter in Creighton and correspondence is now passing that may effect arrangements in the near future.

A victory is always pleasing, and it is with the greatest of pleasure that we record the athletic prowess of the Law Department. Early in April before our Team had any **Io TRIUMPHE!** of the advantages of its training trip, and the experience that a few games would give it, we met and decisively defeated the team of the University proper in a manner that will brook no explanations.

We pride ourselves on our good sense in securing a minor league battery to make victory more than secure.

As a project, however, the team was not taken seriously, and after its short but uniformly successful schedule the season was officially ended.

But there are happenings of more serious interest at the Law School than athletics. At the judiciary Primary on April 11th, Mr. **FIRST FRUITS.** Arnold D. McMahon, secretary of the Law School, and a former graduate of St. Ignatius College, was candidate for Superior Court Judge on the democratic ticket.

Owing to the pressure of his practice and his duties in connection with the Law School, Mr. McMahon could give only the slightest attention to his campaign, and depended entirely upon his friends for any showing he might make. The law students were especially enthusiastic in his support, and out of a list of twenty-three candidates, and his own name thirteenth in that list, Mr. McMahon emerged ninth, only five places from nomination, with a total vote reaching almost nine thousand.

In view of this showing made without the support of any considerable organization, Mr. McMahon is being urged to place his name before the public again in the next judicial election.

Classes are progressing merrily and busily. The First year men are taking four courses consecutively, the Second **THE CLASSES.** year men are finishing Suretyship, while Mr. McMahon is busy rehearsing the Senior class for the coming Bar Exam.

AUGUSTINE J. BOWE, '10.

Medicine

On March 24th, the students were favored with an instructive lecture by Dr. Schneider on Geriatrics. Of course students of Greek know what the lecture was about, but for those uninitiated in the lore of this interesting and charming study, it may be said that the Doctor spoke on Old Age and its Diseases.

The Hon. Carter H. Harrison addressed the students in the large amphitheatre, March 31st, and was greeted enthusiastically.

In the first week of April, a lecture on Physiognomy was delivered by Professor A. E. Willis of New York.

An athletic association has been organized by the Medics for the sake of a little exercise. It was decided that if anyone could make the Varsity team he would be free to go. Although up to the present only a baseball team has been organized, it is said that the association intends to interest itself in other forms of athletics.

It may be observed here that as long as the association keeps to its purpose and in no wise opposes the Loyola spirit, it is to be encouraged in all its undertakings; but the moment it forgets its primary object and directly or indirectly hinders the Varsity's teams, it is to be discouraged as being disloyal and narrow in its aims.

The Business Manager of our Medical College slipped away recently and quite mysteriously to Toledo, Ohio. We have learned since that he was married to Miss Julia B. Bloom of that city. The students offer Mr. and Mrs. Owen best wishes for many years of happiness. Their home in Chicago will be at 910 Airdrie Place.

Doctor Robertson has been appointed chairman of the Educational Department of the State Fair of Illinois. This department in medicine has been established for the benefit of members of the Profession, and the appointment of Dr. Robertson is a great honor for himself and for Loyola.

The Brooks Classical School, the preparatory school for Bennett Medical College, is in a most thriving condition. The classes are largely attended.

A letter received at the office some time ago announced the death of Royden C. Steele, a member of the Freshman Class, from typhoid fever. The class drew up a set of resolutions and sent a copy of them to the afflicted family. Royden Steele was the vice-

president of his class, and will be remembered for his loyalty, uprightness and geniality.

The prospects for the summer school at Bennett are bright, for the enrollment so far is unusually large.

A series of entertainments, chiefly smokers, will be given by the Faculty to the several classes of the College. The Freshman Class will be the first to be so honored. As a climax, the Seniors and the Alumni will have a banquet given in their honor at the Golden Room of the Sherman Hotel, Tuesday, April 25th. Mr. Owen is the chairman of the arrangement committee, which consists of two members from each of the lower classes. This will be the first banquet ever given in honor of the graduating class and the Alumni.

On Tuesday, May 2nd, the Freshmen will give a dance at the Lincoln Park Casino, in honor of the Seniors. The Class of 1914 is trying to make this event one that will be pleasantly remembered by themselves and the Class of 1911.

The Commencement exercises this year will be held at the Garrick Theatre on Tuesday, May 30th. The degrees will be conferred by Rev. Alexander J. Burrowes. The graduating class will number about forty-five. The speakers on that occasion will be prominent members of the medical profession, of the Faculty and members of the graduating class.

BOHUMEL E. PECHOUS, '10.

Pharmacy

The year's work will be brought to a close about the middle of May; then aspirants to a degree—success!

The commencement exercises will be held the latter part of June in Orchestra Hall with the Collegiate and Law Departments.

The annual banquet of the Alumni Association will be given in May in honor of the graduating class.

As a crowning feature of the year, the Junior Class will give an informal dance in honor of the Senior Class, Thursday evening, May 11th, at the West Chicago Clubhouse.

The following Seniors will represent their class at the banquet and on commencement night: H. Cross, President; W. R. Richie, Valedictorian; F. A. Harley, Poet; C. S. McAtee, Prophet; S. H. Collins, Salutatorian; L. E. Stobbs, Historian; A. Thompson, Prophecy on the Prophet. In choosing the representatives it has been thought that those who have proven themselves best fitted for the duties entailed have been honored, and to them the class looks for capable representation.

From the Senior Class, '10-'11, to the Senior Class, '11-'12, best wishes!

FLOYD A. HARLEY.

Alumni Notes

In point of interest, the banquet to be given by the Alumni of Loyola at the Sherman House, Wednesday evening, May 3rd, will undoubtedly surpass any like event that has ALUMNI BANQUET. hitherto occurred. His Grace, Archbishop Quigley will be present, and the Honorable Mayor Carter H. Harrison will speak on this occasion, while other addresses will be given by Judge Harry Olson, Rev. T. V. Shannon, Dr. John Robertson and Arnold D. McMahon.

* * *

Six years ago the Mayor-elect, Carter H. Harrison, relinquished the responsible and difficult task of directing the city's affairs as its chief executive. Monday, April 17th, he again took the oath of allegiance to the Constitutions of the United States and of Illinois and received in familiar grasp the gavel of authority presented to him by a selected member of the council.

In all Mr. Harrison's years of success and power one of his greatest claims to renown and recognition lies in his executive ability. Clear cut, straightforward and unwavering in all his acts, promises and pledges, the energy and decision that always marked him in his former years in office strongly supported him in the recent campaign.

At the inauguration a gay and overflowing crowd gave vent to an enthusiastic demonstration, and we venture to assert that a number of Mr. Harrison's former college associates, as well as later Alumni of St. Ignatius, were also present, taking active part in the general rejoicing.

Hence THE COLLEGIAN, both as the representative college journal and in behalf of his many friends and well-wishers among the Alumni, takes this opportunity to congratulate the Hon. Carter H. Harrison, as Chicago's chief executive during the coming four years and to express the hearty wish that success may attend his efforts in behalf of the people who have five times so signally honored him.

Election returns also showed the success of Stanley S. Walkowiak, '00, in his candidacy for Alderman of the Seventeenth Ward. Mr. Walkowiak is a Democrat, and has been assigned a place on the important Judiciary Committee in the Council.

Thomas D. Nash, once noted for his prowess on the gridiron, and for two years a successful instructor at the college, is practicing law and may often be seen at work in the Circuit Court Clerk's office.

Edgar C. Banks, Junior '98, has a law office in the Borland Block.

Mr. Francis Lusk, '10, who is studying medicine at the St. Louis University, is secretary of the Oriflamme Club, a society organized to further the social and intellectual interests of the medical students of the university.

Mr. James Foley, '09, paid us a flying visit last week while in Chicago for a few days. He attends the Medical School of St. Louis University. The Oriflamme Club has elected him its treasurer.

Arthur Kettles, debater and orchestra man, has a position in the Circuit Clerk's office and is in his final year at Lincoln Law School. Together with Edmund Sinnott and Thomas J. O'Connor he took part in the recent debate against Creighton University, Omaha, Nebraska.

Harry S. Fuellgraff, '09, has just returned from an extended trip out west, where he enjoyed a healthful recreation from the stress of his father's business.

August Beauvais of the same class is studying commercial law at Northwestern University Law School.

Clarence Mercer, '01, formerly president of the Alumni Association, recently paid a brief visit to some of his former professors at St. Ignatius.

But for the closeness of the Judicial Primary, which followed the election of April 4th, it is probable that we might record the nomination of Arnold D. McMahon for Judge of the Superior Court. Nevertheless his race for nomination was very creditable. Mr. McMahon is well known to the Alumni, both as a former professor at

St. Ignatius and at present as Secretary of Loyola Law Faculty, and Director of Studies in that department.

Three weeks ago the Varsity's first practice game occurred with Loyola Law as the aggressor. Passing over the result of the contest, the most noteworthy and surely gratifying incident to be remarked was the large and enthusiastic crowd of Alumni present. This gives great encouragement to the team and predicts large crowds at all the future games.

Charles A. Gardiner is at present with Herrick, Allen & Martin, employed as a law clerk and contemplating matriculation at Lincoln Law next year.

Leo Harkins, Commercial, is reporter on the *Inter-Ocean* and is, we understand, soon to be put on "city news."

THOMAS J. O'BRIEN, '12.

Societies

Although the season is nearing completion, interest in this society has not slackened, but still seems steadily on the increase. The preliminaries for the annual public debate "inter se" were held recently in the Hall. The subject of debate will be: "Resolved, That United States Senators Should Be Elected by Popular Vote." Of the contestants, all members of the C. D. S., the following were selected: Affirmative—First, Thomas O'Brien; second, William O'Brien. Negative—First, Thaddeus Zamiara; second, James Fitzgerald.

Another organization in which the devotion of the members remains pristinely staunch is our elder Sodality. Attendance at the instructive little talks has never grown less. This spirit of constancy is what characterizes the members as truly earnest in the veneration of Our Blessed Mother.

A fuller appreciation of this body than can be given here is L. L. S. bestowed in the precincts of the College Notes.

Lest we seem partial to the Seniors, we hasten to chronicle like praise to these Junior Knights of Our Lady. If the "boy is father to the man" there need be no fear that our younger members will ever be other than firm, devout Catholic gentlemen. Every succeeding meeting is as well attended as the first. An explanation of this may lie in the fact that the instructions are always presented in a new, clear and interesting manner.

Another venture, already felicitous, is the College Band, lately organized to stimulate student enthusiasm and to inspire the defenders of Crimson and Gold. Under the direction of Mr. Wolf several informal appearances have been well received. Players from the ranks of college, law, medicine and pharmacy students have been recruited. The new maroon, gold braided uniforms are striking enough to make many desire to learn to blow a horn.

But we cannot forget the trio who in recent times endeavored against odds, but valorously, to enliven a Thanksgiving game, when

the college colors were sore bedraggled, the spectators few and disheartened and the day raw. Pioneers are noble. Respect to this trio, for they planted hopelessly, but now the good seed grows, promising a harvest. Good will and unselfish loyalty are never idle or thrown away.

The Loyola Rooters' Association, that band of the college's ardent supporters, has kept to its motto of "making knocking taboo" by getting out a "Booster's Button." This is made THE L. R. A. up in the colors of the school and bears on it the official rooter's likeness. The wearing of these buttons, however, has not been limited to L. R. A. members. Every student, large and small, young and old, is eligible to use one. So if you don't want to be a lone "knocker"—a voice in the desert—get a button at once and boost, brother, boost!

GEORGE J. ZHRINGER, '13.

Academy Notes

Old King Coal
Is a precious old soul,
Ten per ton's his winter price;
But when summer's nigh
He's a cheap old guy,
And the high-priced king is Ice.

Old Mother Hubbard went to her cupboard
For a night-cap of courage restorer;
But when she got there, she found it was bare—
Father Hubbard had just been before her.

Little Miss Muffet
Sat on a tuffet
Sipping her Wilson high-ball;
She then put inside her
A quart of hard cider,
And soon saw the spider—that's all.

Once Jack and Gill went up the hill,
In a coal-oil buggy;
Said Gill, "Oh Jack! this beats a hack,
Come dear, now let's get huggy."

Said Jack, "Of course this beats a horse,"
Then he thought to please her,
And slipped his arm around her waist,
And tightly did he squeeze her.

Cried Jack to Gill, "Ye gods, sit still!
Brake and clutch are slipping."
Then down they flew a mile or two,
The pace was fairly ripping.

When they came back 'twas in a hack—
(Auto chained behind it);
Said Jack, "I say, that 'bug's' O. K.,
But takes two hands to mind it."

"No smoking allowed" said the porter to Pat
As he elbowed his way through the crowd.
The Irishman smiled as he took off his hat—
"But I haven't been smoking 'aloud.'"

The attendance at some of those 3:30 games seems to belie the sage assertion of an incumbent of Academy notes who, many moons ago, said that most boys' college spirit is found in the jug. The protection of the new screen which Louie has built in front of the bleachers and the added inducement of watching the runs pile

up on the Loyola side of the score board seem to have attracted many loyal fans. Just think of it boys! Games innumerable played on a fine level diamond, bleachers and a scoreboard for your comfort and convenience, all for fifty cents!

The Cubs and Sox are at it again, boys, but don't let that bother you. There's a good game to be seen in the yard at any time, and please, oh please, you guileless ones who have started this year, don't try to get excused at 2:15 because of a toothache, for that trick has been overworked and frayed out in past years. Those who tried it first are now walking on three legs.

Tell me not, Aloyal sages,
Of your gay, resplendent dance,
For Greek verbs are teacher's gauges,
Small your worth who lightly prance.

Now, when the class had ended, good Richard Regan and stout Harry Beam hied them to the playroom, where they immediately began to hold forth, and that of which they spake was, "Hath each given to our treasurer a dollar for our next dance?" For the money was not forthcoming and the doughty Harry was wroth, and quoth he, "Purrey thee, Richard, the invitations to the dance with what money there is and my malison on them that subscribe not!" And Richard answered him, saying, "I wot of one who hath borne him right honorably in collecting moneys for our cause and, if you gainsay me not, I will to him that he may aid us." Who said, "Let it be so and haste thee to the good Leroy Stack ere it is too late"? But here Fay Philbin approached unto them and, quoth he, "Fear not, lusty Harry or my good friend Richard, for it hath come to my ears that good fortune hath attended our venture and that moneys are forthcoming that we may dance." And these, hearing him, were glad and rejoiced, and planning many things, they departed.

JOHN J. FITZGERALD, Fourth High.

Athletics

Coach Scheid's siftings for a Varsity team have resulted in the following line-up: Pitchers: Ryan and Quan; catchers: Stack and Moynihan; first base: Emmet Moynihan;
VARSITY TEAM. second base: Carlin; short-stop: Herman;
third base: B. Pechous; outfielders: Gavin, Killian, Bellock and Connelly.

The games:

April 5th—Alumni and Loyola Law Students win, 10-8. A little "ballooning" on the part of the Varsity team loses to the shrewder playing of the Alumni.

April 12th—De Pauw University, at West End Park, is victorious, 8-3. Ryan's eleven shut-outs, and Loyola's fair playing in the first part of the game, count for little against subsequent errors and a lack of practice.

April 22d—Barry Council K. C., surrenders to Loyola at home grounds, 6-5.

April 27th—St. Procopius College, at Lisle.

April 29th—Milikin University.

May 2d—Notre Dame University, at St. Ignatius.

May 4th—Beloit College.

May 6th—Americus Council K. C., at St. Ignatius.

May 13th—Marquette University at Milwaukee.

May 18th—St. Viateur's College at Kankakee.

May 20th—St. Procopius College at St. Ignatius.

May 31st—Young Men's Sodality, Holy Family Parish, at St. Ignatius.

June 1st—Notre Dame University at Notre Dame.

As the campus has been vastly improved and additional bleachers erected, most of the home games will be played here at the College instead of at the various local parks. This arrangement certainly suits the convenience of the fans and the players. Season tickets, instead of admission by game, is another handy innovation. The student body is enthusiastic in its support of the team, and its early and vigorous interest can, no doubt, be taken as forecasting future loyalty.

The best feature of the League which the college men have inaugurated for the noon hour, is that it is the result of their own initiative and is of their own management. There is certainly a benefit in it for themselves. The tediousness of the noon hour is hereby dissipated, and the growlers who still rub their backs on the buildings and impersonate "Mr. Lugubrious Blue" will be deprived of an audience—for which, thanks! Their step is one present and future students will do well to imitate.

April 10th. Lane High gives way to St. Ignatius Academy team on its home grounds, 19-11.

April 11th. Crane High reverses the above ACADEMY TEAM. method, 11-8. The academy boys' ragged playing in the fifth inning, and the capital work of Crane's pitcher, Kruger, in the last, decide the game.

April 20th. Lake High at Sherman Park is trounced in spite of three pitchers, one of whom was of "no hit game" fame, and the score rises high, like some of the Academy drives, 20-2. Gavin and Duffy circle the bases after sending the ball "into a far country."

April 24th. St. Rita's Reserves, 6; St. Ignatius Academy Reserves, 8.

May 3rd. McKinley High at Douglas Park.

May 8th. De La Salle at St. Ignatius.

May 11th. Harvard at Harvard.

May 13th. Lockport at St. Ignatius.

May 15th. Medill High at St. Ignatius.

May 18th. St. Stanislaus Academy.

May 22nd. St. Rita's Academy at St. Ignatius.

"If you're interested in the Varsity team, you'll come to the games" is a truth that reverses itself in regard to the contests of the Rivals, the Elites and the Laurels on THURSDAY LEAGUE. Thursday mornings at the home grounds; for "if you come to these games, you'll become interested in the League." In fact a few of our "grown ups" in college and academy departments, may gather a bit of information by attending these games on Thursday. They may learn how good players can be, and are being made and developed for future academy and varsity squads. And as for interest and spirit, there is no need of mass-meetings to create and keep them alive. Thus far—perhaps because the natty uniforms influence their playing—the teams are even.

J. FRED REEVE, '12.

Exchanges

Some verse and one good story practically form the content of the March *Columbiad*. We imagine that with suitable music

THE "Back in Ireland" would make a very pretty song, as its sentiment and rhythm are susceptible of Moore-COLUMBIAD. like interpretation. Several nice expressions render "Early Spring" readable, though in the main it is somewhat trite. Resting on this array of verse, *The Columbiad* falls short in essays, offering only the well-worn biographical sketch, "The Apostle of Ireland." We unhesitatingly awarded the fiction premium to "Charley Norris' Romance." An absurdly simple but strangely fascinating plot, breathless suspense and a splendid snap finish easily bring the story to the fore. With at least one good essay *The Columbiad* might rival its neighbor, *The Gonzaga*, for first place.

Just the opposite is true of *The Schoolman*, which is supremely innocent of fiction but leads with two fine essays. "True and False

THE Sympathy for Strikes" departs refreshingly from the history and the encyclopedia, satisfying the reader with a little original, sensible thought, expressed in a neat, smooth style. This variety of essay is infinitely more suited to develop writers than is the lengthy treatise in which ideas are often copied from the biographer or the historian. In "Goneril and Regan" there is also originality and some commendable sentence construction, but the writer, carried away by his sentiment, allows his style to become extravagant. For instance, he writes:

"In the very opening of the play we meet Goneril and Regan, the marble-hearted monsters, as they appear imbued with venomous schemes and nefarious plans. They are veritable agents of hell itself; they are hopelessly without any redeeming traits; the very atmosphere that surrounds them is contaminated and polluted with the fumes of their hellish ingratitude."

Here is a style that with judicious pruning bids fair to become both attractive and powerful. The person who penned "Erin's Lament" seems to have been filled with a thought beyond his capacity to express. This is evidenced by his unhappy choice of

metre, together with several impossible rhymes. Not so with "A Flower." This is a lyric whose exquisite thought could not have been better expressed.

From Canada comes *The University of Ottawa Review*, given over predominantly to Ireland's Feast Day. "A Legend of Erin"

THE U. OF OTTAWA REVIEW. might be termed a metrical tale, with tense and at times powerful treatment. We found "A Sketch of President Taft" an interesting though somewhat rambling and familiar exposition of our Executive's character. While we are prone to deny

accusations of squeamishness, nevertheless we would discourage the introduction of slang and colloquialisms into professedly literary compositions. The rest of the *Review* is devoted to an account of a St. Patrick's Day banquet at which were delivered a number of toasts by university students. These responses are without exception splendid bits of oratory and must have rendered the dinner an enjoyable affair. The talent manifested on this occasion should find more frequent outlet through the pages of the *Review*.

The Class of '11 is entirely unrepresented on the editorial staff of the *Xavier*, which is somewhat unusual for a college journal.

THE XAVIER. In regard to this month's issue, there is, strictly speaking, no essay, for the articles "A Memorial to America's Foremost Martyr" and "The History of The Xavier" are pronouncedly historical. But one of the best stories of the month is "An Important Capture." Its plot is well conceived and cleverly told. Until we read it we were inclined to call the issue merely fair, but now say that the contribution in question has rescued the magazine from mediocrity. However, the *Xavier* needs more and varied articles.

The ladies have been placed last among our reviews, not on account of any disrespect (perish the thought!), but because we

THE ACADEMIA. consider the last place in criticism to be as important as the first. *The Academia* is an Oregon product and unmistakably carries with it the fresh, delightful atmosphere of the Northwest. "Gleanings from the Life of St. Thomas Aquinas" is relieved of its monotony by the relay system of writing, which is a very effective method of developing a subject of the kind. Apart from a few superfluities and a slight hitch in the plot, "Erin Go Bragh" is a praiseworthy story, true to

life and well told. "Ellen" is a character sketch of the heroine in Scott's "Lady of the Lake." The treatise contains good thought, the expression of which is marred somewhat by tedious successions of short sentences, leaving the impression of faltering style. A wealth of verse, mostly of the Spring variety, graces the issue. As there are no less than ten student contributions, they cannot be reviewed separately, but we submit our choice of the best, which is, "Wake Up! Wake Up! Sweet Daffodil." *The Academia* possesses balance, a property lacking in many of the magazines we have received.

PHILIP J. CARLIN, '11.

The St. Ignatius Collegian

Vol. X.

Chicago, Ill., June 1911.

No. 5

Alma Mater, Ave !

(Alumni Song)

OH Alma Mater, Ave,
Thy name's loved accents fill
The hearts of thy sons, all loyal,
With memories sweet that thrill,—

Memories lasting, golden,
Of the rose-hued other day,
When thou our footsteps guided
Out on life's stumbly way.

Oh Alma Mater, Ave,
Long may thy power prevail,
May thy years grow old in glory,
Oh Alma Mater, Hail !

Thomas Q. Beesley, '10.

William Shak—



URTHER than that one dare not go. Even the spelling of the immortal dramatist's name is disputed. Whether it is Shakespeare, Shakspeare, Shakespere or Shakespear we shall not attempt to decide. It is at the risk of being accused of levity that this introduction has so been made to the topic of "The Disputed Points in the Life of Shakespeare" (to employ the more common spelling), but its apology lies in its serving to illustrate the subject under discussion—the critics can't even agree on his name.

It appeals to us of the Twentieth Century—so familiar are we with the method of maintaining permanent record and with the exploitation of the new, the novel things of life—as strange, very strange, that the people of Shakespeare's time did not leave for posterity an account of the life of one whom that very posterity has called England's unsurpassable dramatist and one of her greatest men. Taking into consideration all the characteristics of the time in which the playwright lived helps but little to the understanding of the problem. Little has been left that is of a tangible nature. His life must be built up from shreds and patches and the result is a sorry and exasperating fabric. Much is conjecture, most is open to dispute. His very name is doubtful in its spelling, the date of his birth is only an approximation and his career filled with gaps that time has ill succeeded in bridging over. Some salient points have been preserved which serve to support the various theories improvised in lieu of unquestionable authority. They are sketch-lines in the painting and much of their background is a shadow into which we must peer and then report what we see or think we see. Other men look, too, and their eyes, mayhap, are not adjusted to the same focus as are ours. They dispute with us and will not be convinced. And throughout the centuries that have rolled by since first those splendid dramas were given to the world, men *have* disputed about the life of the author and probably will continue to dispute unless the Fates uncover to them some evidence long hidden from even the most prying eyes and settle for all time the many mysteries of Shakespeare's life. And so it is, in taking up a discussion of the disputed points in the dramatist's history, that one approaches the task with the distressing consciousness of

being unable to say anything new, hoping only that perchance it may be said in a fresher way resulting from the color of personal opinion, and satisfied if the points are only touched upon, realizing the impossibility of an adequate discussion of them all.

In order that the exact nature of the points at issue may be comprehended more interestingly, it is best to run through, briefly, the life of the immortal playwright as history (?) has given it to us. William Shakespeare was born in Stratford-on-Avon, the third child and first son of John Shakespeare and Mary Arden, two daughters, Joan and Margaret, having died in their infancy. The date of his birth is one of the first subjects of conjecture, being generally accepted as either April 22 or 23, 1564. We must infer that he had an ordinary boyhood for he entered the Stratford grammar school at the probable date of 1571, which would make him seven years of age—usually the age of reason. The learning he acquired therein is, in its amount, a moot point. It can not have been so extraordinarily extensive for we know that his schooling was curtailed in 1577, when his father apprenticed him to a local butcher in order to bolster up the family exchequer. Towards the close of 1582 he married. He was not yet nineteen and his wife, Anne Hathaway, was eight years his senior. History deals briefly with the circumstances of their union. It declares them as married in the first week of December, 1582, and records the birth of a daughter in May, 1583.

Early in 1585 twins were born, a boy and a girl. Later in the year Shakespeare left Stratford. Although never wholly estranged from his family, he yet saw little of them for the astonishing period of eleven years. His departure was occasioned, according to the most popular tradition, by a poaching episode in which he figured most unpleasantly and which made the countryside a most uncomfortable locality. He drifted to London in 1586. His early employment there is an open question. A printer's shop, a law office and a theatre are variously ascribed as the scene of his first activities. The preponderance of opinion favors the last. At any rate we know he secured employment in a playhouse in a very minor capacity and later attained to the dignity of an actor, if it could be considered a dignity in a day when one had to secure the patronage of some member of the peerage to avoid arrest as a vagabond when the company went "on the road." His troupe rose to be the King's players, and Shakespeare himself became one of its leaders. His plays were first produced by this organization; only two, "Titus

Andronicus" and "Henry VI," seem to have been presented by other than his fellow actors.

His whole dramatic and literary work is encompassed between the two probable dates of 1591 and 1611. Within that time he produced some thirty-seven plays and three volumes of poems. The order in which these plays were written is a matter of extreme conjecture. From internal evidence alone can one draw any conclusions whatsoever. Only sixteen of the thirty-seven dramas commonly assigned to Shakespeare were published during his lifetime. Of the first five, "Henry VI," as finally admitted to the Folio in three parts, was doubtless merely revised and expanded by him. Its authorship is another of the disputed points. The next play that the critics reject, and with remarkable unanimity, is the barbaric "Titus Andronicus," which is quite unlike Shakespeare, though it bears the imprint of his revision. In 1593 and 1594 the poems, "Venus and Adonis" and the "Rape of Lucrece," were first published and, meeting with an enthusiastic reception, gained many powerful friends for their author.

With the rise of the sonnet, Shakespeare entered upon a new field of verse-writing and in one year contributed no less than 154 specimens to the sonnet literature of the period—furnishing material for endless controversy thereby. This period saw, too, the development of his dramatic power. To the early part of 1595 may be assigned "Midsummer Night's Dream," and later in the year came "The Taming of the Shrew," which also affords a subject for controversy, since certain scenes are declared to be the work of a coadjutor.

The following years up to, and including, 1610, saw the maturity of his genius. In 1602 "Hamlet" followed the "Julius Caesar" of 1601 and found Shakespeare firmly established as the foremost playwright of England. While the drama itself is a topic for argument as to how much of it Shakespeare did himself and to what extent he was indebted to a lost version of the same theme, still the world's acceptance of "Hamlet" has stamped it indelibly with the great poet's name and rendered lengthy discussion futile. In 1603 Queen Elizabeth died. In 1604 to 1609 came the highest themes of tragedy of all the plays, starting with "Othello" and including especially "Macbeth" and "King Lear." The date of 1608 is assigned to "Timon of Athens" and to "Pericles." These plays are likewise

"disputed points." They are collaborations and more than one person is suspected of having had a hand in their composition.

In 1610 the sun of the great dramatist's life started on its downward swing to the final setting in April, 1616. The plays of this period are placid in temper, and with "The Tempest" in 1611 his career as an active playwright ends. He doubtless left unfinished drafts of more than one play for others to complete. Of these, "Henry VIII," attributed to a combination of Fletcher, Shakespeare and others, forms the last of the disputed points as regards the plays. He retired to Stratford-on-Avon and there spent the remaining years of his life. In 1616 his health began to fail. In January of that year his will was drafted and in March finally revised and signed. This will is a rather curious human document for it gave to Shakespeare's wife the munificent bequest of—the second best bed and the furnishings thereof. One can not but conclude that relations between her and himself were somewhat strained. At any rate the will is a "disputed point" and must be reserved for further discussion. Shakespeare died on Tuesday, April 23, 1616, at the age of fifty-two, and was buried inside of Stratford Church.

This concludes in brief the conjectured biography of one of the world's most interesting men. It has been adduced to show how very much open to dispute his whole history is, how intangible, how uncertain and how much a matter of theory. It must be constructed from fragments here and there, and at every point in the building one must meet objection and denial and open attack from those who hold, and frequently with much justice, counter opinions to one's own. The points over which argument is most frequently waged are: The amount of Shakespeare's education; his marriage of Anne Hathaway; the poaching incident; his reason for leaving Stratford for London and the time thereof; his early work in London; the authorship of certain of his plays; the Bacon-Shakespeare controversy; and the meaning of the sonnets. To condense them—his whole life. His genius is so superb that the lack of personal details concerning the man himself is tantalizing. The investigation of each point that we know becomes doubly interesting on that very account. There is in it all the fascination of exploration, of personal research. He was and ever will be so great a man in the world's estimation, as the world estimates her great men, that any discussion of every moot point that concerns him is very much worth while. Let us proceed to that discussion.

At the very start we meet uncertainty. We do not even know the actual date of the poet's birth. April, 1564, must suffice. From knowledge of natural physical development, joined with information concerning the Stratford free grammar school, it is deduced that Shakespeare entered there in 1571. And now comes the first main battle of the commentators. How much education did Shakespeare really achieve? What his course of studies was, no one knows with certainty. Jonson's description of Shakespeare's knowledge as consisting of "small Latin and less Greek" is too relative to be of much absolute value. Jonson's own learning was too extensive in its scope for him to have a real standard of judgment, at least when referring to others. It proves very little, really, for Latin and Greek are too easily forgotten to have them employed as criteria for judgment even in a classical age. From what can be gleaned in the perusal of old manuscripts and other documents, the playwright's school work can be reconstructed into Latin accidence, then further study of grammar accompanied by practice in composition during the next year, with Cato's Maxims and Aesop's Fables for first texts and Ovid and Cicero succeeding. Virgil, Horace, Terence and Plautus would crown his last year of study. This is the suppositious knowledge the poet acquired. Let us accredit him with some Latin but deny him the same quantity of Greek. Knowledge of both would be a strong asset in favor of his style. As for history, particularly Roman history, Shakespeare is not to be given too much credit. He has drawn too heavily from Plutarch's lives as contained in North's translation, and other material to too great a degree from other sources equally accessible, to grant him a very extensive education. An average ability to read would account for much of the information that is such a bone of contention. Conversation with players who had seen Europe would explain much of his European information. The inaccuracies of geography and exaggerations and other things so characteristic of the lately returned traveler ought to be taken into consideration before one condemns or suspects. Further, having to leave school at an early age and coming from humble surroundings as the offspring of parents who were anything but educated, does not for a moment negate the possibility of native genius using Nature for its text-book and humanity and the writings of humanity for the fountain head of its knowledge, and by their help building a lasting monument of dramatic art that shall be "aere perennius."

The next questioned point is Shakespeare's marriage to Anne Hathaway. The finger of suspicion points to it as one of necessity in which the importunate insistence of the friends of the bride played no small part. That it was not a happy one is quite certain. The bridegroom was not yet nineteen while the bride was some eight years his senior. The marriage was solemnized in the first week of December and their first child was born in May, 1583. Shakespeare's apologists declare that there was a pre-contract before the church betrothal occurred, and that this invalidated their union, a defence of absolutely no value and without even a good tradition to support it. However, this is a part of Shakespeare's private life worth only the bare space of recording, and a chapter of no particular value.

The reason for Shakespeare's leaving Stratford for London not so very long after his marriage is again a subject of dispute. It is certain that the latter event made it highly imperative for him to secure an adequate income. Within two years of the birth of his first child, his wife bore him twins, in January, 1585. While it is probable that these increased responsibilities determined him to seek his fortunes in a wider field than Stratford, still there is no reason for discrediting the story that the immediate cause of his departure was a quarrel with Sir Thomas Lucy, the powerful owner of a neighboring manor, that arose over a poaching episode. Shakespeare had fallen into bad company, had gone on poaching expeditions and was finally apprehended. It was not such a heinous sin, for the young gentlemen of Oxford were doing it and getting off unpunished and with lots of fun, so that it may have been their bad example that influenced the future dramatist. Sir Lucy, however, prosecuted the poet and secured a conviction. The latter is supposed to have retaliated with a lampoon that made the neighborhood too small to hold Shakespeare when the subject thereof rose in his wrath and vowed vengeance. Shakespeare left! Whether, however, he did so because of this storied event or, what is more probable, because of his increased financial obligations and family burden, it is hard to say definitely. It may have been both reasons. It would seem, though, that his subsequent desertion of his family for eleven years and the evident lack of warmth in his attachment for his wife and the various intrinsic bits of evidence that can be gathered from his writings, that the poaching scrape was only a final item serving as an impetus to do that to which he was already

determined by his various domestic difficulties. The twins were born in 1585. The poaching scrape occurred the year following, and, as a desultory warfare was carried on between Sir Lucy and Shakespeare and the latter's companions during the subsequent interval, it may reasonably be supposed that the date of Shakespeare's departure for London was 1586 and probably in the latter part of that year.

His early work in London is equally a matter of dispute. The various occupations at which he has been placed have been given in a preceding paragraph. That of working around a theatre seems most probable. Tradition is sufficiently unanimous on this point to be trustworthy, so one can say with much safety that Shakespeare started in by serving in a very humble capacity about the theatre and gradually worked his way up until he was taken into a company which was under the patronage of the famous Lord Leicester until the latter's death in 1588. Only last year a tablet was erected on the former site of the playhouse in which Shakespeare once trod the boards. By some irony of fate the spot is now occupied by a brewery! At any rate, tradition places him there, and, as the witnesses are of sufficient number, are of sufficient veracity, and give testimony to the same fact, one may conclude that Shakespeare was an actor in his earlier years at London.

When he rose from the ranks of the "profession" and entered those of the playwright he started, all unconsciously, a topic of discussion for the generations of some centuries to follow, and he did it by writing his own plays. We refer to the Bacon-Shakespeare controversy. It has raged with such perennial vigor for the last four decades that a word or two must be said upon the subject in any discussion that takes up the moot points of the dramatist's life. The topic is terribly threadbare. In fact, some wag has remarked that "it is an off year when someone doesn't publish a 'Last Word on the Bacon-Shakespeare Controversy.'" Sidney Lee attributes its source to "the apparent contrast between the homeliness of Shakespeare's Stratford career and the breadth of observation and knowledge displayed in his literary work." That Bacon alone of his contemporaries possessed such knowledge is urged as an argument for attributing the plays to him. Sidney Lee disposes of this likewise in the following paragraph:

"The abundance of the contemporary evidence attesting Shakespeare's responsibility for the works published under his name, gives

the Baconian theory no rational right to a hearing, while such authentic examples of Bacon's efforts to write verse as survive prove beyond all possibility of contradiction that, great as he was as a prose writer and a philosopher, he was incapable of penning any of the poetry assigned to Shakespeare. Defective knowledge and illogical or casuistical argument alone render any other conclusion possible."

Regarding the meaning of the sonnets everything is hopelessly at sea. They make fairly good reading. "Many reach levels of lyric melody and meditative energy that are hardly to be matched elsewhere in poetry. * * * On the other hand, many sink almost into inanity beneath the weight of quibbles and conceits." As for their meaning, personally they appeal as the work of a sonneteer fascinated with a new pursuit, and nothing more. Lee holds that the sonnets can only be accepted as autobiographical documents with many qualifications, and declares that "a strain of personal emotion is occasionally discernible in detached efforts, and is vaguely traceable in a few sequences; but autobiographical confessions were very rarely the stuff of which the Elizabethan sonnet was made. The typical collection of Elizabethan sonnets was a mosaic of plagiarisms, a medley of imitative studies."

Regarding the plays, "Titus Andronicus" is too horrible in plot and execution to be attributed to Shakespeare and so is almost unanimously thrown out. "Henry VI" was produced in three parts and by the company of which Shakespeare was a member, and he probably contributed to its composition. It is unsafe to ascribe the whole play to him as only portions of it are recognizable as his, the rest being evidently a collaboration. "The Taming of the Shrew" is a revision of an older play into which he put the story of Bianca as an underplot, though this point is disputed, claims being made that the comedy of Bianca and her lovers is the work of a coadjutor. "Hamlet" apparently owes much to a lost version of the story of the Prince of Denmark which was done into drama by Thomas Kyd, but Shakespeare has so impressed his personality upon it that it may as well be called his own. "Timon of Athens" and "Pericles" are collaborations. To condense the comment of numerous articles: Shakespeare's colleague is responsible for nearly the whole of Acts III and V in the former play. Who he is is doubtful, a certain George Wilkins, of rather mediocre attainment, being the one to whom "Pericles" is assigned, Shakespeare merely contributing Acts

III and V and parts of IV. "Henry VIII" is attributed **both** to Shakespeare and Fletcher together, while some add the name of Massinger. Coleridge detected Shakespeare's hand in many places so it may be attributed mostly to the latter after a perusal of all the evidence. This covers in brief the disputed points of the plays, and brings us to the closing period in the life of their author when he started down the Valley of the Shadow that ended in Stratford, where he breathed his last.

He returned to Stratford after his active labor as a playwright had ceased and there, when he felt his strength was failing, made his will. That will is a most interesting document because it is so connected with the relations between himself and his wife. It is hard for us who read that he solemnly left her his second best bed and the furnishings thereof, to be serious and realize that behind it all may have been some motive other than distrust and estrangement. Possibly Shakespeare did not wish to leave the bulk of his property to the insecure and doubtful administration of a woman only a decade away from the Biblical "three-score and ten." Possibly he distributed his fortune in the channels where he knew it would accomplish the most good, relying upon his daughter's affection to provide for the mother. But when one recalls the hurried marriage that makes one suspect "something rotten in Denmark," and when one reflects upon that long absence from home in London—it is hard to conclude that Shakespeare retained any permanent affection for his wife up to his last hour on earth. It is hard, too, to resist being facetious over the munificent bequest of the will. One can scarcely control a desire to query why he was so generous as to add the furnishings, and why he discriminated against the best bed. Either would do!

And lastly, in looking back over the bulk of the points about which learned commentators have so long disputed, are disputing and will continue to dispute in the generations to come, it is astonishing to think that so great a man could live, rise to be famous, and die, without leaving behind him some tangible record of his career. All is shadowy and open to question and challenge. Some points, such as his religious belief, would always be more or less open to conjecture due to the particular epoch of history in which he lived. Shakespeare should have been a Catholic if he wasn't. The evidence that can be gathered invites that conclusion. He doubtless inherited a deep Catholicity of belief from generations of

ancestors and from his father's personal influence likewise. Possibly it was owing to the troublous times that he acquired the art of dissembling his religious belief in public, for he certainly succeeded admirably. But after all, what does dispute on all the points in his career amount to in the end? He has risen superior to all this, in the intensity and superb superiority of his dramatic genius. All men, all times, hail him as their own. They can reconstruct from their own ideal and fancy a life and career that suits their own purpose. Men may dispute about him if they will. Whatever conclusion they may reach does not affect him as the greatest of dramatic poets nor can any one people claim him as their own. "He was not for an age but for all time, the myriad-minded Shakespeare!"

THOMAS QUINN BEESLEY, '10.

A Red Rose

A red, red rose in June
Is far the fairest flower,
Sweet breathed—a lover's tune,
A red, red rose in June;
Sun-kissed, anon dew strewn,
Within my lady's bower,
A red, red rose in June
Is far the fairest flower.

Thomas C. Clennon, '14.

Success

PHILIP J. CARLIN, 'II.



IN THE vast field of human endeavor, where men of diverse qualities and classes are laboring incessantly, there can be found one objective point to which all are tending alike. It is the goal of all their efforts and they are expending lives of energy in its attainment. From the luxurious office of the capitalist to the dingy, noisome shop of the laborer, the ever-varying ranks of humanity pass to and fro upon the Rialto of life, toiling, struggling in pursuit of that magic thing—success. The cream of humanity is there, the vigor of manhood. Weakness can not take part; advanced age is beyond the struggle for the coveted guerdon. But vigorous manhood and active youth are always in the contest, differing widely, perhaps, in manners, character and station, but brethren in the primary purpose: to succeed. It is the one equalizing element, the one bond of union that penetrates caste and forces a mutual recognition among men. Remove personal distinction from the individual's horizon, as the Socialist would do, and the stimulus of effort is gone, and with it efficiency in the workshop of hand or brain; human action will then be and remain naught but the purposeless floundering of unfledged birds in the nest.

What then is success? No one has ever attempted to offer an all embracing definition, for it is a word of many meanings, much used and very much abused. Every man considers his own definition the correct one, and the consequence is that the term is twisted and contorted to suit the mind of each individual. Hence to the question: What is success? each man's answer will determine how nearly his life shall attain true success. The nobler his concept of the ideal the more nearly perfect will be his attainment of it. He is, in a large measure, the arbiter of his actions and their results, and hence of his success. There are, however, a few principles underlying true success, which like unchanging beacon lights must be followed if one is to reach the real harbor, and the individual in his journey toward it may, like the mariner, tack hither and thither, but by always keeping these guiding fires in view he never loses his general direction. If through carelessness or undue temerity he should drift beyond sight of them, he will

encounter many a false glare that will lure him further and further from the course. The man who desires to be successful in the proper sense of the word is not the man who follows blindly his own purely subjective ideal, but he who prudently acknowledges the unerring guidance of correct principles.

In everyday life we come in contact with a vast number of persons who are firm in the conviction that success means acquisition. If they could be made to realize what an insignificant part acquisition plays in the true success of life they would soon cease to exalt earthly gain, to plan, plot, labor, worry and to enslave their intellectual ability to a single narrow line of action, all to flatter the fanciful notion that wealth is the best thing in the world. Here is a man who has amassed a fortune and is surrounded by everything that money can buy; but at the same time every dollar of his fortune means a groan of distress from some bullied dependent or some helpless victim of his grinding, mayhap fraudulent, dealings. The world calls him successful. God calls him a scoundrel. He is a millionaire, perhaps, in material goods, but in the invaluable integrity of his soul, a pauper. Death might in a brief instant sweep from under him the false pedestal which he has erected—then he would stand before Justice, self-beggared. Seeking success in serving Mammon he has found only failure.

Nor is acquisition the only false ideal. The name of the man who lives a life of intrigue and duplicity, and even besmirches the fair names of others is legion. The object of all his actions is to satisfy his ears with the plaudits of the world. The possession of power and fame is his idea of the crowning of earthly existence, and to reach it he will cast aside all justice to his fellow man. But when at last his name is on every tongue, when men fear him and people doff their hats in his presence, is he successful? Again, the world calls him so, but strip him for a moment of his worldly honor and he is transformed into a hideous object, with his sins written upon him. That same lust for power fired the master mind of Julius Caesar to kill and slaughter and crush nations to the dust. He rose to the summit of his success, but after Brutus' blade had severed his power from him who would call him successful? The great Napoleon achieved his triumph when in open defiance of his God—he fought his bloody way to supremacy, where he rested with the governments of the world poised in his hand. But after Waterloo, would any one say he had reached success? Listen to the poet's answer:

"And I saw him at St. Helena with his arms crossed behind him, gazing out over the sad and solemn sea, and I said: I would rather have been a peasant and worn wooden shoes. I would rather have dwelt in a hut with the vine growing over the door; with my children on my knee and my wife by my side, knitting, as the day died out of the sky. I would rather have been that man and gone down to the dreamless silence of a nameless grave than to have been that imperial impersonation of force and murder who covered Europe with blood and tears."

Vain, deluded creatures are those who cherish the belief that the only goal of human striving is wealth or fame or power. They reason backwards, for they make success the outcome of wealth and fame and power which, in reality, are merely its possible results. The man striving for the true ideal can be successful without those worldly emoluments. They can be lost to him but he be still successful because his heart remains a heart of gold. Riches, potency, renown—what useless baubles they are if the gold of the heart has been turned to dross! The road to success can not be traveled by untrammelled ambition, nor can it be paved with selfishness, injustice and wrongdoing. The usurer, the corrupt politician, the perverted scientist, all have attained success in the eyes of the world, but they are the arch enemies of the world, destroying as they do the noble concept and rearing their effigies in its stead. The world points to them as men but they are poor types of manhood when their tenderness, chivalry, generosity and virtue are gone. Lives employed in garnering up the fruits of selfishness and inordinate ambition are not successful lives because the cardinal principles of success have been ignored.

Is not true success, then, a fantastic ideal of the imagination? Is it not a vague, unattainable something beyond the powers of ordinary creatures? On the contrary, it is not only a definite reality, but both possible and, in a measure, easy to achieve. In defining it I can do no better than to resort to the expressive language of poetry:

"Honor and fame from no condition rise;
Act well thy part. Ah! There the honor lies."

Act well thy part! There, in four simple words, is the epitome of the whole subject. Volumes could not demonstrate more clearly the theme of this article. Whoever desires to know his norm of action for succeeding, needs only to ponder over that homely maxim.

In the metaphor picturing life as a stage, the poet reveals the mission, the life-part that each and every individual must enact. And like the actor's role, it is perfectly defined and positively assigned. No life-part is the outcome of circumstance but each awaits its actor from the first moment of his existence. For that reason to choose it is not a trifling matter and the choice must be made with caution and deliberation.

Act *well* thy part! In that word consists the essence of all true success. To act well is to act with integrity, without which attainment is a misnomer. Every man must act as a whole man, with all those qualities necessary to work out his destiny—purity of heart, fairness, fidelity and the will to do what is right and to shun what is wrong. This is integrity, the most precious thing in this life, incomparably nobler than all the wealth and renown in the world; the foundation, the very soul of success. Buckminster has said:

"The moral grandeur of integrity is the sublimest thing in nature, before which the pomp of Eastern magnificence and the splendor of conquest are odious as well as perishable." Whether a man's lot be affluence or poverty, there is success in his life of integrity because it is the proper use of the means that God has given humanity. In the words of a famous moralist: "Success treads on the heels of every right effort." He needs only to "act well his part." That must be the directing principle of every undertaking, every decisive act of his life. With it, success is assured; without it success is impossible.

But, say the worldly wise, can one succeed materially and still observe all that is contained in that admonition? Is it not necessary at some time or other to silence the voice of conscience that an important crisis may be favorably turned? I would answer that the man who puts aside conscience in the face of material gain is a moral coward. His weakness in a crisis is the very thing which destroys his honor and puts him at the mercy of unscrupulous wrongdoers. But the one who shows his strength of will in the crucial moment; who can unhesitatingly adhere to that which he thinks right in spite of temptations and threats to do the opposite, is the man who must inevitably demand the respect if not fear of all who have contact with him. Probity and prestige are not incompatible. To persevere in the former is to exhibit an iron determination and a singleness of purpose that of their very nature render their possessor a master of men. This fact is well supported by the general acknowledg-

ment that the majority of those materially successful have preserved their uprightness. The power and renown of Burke, Gladstone or Lincoln were as mere tapers in the full, brilliant light of their rectitude, glowing undiminished through generations. Unsullied integrity is possible while justice endures. Justice will endure as long as the rank and file of mankind will yield the champions of justice.

It all comes back to moral soundness—it must; for integrity is of God and imperishable. Whosoever cherishes and guards it as his greatest treasure will attain true success before God and man. But woe to him who joins in the mad pursuit of eminence or acquisition, leaving behind the jewel of his soul; his achievement will be as that of the army capturing a plague-infested city and perishing at its threshold.

Falling Stars

Are ye, O falling stars,

 The rebel angels wrapped in fire
And cast accurst from height of Mars
 To flames of God's undying ire;

Or heralds swift of fate,

 Sent forth in haste from heaven's throne
To summon souls to judgment's gate,
 Where God shall claim or aye disown?

EDWARD J. DUNLAVY, '14.

My Castle in Spain

CROWNING a frithy hill my castle stands
Basking in Andalusia's genial clime;
It's red-faced walls deep-scarped from levin-brands
Defiance bid to serrate tools of time,
While all the crenellated towers sublime,
The mossy-covered moat, the draw-bridge gate,
Are merely shadows of its former state.

Within, Carrara pillars file away
In distant hall and spacious corridor,
While sil'vry, sparkling fountains splash and spray,
Flowing their porphyritic basins o'er.
Here suits of mail, there implements of gore,
There plumed morion, here trenchant glaive
Lie scattered round—mementoes of the brave.

Princes puissant erstwhile here held sway,
Sending their drastic mandate far and wide
To tilth and grange, betwixt yon water-way
And those huge mountains, rearing in their pride
Like hoary crested billows petrified.
Such is the picture that my castle fair
To me recalls in leisure moments spare.

Louis C. Rockett, '11

The Crested Gauntlet

JOHN AARON COLNOR, '14.



RAMON walked to the parapet and looked over. By Saint Denis! Toulon could boast of a beautiful harbor. Here, with neither dust nor glare, and a minimum of smells, he could look across the dancing waters of the bay to the great hulks of the French frigates, and watch the hurrying picket-boats sail in and out of the harbor, or the boatmen's efforts to induce passers-by on the quay to have a closer view of the vessels. In ordinary sunshine the rocks were of a bright red hue, but now in the late afternoon they were glowing and molten and the unbroken water reflected the dark green foliage and the crimson porphyritic stones in the most marvelous emeralds, purples and amethysts—colors that seemed to burn with their intensity. What a scene for a painter's brush, thought Ramon, As a foreground he would have the green, black, red and blue boats, with their colors heightened in the rippling water, and at an angle of the harbor an ancient watch tower; as a background, a tree-clad promontory and the deep blue sea.

"Lieutenant!"

Ramon awoke from his reverie with a start. He had tarried long and the twilight had begun to gather. "Ah, captain!" he cried, advancing.

"I'm glad to see you, lad."

"The pleasure is reciprocal, Martin. Here is the packet I have been detailed to bring you from Paris." He handed him the despatches.

"Well, Ramon, you are free now to look about the town while I inspect these papers. And by the way, Jean is here en route for Paris with important letters. We are to confer this evening so you'll have to wait for the morrow before seeing your friend." With this they parted.

The next morning after breakfasting, Ramon set out to visit Jean, his dearest friend. They had fought together in boyish battles and in sterner warfare as soldiers; they had starved together and prospered together. But when the late campaign had opened, they were detailed to separate posts of duty—Ramon to a quiet garrison on the frontier, Jean to active service in Spain.

"And so Jean has an important mission to Cardinal Richelieu—" mused Ramon as he walked briskly along. After a time he stopped at a corner to get a drink where a bullock's head was spouting water into a stone basin. A girl with an orange-colored scarf came from a neighboring doorway into the small patch of sunlight, and after waiting a few minutes for a withered woman with a face as shrivelled as an old apple to carry away her newly filled cans which slopped their contents on the worn brick pavement, she proceeded to clean a large brass pan while carrying on a breezy conversation with a baker who came out of his ancient stone doorway with a basketful of long brown loaves. And as Ramon drank he noticed a slouching figure across the way watching them—or him? Ramon thought the face familiar. Yes, it was a certain Datri—an ill character who had been in Jean's company before the war broke out. What was he doing here? wondered Ramon as he finished drinking and resumed his walk.

The morning was beautiful and the long walk seemed to come to an end in a short time. Ramon halted before a tall brown building and rapped loudly with his sword hilt on the oaken door. An old servitor answered his summons.

"I wish to see the lieutenant," said Ramon, stepping forward.

"In a moment, Monsieur; I will call him. Step within."

Ramon entered and sat down. He had waited but a few moments when Jean appeared at the doorway.

"Well, have you come to explain yourself?" he remarked coldly.

"Explain myself?—Explain myself? What do you mean? I——"

"Bah! do not feign ignorance. Under such circumstances it is nauseating. Ramon," he said, suddenly softening, "why did you do it? Why? God knows I would have given you anything—all I possess, if you had only asked me. To think that after having known each other since boyhood, you should doubt my friendship in offering you anything that I have. To come stealing into my house like a common thief to secure my jewels and money! You nearly succeeded in getting an important paper. If——"

"Stop, Jean," interrupted Ramon, flushed with angry pride, "you are mad. I, come stealing into your house? I, try to rob you of your jewels and money and a state paper? Ah, Jean," he continued, more calmly, "something is wrong. I never was guilty of what you accuse me. You should know that."

"If I could only believe you, but look!" he cried, pulling forth a gauntlet, "whose crest is that? Whose initials? You dropped it last night as you hurriedly escaped through the window."

"Truly, it is my gauntlet, Jean," was the amazed response, and then with anger, "but that does not necessarily argue that I wore it."

"How can you prove——"

"You are overwrought," Ramon broke in, "with a sense of your mission, and when a man becomes fool enough to believe his dearest friends are plotting to harm or thwart him——" He paused in pain and rage. "Jean," he cried vehemently and proudly, "you are wrong, terribly wrong. I could prove that I did not come here last night, but I will not; I do not desire to do so. For when a lifelong friend doubts my—— Fool!" Ramon picked up his hat, drew up his sword-belt and left the room. At the doorway he paused. "Jean, good-day and—good-bye."

* * * * *

One night some months later, two officers, arm in arm, groped their way along the narrow Rue de Narcissi until they reached the inn of the Blue Boar. Here they entered, suddenly sending a shaft of brilliant light across the cobbles of the dark, ill-paved street, and throwing a golden patch on the opposite wall. From within came the rattle of glasses, snatches of ribald song, and sounds of quarrelling. The two walked among the roisterers until they came to a table in a far corner of the room. Without, the early watch passed by banging their staves on the cobbles, and doubtless cursing their unfortunate calling. Two of them, though the night was clear, carried lanterns which swung in harmony to the tread of their feet, causing long, weird shadowy legs to race back and forth across the gloomy sea-walls. The muffled stroke of a bell sounded frequently, coming presumably from the cathedral.

Within the tavern it was warm enough. Henri, a short, portly man with a high, benevolent crown, stood somewhat back from the roaring chimney, one hand under his apron belt, looking about with a smiling countenance

"Here, Henri," called the captain, "a pheasant pie, a hare ragout, two tankards of ale, and three bottles of Chambertin from the bin of '39."

"Now, lad," turning to Ramon, "we can talk here undisturbed. No doubt you are glad to get back to France,—had you a hard journey from the land of the old Hidalgos?"

"Aye, Martin, and a terrible journey it was. For nine days it's been ride, ride, ride, through rain and mud till my cloak is heavy with the mire, and my boots are so dry and cracked, that, my faith, I look like a common swashbuckler."

What a ride, indeed! For more than a week he had ridden over hills and mountains, through valleys and gorges, across deep and shallow streams, by day and by night. He had been harried by straggling Spaniards, he had drawn his sword three times in unavoidable tavern brawls, and had been robbed of his purse.

"And how is the war in Spain?" inquired Martin.

Ramon bent toward the fire and with the aid of a pair of tongs drew forth the end of a broken spit, white with heat. This he plunged into his tankard of ale; and at once there arose a fragrant steam. He dropped the smoking metal to the floor, and drank deeply from the tankard.

"Well," he replied, leaning back in his chair and slowly sipping his cordial, "it is only the wonderful forethought of Da Loivoisin that has kept the Spanish army from destruction, and in my opinion, if Turenne possessed a better set of guides, even the stratagems of this Spaniard would fail. As it is, Da Loivoisin is in full retreat and Turenne is following with all possible speed. By the way," bringing his chair to the floor, "have you heard the reports concerning Jean. He has distinguished himself in the war, and was but lately appointed to Turenne's staff. At present he is again headed for Paris with despatches for Cardinal Richelieu. And from what the Vicomte told me, they must be of great importance, for he has been attached several times by Spanish spies. He leaves here tomorrow for Paris."

"What is this trouble, lad, between you and Jean?" he inquired kindly.

"Nothing, Martin, nothing," he answered, "simply a—a little squabble."

"Come, Ramon," said Martin kindly, "you know that is not true. Now out with it. I've heard too many rumors about your disagreement to doubt its having occurred."

Ramon related the whole affair briefly. The captain listened thoughtfully.

"Ramon," he exclaimed joyously, "you can prove your innocence."

"I know it," quietly, "but I do not wish to."

"Why? Because of your petty pride? Listen, Ramon," he added severely. "Will you permit your vanity to stand between you and Jean? Will you permit an injured pride to destroy a life-long friendship? That would be foolish—foolish. Come, Ramon, promise me that you will go tonight and explain everything to Jean. Promise me, Ramon."

"I do not want to act the craven," was the angry reply.

"That is not a craven's part, it is the act of a hero. Believe me, Ramon, there is no cowardice in the act. Will you promise?"

"Well," and after much hesitancy, "yes."

"That is right, lad. Visit Jean tonight."

Ramon set out reluctantly after supper. Jean's servitor looked at him with surprise when he admitted him, but merely said that his master was absent, and would probably return in a few minutes. Ramon sat down to wait. The quietness of the room increased his nervousness. His pride rebelled against the act and he was strongly tempted to flee. In his restlessness he arose and went out in the courtyard. It was early moonlight and the courtyard was empty and ghostly. Ramon heard a light step behind him. He turned quickly. Some one crouched in the shadow of the house. Ramon advanced and asked—"Who's there?"

The figure straightened, and then with drawn rapier came swiftly towards him. Ramon drew, and as their weapons clashed, cried:

"So, it is you, Datri! And you've turned Spanish spy! You villain," as Datri lunged at him viciously.

Their rapiers licked the air like bright tongues, they flashed and sparkled in the full light of the moon that intensified the weirdness of the scene; they ground upon each other in anger, pressed and beat down. The old servant came running out at the noise; but as the full horror of the situation came to him, he sank to his knees, sobbing. The duel went on. Presently, the robber stepped back, his arm gashed. He cursed and renewed the fight. He tried to lure, but Ramon took no step forward or backward. He was

like a wall. The robber was a hardy man, his blood rich, his eyes keen, his wrist sure; but he could not break down Ramon's guard. Ramon's point laid open the rascal's cheek, ripped open his forehead, slid along his hand. Back a little, then forward a little, lunging, parrying, always that strange, nerve-racking grating of steel. At last the villain made a feint, he lunged forward. In a flash Ramon stooped, and his blade slid into his opponent's breast.

"God," burst from his lips, and he pitched forward lifeless on the ground. Ramon bent over him. As he did he noticed the crest on Datri's gauntlet. It was Ramon's own. Jean came running out into the court, rapier in hand. Without a word, Ramon pointed to the dead man's gauntlet. Jean bent down and looked at it. Then he stood erect and the two men faced each other momentarily.

"Ramon," said Jean, half questioningly, as he held out his hand.

"Jean," was the simple reply.

The Dandelion.

'LONG dusty ways on sunny days,
Thy golden brow
Is raised to peep on browsing sheep;
Or fearful, thou
With head low bent and eye intent
Escap'st the plow.
And e'en when sleep and shadows creep
Across the bight,
Adown the slope, thine eye is ope.
All through the night,
Thine upturned face with softened trace
Of glad sun-light,
Betrays thee still—as memories fill
A sorrow's gloom
And trace the thread that kindness sped
Across life's loom.

John P. Burke, '14.

The Child Welfare Exhibit

MARK A. LIES, '13.



AM I my brother's keeper? Do I owe my fellowman anything? Several thousand interested men and women of all creeds and nationalities answer these questions in the affirmative.

Chicago is at last waking up to the fact that she is a big city, that her success depends on her population and that success can follow only from the right kind of population. Chicago has in the neighborhood of two million souls and of this number there are about six hundred and forty thousand children. The boy of today is the man of tomorrow, and what kind of a man he will make depends entirely upon conditions in the home, out of doors and in the schoolroom. That conditions in the home generally are not proper is manifest to the person who will but visit a few of the tenements; that conditions out of doors are not conducive to the welfare of the child is easily apparent and that, though schools are everywhere, there are not enough, we are told by those who should know, and whom, at least, we credit with having no personal advantage in misleading us.

To this need of Chicago have risen thousands of interested workers from that rising organization whose settlements are extending charity that is charity, the Catholic Woman's League, and from other organizations whose intentions are honest, yet who overlook the spiritual side of those who depend on them, sacrificing it for the natural. However, irrespective of creed or nationality we find all the charitable institutions and organizations in this city enleagued for one common purpose, the welfare of the child. "One touch of sorrow makes the whole world kin."

The United Charities have all contributed to a mammoth exhibit, known as the Child Welfare Exhibit, and are financially supported by Mrs. C. H. McCormick. A similar exhibit was given in New York and proved so successful there that the Charities of Chicago decided to present one to the people of this city. The Exhibit was half again as large as that of New York, for it crowded every inch of the seventy-two thousand square feet of the massive Coliseum. The exhibits were shown at booths at which one might receive ample information of the scope of their work from any of the tireless women.

There we found that the physical nature alone of the child was touched upon, for it is argued that after all one must be physically fit before one can look to the spiritual welfare with any degree of profit, that the mind must be expanded and then the sense of right will develop and those qualities which make for good citizenship will be gained.

Any record of the work done by the Exhibit would be incomplete were the reader not made acquainted with some of the situations encountered. Let us take the child in those homes, if homes we may call them, in the congested parts of the city, where families—and they are generally large—are literally packed like sardines into one or two rooms where kitchen, dining-room and bed-room are one. To be more specific, here is a case: A father, mother and six children under seven years of age live in two rooms whose dimensions average twelve by fifteen feet. This family has as a back porch, a fire-escape; as water for cooking, what they can carry from the faucet of a more fortunate tenement dweller; as a bed, a miserable shake-down in a corner; as a table, a plank placed upon two chairs, and as for a bath-tub—well, there is none. Now the father is a drunkard and disposes of three of his ten dollars salary, in the satisfaction of his deadly appetite; the mother, a consumptive, is a scrub-woman in an office building and is employed in the evening until ten o'clock. The children show traces of hereditary disease and those who might be attending school have not sufficient clothes to present themselves upon the street, but if they can, they toddle downstairs, romp in the alleys. This case was brought to light by a policeman who saw a child actually eating from a garbage can. This is so appalling that one could not conceive such a condition unless he were to see it with his own eyes. But that there are many such, we are told by those who have inspected the tenements.

The needs, chiefly of the children of this class, have caused Child Welfare movement, but there are many children in far better circumstances who fall, just as much, into the dangers of these miserable ones, by the absence of proper play spaces and schools. For every condition and for each of the three necessities, proper care at home, play-grounds and schools, the Exhibit offered suggestions and proposed plans for betterment.

The plan of the Exhibit was admirably carried out, for one, after having seen all, found that three topics for thought had

been graphically presented: Cause of previous misery, effect which is daily before our eyes in the shape of degeneracy and the like, and remedy which is expected to and undoubtedly will bring about an excellent result. These were constantly drilled in with the hope that the evident necessity of aid would enlist many in the cause of the future citizens of Chicago, and that those in poor circumstances might learn by the remedies proposed to them to meet half-way those who would assist them.

As this exhibit strictly pertained to the child, there was no attempt made to talk economics with the parents or to suggest radical changes in residence, and the like. No, the promoters strove merely to better the child in his present surroundings. Babyhood is the start of the race of life in which every child, save the most unfortunate, starts equal. Riches may clothe the babe better but never has it added a whit to his mental powers. Playthings teach the child, and as one of the prominent kindergarten teachers says: "We feel sorry for the rich child, for once upon a time there was a little boy whose nursery was so crowded with wonderful mechanical toys that he couldn't take a step without running the risk of being run over by an electric train or hit in the ear with a miniature flying machine. He had locomotives full of coal (the kind that wouldn't dirty his hands), etc." So, considering the rich child and the poor child on an equal footing, the exhibitors have fitted out a toy house filled with most wonderful toys—to the childish mind—and best of all, they are inexpensive. Horrid, grinning faces painted on rudely cut, wooden dolls appeal strongly but oh how delightful they are if they have joints which allow them to straddle the play horses. An examination of one of the playthings reveals the fact that little skill is required to rig up in an hour what will please the child for weeks. In this and countless other ways they showed how the child may be amused properly.

But if his amusement is cared for, so are the child's many diseases and ailments touched upon. Free dental clinics and lectures on hygiene were given during the better part of the day; ophthalmia, that infantile disease of the eyes, was shown to be preventable by a simple solution of silver nitrate. In fact the most well-informed mother gasped as she saw her comparative ignorance concerning the bodily welfare of her child; and everything was explained so concretely by graphic illustrations that even an illiterate person would be but little handicapped in grasping the lesson to be propounded.

After babyhood, when little Reginald graduates to velvet trousers and plain Tom, Dick or Harry is girded with pants cut from father's old ones, there comes a forked road; the rich boy rides to the right in a carriage, the poor boy takes the left on foot. Here, those who have the child's welfare at heart take the left turn, also. There are breakers, or rather a lack of advantages, ahead for the poor boy, and in the Welfare Exhibit they enlarged upon the lack of advantages and argued for better.

In regard to schools, much stress was laid on the number of children to occupy a room. The promoters of the Exhibit assume that the teaching is sufficient but urge that the standard of forty-five children to a room be maintained. They cannot limit the number of children so they propose an increase in teachers, and to urge their proposition, presented the record that in ten years the number of school children has increased seventeen per cent, but that that of teachers increased only nine and six-tenths per cent within the same period. Then they suggest marked improvements in the city's care of subnormal children, crippled, deaf, dumb, blind and tubercular. For while some eight hundred are being well cared for, there are so many more whom help never reaches on account of the distance between them and school centers.

However, their desires in regard to schooling seem not half as urgent as the demand for school and public playgrounds, and they offer this argument in mathematical form: "Will ash-pile plus unpaved alley, plus unclean street, plus vacant lot, plus small boy, equal good citizen ten years later?" And once more they furnish the dry statistics which, to be brief, show that playgrounds accommodate about one-half of the children and leave us to infer that the rest haunt the vacant lots, unclean streets and other places.

In this manner the Exhibit traced the child from babyhood to the time when he can begin to think for himself. It showed that some people are interested in the child and its temporal needs. It showed that that good old spirit which considers every man a neighbor is not entirely dead; and, finally, what is more local and consequently more dear, it showed that Chicago, the big, bustling metropolis of the West, is well to the fore in those good deeds. Finally, let deserved tribute be given those men and women who have labored so long and earnestly to make the Child Welfare Exhibit of Chicago a striking success.

I'm in a Fix

(Rondeau)

I'M in a fix. There goes the bell,
I've but a line, O baleful knell!
Let's see, "A study-hour today,"
You say? Sweet hope! Escape I may
But then I'll have to write pell-mell.

Dear me, how these French forms compell!
My Muse they fright, all thoughts dispell.
Oh, hang those French! What shall I say?
I'm in a fix.

But five more minutes now—what spell
Is this that checks my Muse? Oh well,
I'm in for it. Thrice woeful day!
I'll rue the folly of my way.
What hapless verse! Is that the bell?
I'm in a fix.

John P. Burke, '14.

Mine Yo' Own Pickin'

GEORGE M. NICELY, '14.



HE fire on the hearth was sinking into ashes. From out the chimney corner crept long shadows that stole along the smoke begrimed rafters and across the faces of the pickaninnies gathered about the fireplace. The door swung falteringly upon its hinges and each face smiled greeting at old Uncle Rastus. He had come with his stock of stories to amuse the young folks.

"It's sho' been a long time since I seen yo' all! A long time! An' I ain't tole' you no story in all dat." Sitting down in their midst, with his stick he turned up the glowing embers, and his kindly, withered face reflected their radiance.

"Abraham Lincoln Erastus Spriggs was a little black boy what lived in Fern Hollows down in ole' Virginie. Now listen, chil'un. He didn' mine' what his mammy tole' him. Well, that chile'll nevah fergit agin, for dat one time lunned him a lesson.

"'Yo' jist mine yo' own pickin', young-un', an' don' yo' tech nothin' what ain't yo' consu'n! When yo's gwine to do sumpin', ask yo' mammy fust,' said his mammy.

"Well, de ructions what he cut up, dat niggah regrets to dis heah day. But yo' all can't guess what he done. Dat day didn' pass 'fo' he was in a mess o' trouble. Massah had right smaht o' groun' wid de homestead on de tu'n pike. In de back was a stretch o' woods, an' raght dere's wha' de cabin lay, raght in a clarin' in de woods. Now Abraham Lincoln Erastus Spriggs liked possum, fo' it sho' am sweet meat. Dat's jist wha' de meddlin' wid what didn' consu'n him come about. Abraham Lincoln was a comin' home from de pasture, an' de sun had jist sunk behin' a rise to de West. De sky was tun'in' gray an' de trees threw da'k shadows. Abraham, he straggles along a singin' to hisself, when he sees sumpin' up in dat pine what medyutly sets his mouf to waterin'.

"'A possum!' he yells. A possum, chil'un! Dat young rascal sees a possum up in de branches.

"Medyutly, he gathahs all de twigs an' brush unda' dat deah tree, an' piles dem high. Den he puts a light, an' de sparks fly up, an' dat young niggah's eyes grow big, hungry fo' dat possum, an' his

chest swells up like to bust de buttons off his shu't. He'd let his ole' mammy know dat huli boy wun't no common trash. So he says, says 'e, 'Wone' she be proud o' Abraham Lincoln Erastus Spriggs!

"Dat brush begun to crackle an' de fiah begun to climb, den higha', an' higha', till it wun't no longer comfutable fo' de critta' up deah. He begins to squ'um an' move about, an' Abraham jumped up an' down an' laughed an' giggled.

" 'Dat ole' possum's wahmin' up some,' he says. 'He's agwine to drap soon.'

"A sudden dat critta' shot down de trunk lak greased light'nin', lit on Abraham's head, an' was gone. An' ah tell yo' chil'n, Abraham scampahed off raght smaht. An' ah reckon he kept de affair some quiet. He nu'ssed some long scratches on his kinky head, an' black face, an' swoh' he'd nevah monkey wid no mo' possums, an' he kept his hat on so's no one 'ud suspect nufin'. Still he couldn't no wise figguh out how dem scratches come about.

"Well, Abraham was a shooin' de flies off de cow while his daddy was milkin'. Sudden, he lets out an' unu'thly yell, scah'es de cow, an' ovah goes de milk pail.

" 'Look at dat animal! Get de gun!' he cries.

"Deah befo' him was de wust lookin' sight yo' evah' laid eyes on. De animal was limpin' along, could hahdly drag his body. One eye was shet an' one ear was down. His whiskahs was gone an' his back sco'tched brown, an' thea' wun't a hair on his tail.

" 'Meeow,' he said; an' Sussanne, she yells, 'Deah's de missus' angori what she's done been lookin' fo' all day.'

"Laff! Well, pussy was de funniest lookin'. Dat critta' didn't look moh' lak' a cat dan a wood-chuck. He looked lak' an ole soldiah back from de wah. Well, chil'n, dat angori mahght o' been pretty wah'm wid de brush fiah unda him, but not half as wah'm as Abraham Lincoln Erastus Spriggs was dat night back in de clarin', an' it wun't no fiah neitha'. So yo' jist mine yo' own pickin' an' don' tech nothin' what ain't yo' consu'n, an' jist remembah Abraham Lincoln Erastus Spriggs."

Evening

THE sheep come home to the silent fold
As the day in the west turns gold;
From the sunset-glow
Seas of color flow,
And the clouds hang low,
And the soft winds blow,
And the trees bend to hear
If the night hovers near,
When the sheep come home to the silent fold.

The toilers turn from the fields at eve
As the darkness hastes her web to weave;
From the painted sky
Comes the hawk's shrill cry,
And each nodding limb
In the dusk grows dim
Till the night hides all
'Neath her sable shawl,
And the toilers turn from the fields at eve.

James A. Major, '14.



James Fitzgerald
Bohnnil E. Pechous

J. Aaron Colman
George J. Zahrtmeyer
J. Fred Reeve
Harry P. Beam

John J. Fitzgerald
Philip J. Carlin

Mark A. Lies
Thomas J. O'Brien

Silas Marner

(A Symposium)

I



OW utterly selfish and debased in purpose is the life of those who have lost all faith in God and love for their fellowmen is evident from the testimony of everyday life, while fiction affords us excellent opportunities of studying both the causes and the effects of this unhappy mental condition. George Eliot's "Silas Marner" is a splendid example to the point, for in it we see not only a creature of the imagination, but, reading between the lines, gaze into the secret depths of the author's own soul and behold the loss of faith, doubts and weary questionings which agitated her whole life.

In early life Silas had been a simple, kindly and affectionate young man; he was ignorant, it is true, and lacking in strength of character, but these defects were amply atoned for by his trust in God's providence and his sympathy for his fellows. Through religious motives he generously shared his scanty pittance with those in distress and often spent the night in diligent attendance upon the sick. Yet despite the good it incited him to do, his religious belief was vague, narrow and superficial. It was based rather upon sentiment, than upon the solid foundations of reason and divine revelation, and hence it altogether failed to prepare him for the trials and troubles of life. Still, though of so feeble a nature, it gave a meaning and purpose to his life, and by carrying his thoughts away from self, made even the noisome alleys and dingy tenements of Lantern Yard seem places of peace and happiness when lighted by the gladsome rays of charity.

The confiding disposition of Marner led him to place implicit trust in all the members of his little church, and so when he was unjustly accused by them of theft, at first, he was completely stunned but, recovering, bitterly avowed that there could be no just God, since the innocent were allowed to be thus wronged. Truly, a deep-rooted faith in God is necessary for man, if he is to weather successfully the storms of life and turn its disappointments into so many means to rise superior to his lower nature. Lacking this real faith, Silas, bereft of hope and confidence, could but follow the example of the wounded creature that tries to drag itself from human

sight and dies in some lonely thicket. In Raveloe he would be unknown and unquestioned. Thither he directed his steps, seeking only to forget the past and to avoid the possible occurrence of any similar event in the future.

All the good and generous impulses of his soul were crushed and benumbed by this sudden desertion of friends, of his loved one, and even, as he believed, of God Himself. He desired no memory of the past. The future, no longer watched over by an Unseen Love, hung like a dark, impenetrable veil before his eyes. Hence life became to him the enigma it must inevitably become to every unbeliever. He could seek relief from maddening retrospection only in the deadening monotony of daily toil, which soon became to him the sole purpose of existence. Indifferent to all the passing world about him, he sat at his loom and weaved from sunrise to sunset; and after a few hour's heavy slumber rose dull and spiritless to weave again. The garden-spider spinning its gossamer web from leaf to leaf, yet knowing not the why or wherefore of its actions; the clanking machine continuously grinding out its allotted work; the grim, striped convict, sullenly walking the weary treadmill of prison life; all these are fitting types of the empty, aimless life that Silas led.

Gradually this **unceasing** effort began to have an aim. His heart, despoiled of the rightful object of its affections, began to fasten itself upon the gold he earned. Little by little, and day by day, the craving grew, until not only was it his one pleasure to finger and gaze upon the shining sovereigns, but all other longings were swallowed up by the intense desire to have more and more of them. Even while he sat at the loom, he saw in imagination the countless guineas, which, "like unborn children," had yet to be brought forth by days and hours of patient labor, and like the Israelites of old his memory of God and man was soon lost in the worship of the golden calf.

Once God is dethroned from the heart, consideration for the interests of others ceases, or is so altered that the noble stream of Christian charity shrinks and dwindles into the narrow, shallow bed of "philanthropy" with its cold, calculating distribution of alms. As Silas was thoroughly settled in this unhappy frame of mind, he naturally felt no interest or sympathy for the simple villagers of Raveloe, and neither Aaron's Christmas carol nor his mother's well-

meant but indefinite religious views could rouse to life the spirit of faith, which had so long lain dormant in his bosom.

Faith was dead. Kindness and charity had yielded their place to lust for gold; love and trust, so fearfully wounded by the injustice of the past, lay smothered beneath a mighty accumulation of suspicion and bitter resentment; even the outward man began to portray by its crabbed, miserable, withered appearance, the wretched state of the poor, blighted soul within. Who could recognize in this embittered, misanthropic, hoarding old miser the trustful, charitable, affectionate young man, who years before had been the exemplar of the whole Lantern Yard community!

Realizing after this discussion, how completely Marner's character had been altered by his misfortunes and sufferings and isolation, we must infer, as the natural consequence, that Silas—had his gold not been stolen from him—would not have taken little Eppie in and given her a home. For a man who had voluntarily exiled himself from human society and shunned even those desirous of helping him, would not willingly take upon himself the burden of rearing a young child whose care would necessarily bring him in contact with his neighbors; a man who had become a hoarding old miser and begrudged himself even the food requisite for the sustenance of his life, would scarcely seek another mouth to feed. Silas had ever shown a marked aversion for the little urchins of Raveloe, driving them from his doorway, and would not have sheltered Eppie had not a sudden void been created in his heart by the loss of the gold and had he not, under feelings born of that privation, imagined that some mysterious relationship existed between the sudden disappearance of his treasured sovereigns and Eppie's equally sudden entrance into his life.

JOSEPH L. SCOTT, Third High C.

II



ILAS was naturally of a kind, simple and affectionate disposition. Being an active member of his church he possessed in no small degree the admirable virtue of Christian charity. Of this he gave proof when, during the sickness of the senior-deacon, he nursed him through the long, weary hours of successive nights with scrupulous care and attention. Such kindness did not escape notice and he was soon looked upon as a generous benefactor of the community of Lantern Yard and frequently his good will was called into requisition by the demands of his numerous friends. In them, owing to his simplicity, bordering almost on ignorance, he had implicit faith and confidence, and judging all men by his own standard, he anticipated no possible wrong from such sources. Hence his affection and trust in Dave and Sarah; hence, too, his utter bewilderment when they proved false and abandoned him in his hour of trouble.

To so ardent a nature any injustice was doubly hard to bear. The charge of theft, therefore, founded merely on circumstantial evidence, bruised his heart to its very core and left a wound difficult to heal, coming as it did from the dignitaries of his religion, whose place it was to act the part of the good Samaritans. Having lost all faith in God, he must necessarily bear with him rankling wounds, the lingering pain of which soured and embittered his soul.

He had been very affectionate and trustful in the past, and to the same degree he now became misanthropic and suspicious. His whole life with its theories and religious beliefs, suffered an almost irreparable collapse; his confidence in others had been so thoroughly shaken that to forget his wrongs he voluntarily exiled himself without plan or hope for the future. He was thus innocently condemning himself and, in his ignorance, committing the very crime for which he was so justly enraged with his former friends. Guided in the past by sentiment more than by reason, he felt lost now that all question of sentiment was over. Yet a little reflection would have made it clear that it was not so much the work of man, much less the design of God, but rather his own want of reflection and sentimentality that was chiefly instrumental in his change. Changed he was. However, beneath the surface there was a warm heart, large and generous, and though wounded, yet ready at the first recovery to throb in unison with the quickening pulse of mankind.

Under such circumstances it can not be a cause of surprise that Silas retired into solitude, there to nurse sentiments at once averse to his former religious belief and calculated to make his life a misery. Still impelled by—he knew not what—he repaired to Raveloe to live as a hermit, entirely destitute of friends. Henceforth his life was to be a very lonely and unnatural existence. Weaving, weaving, weaving, was the only object Marner possessed. It called for all his energy and physical strength during the day; it occupied his mind while gloating over his gold at night and even in his sleep it was the theme of all his dreams. His life was reduced to the level of a mere spinning insect, weaving from impulse and without any reflection or motive. A life so unnatural awakened in him desires more consistent with the lofty sentiments and the noble aspirations of his former self. Silas was aware of this. He craved for all that could fill the boundless void in his heart, but fearing that under its repeated impulse he might weaken and abandon the course he had chosen he repressed the feeling before it could gain the mastery over him. He longed and sighed for something that never came. Often his thoughts flitted back to the past and he tasted sparingly of its sweet pleasures; but in his unrelenting obstinacy he stifled every sob, blighted every recollection through fear of possible consequences. Could he forever resist the current of his better self? Could he withstand its demands? There was wanted but a strong appeal, not of something abstract, but of a visible object, to batter down the rampart that separated and hid him from the world of his acquaintances.

For man is, by nature, a social being, and as such constantly craves the society of his fellowmen. Nor can past disappointments or ingratitude destroy this craving. It is innate, inherent in him; it is part of his being, strong, active and living as the life-blood that courses through his veins. Take away from him all opportunity of mingling with others and you deprive him of an indispensable element of happiness here below, and put him under the painful necessity of living in a state of violence against which nature must necessarily revolt and which cannot endure even under the most favorable conditions. Much more was this true of Silas, who, owing to his affectionate character and his active participation in all affairs, social and religious, at Lantern Yard, had developed a keen appreciation of the pleasures of being with others. Hence when his nature persisted in asserting itself, he could not but feel that as long

as he continued in his banishment from society he would be the prey of the buffetings of nature with its consequent restlessness and disquiet.

It is true Silas loved gold, but even this could not quiet the disturbance in his life. The compass of his life pointed in the direction where storms, lowering on the horizon, gathered at noon and broke over him in the silence of night with reckless fury, bearing in their wake bitter regrets and remorse. The very fact that he centered his heart on the gleaming sovereigns is ample proof that he could not exist without an object of affection, misplaced though it be. But of reciprocal love there was none. His love of gold was cold, lifeless, cheerless. It answered no purpose, satisfied no craving, awakened no hope. He stood in no need of it and hoarded it blindly without any fixed purpose as to its use or disposition. As a consequence it left no warmth in his heart nor did it enter vitally into his life, for it lacked the one quality which makes true affection what is, is—reciprocity. With such unilateral affection he could not rest satisfied. It was sordid and degrading. There was, therefore, something incomplete, unfinished, imperfect in his life. A change was inevitable for "affection can never be wasted—

If it enrich but the heart of another, its waters returning
Back to the springs, like the rain, shall fill them full of
refreshment."

This refreshment came to him with the thought that he was not what others believed him to be. Contrary to the opinion of his neighbors, he was not really a miser, nor was hard-hearted, nor dead to all the emotions of the human heart, but only so in outward appearance. He still longed for what had been, "for the touch of the vanished hand and the sound of the voice that was still." Like a weary traveler, he turned his anxious gaze towards the east to catch the first indications of the passing darkness and the dawn of former love and recognition.

A kind Providence was, in the meantime, shaping its ends and rapidly preparing the way for his return. It spoke to him through the blind instincts of his nature; through the heart which God had given him, and which was dissatisfied with his life of isolation and abandonment. When, therefore, in spite of all, Silas did not return to his former ways, Providence, to secure his happiness, appealed to him through the coming of Eppie, who mysteriously appeared in his hut and slumbered at his hearth, looking for the warmth for which

the weaver of Raveloe had yearned during the fifteen years of voluntary, self-imposed exile.

The circumstances in which he found the child, and its striking resemblance to his dead sister especially, moved him. Hence Silas, who had seemed so hard-hearted, so steeled against the outer world, softened and caressed her as he would the golden-haired, blue-eyed sister of his youth. The recollections of the days when in joy and innocence he used to romp about the fields with her, came back to him with all the vividness of yesterday. The loss of his gold, his wrongs, griefs and sorrows, all were forgotten, when the helpless little waif crossed his threshold; and the tenderest and most sacred emotions of the human heart vibrated in response to her cry for pity and shelter.

Besides, Eppie's innocence, mirroring his own, awakened in him the deepest sympathy. Like himself, this child had been wronged and injured by unscrupulous persons. So strong was the appeal and so irresistibly did the pent-up energies of his soul pour themselves out, that, carried away by them, he once more became the Silas of old.

Under the influence of the child's actions, all thought of self was lost, his faith and trust in God revived and he was once again in touch with the world. He was as conscious of this new change as he had been of his first metamorphosis. He knew that to keep the child, to make her his own, meant peace and contentment and happiness, an end to his miserable condition. Nothing else had been able to effect this transformation in the past. Could he, then, in the face of all these facts, have refused to adopt Eppie?

JOHN F. MCNAMARA, *Third High C.*

The St. Ignatius Collegian

Published by the Undergraduates of Loyola University in October,
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The purpose of the St. Ignatius Collegian is to foster literary effort in the students of the present, to chronicle all matters of interest pertaining to the Loyola University, and to serve as a means of intercommunication with students of the past. The active co-operation of students, friends and Alumni will enable the Collegian to attain its threefold aim.

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Editorial

A glance backward over the past year reveals only prosperity in THE COLLEGIAN's little world. The staff, composed practically of newcomers into journalism, may well be proud of its consistent and masterly efforts in a strange sphere. But the real surprise—and a most welcome one—has been the awakening of the student body to the true signification of College journalism. An abundance of contributions from the pens of non-editors—articles of great variety, fresh, original, sensible, even profound articles coming unfailingly before every issue—have brought satisfaction to the interested members of the faculty and genuine joy to the hearts of the hard-pressed editors. This co-operation has already begun to show its good effects, for THE COLLEGIAN is now a bi-monthly, and judging from the scope and versatility of the new talent, bids fair to join, in the very near future, the ranks of the monthly publications.

The staff of '10-'11 will start the coming year with practically the same personnel. Equipped with a year's experience and substantially supported by the students, it gives certain evidence of surpassing the work it has just finished. So, with the bright retrospect and brighter prospect, it devolves upon the editor to wish THE COLLEGIAN and all the co-workers in its success a long and reluctant farewell.

P. J. C.

A few sultry days; a week or two of worried cramming; a succession of heart failures, called examinations; a commencement night—and another school year has gone the way of all material things. Vacation, one of the bright garden-spots in youthful life, opens out in a long prospect of freedom, leisure and enjoyment. But there is one bit of advice that the college boy should retain as a close companion during the Summer, and it is: *keep good*. The number of upright, clean and manly boys who have literally tobogganed the down-grade within the brief space of two Summer months is almost incredible. Such downfalls have two principal causes: idleness and bad company. The former is a danger-point for the younger boy; the latter finds its victims among the older element of youth. That "an idle brain is the devil's workshop" has lost none of its truth; nor is there less certainty in the adage: "Tell me who your company is and I will tell you what you are." It is impossible to travel in bad company without being infected with the evil. Hence the lad who does not wish to throw himself away, but desires to prove to his friends and to himself that he has vigor of will and commendable self-respect, will not loll through the vacation time nor float about with a promiscuous company whose leadership brings him to places he would not otherwise frequent, and causes him to do what he has hitherto regarded as low, objectionable or even vicious.

Besides the natural safeguards of keeping oneself occupied and of choosing one's associates with judgment, there are fidelity to God, attendance at Sunday Mass and the frequent reception of the Sacraments, which will enable the vacation boy to enjoy every moment to the fullest extent and at the same time to keep his freedom of will and purity of conscience.

P. J. C.

On Tuesday, Memorial Day, Father Marshall I. Boarman, S. J., ended his earthly probation in a calm and holy death. With his passing, the world lost another of those patient, untiring, zealous laborers of God's priesthood, who devoted an energetic lifetime in the unostentatious performance of good works. For many years he labored among the Indians of the Northwest; and when American invasion ended his work in that field, he continued to give missions and retreats up to the time of his death. He was on his way from Atlanta, Georgia, to St. Mary's, Kansas, when the illness, from which he has been endeavoring for the past year to recuperate, became fatal. His death, though sudden, was unusually calm.

"Who Are the Jesuits?" by Rev. Charles Coppens, S. J.

It might be of interest to find how many students of Saint Ignatius College, past and present, are able to answer, even vaguely, the above question—the title of a recent octavo volume of a hundred pages. We are inclined to think that but a handful could satisfy even the most casual inquirer. Hence the work of Father Coppens has a field even here among the students. It is brief, comprehensive, though cursory, clear, and well adapted to give the chance inquirer and those lacking time and inclination for a larger book and treatment, an account of the "origin, aims, achievements, trials, persecutions and present condition of the Jesuits, with a closing chapter dealing with the principal slanders against them, and a bibliographical appendix of books and articles in English, to which the reader may refer for more detailed information."—*America*.

University Chronicle

The Oratorical Contest for the Hon. Carter H. Harrison Medal occurred on the evening of May 11th in the College Hall. The participants were Seniors, Philip Carlin and James COLLEGE. O'Neill; Juniors, Leo Ryan and William O'Brien, the successful contestant; Sophomore, James Fitzgerald, to whom was accorded the second place; Freshman, Aaron Colnon, third in merit. The judges were Doctors William A. N. Dorland and John J. Killeen and Joseph A. Graber.

A week later the John Naghten Debate was held at the College. The subject was: "Resolved, That the United States Senators be Elected by Direct Vote of the People." The affirmative was championed successfully by Thomas J. O'Brien and William O'Brien, both of Junior Class; Thaddeus Zamiara, Senior, and James Fitzgerald, Sophomore, argued for the negative. The medal was awarded to William O'Brien. Rev. James Kiely, Dr. A. C. Garvy, Messrs. Nicholas R. Finn, Francis Naghten and Leo J. Doyle acted as judges.

The String Quartette, which took part in the program on the evening of the Debate, presented most enjoyable numbers. The work on this occasion and especially the following week at the Collegiate Elocution Contest, was of a very high order. So well balanced, so careful of phrasing, of sustained harmonies and the development and resolution of the forte, were the players, that one was made to regret that this little company of artists had not favored us earlier in the year and frequently at that. It gave a tone to the musical offerings, and we ask that it be not disbanded next year but continue its excellent work.

Members of the Collegiate and of the Academic Departments took part in the program of Friday evening, May 26th. The Elocution Contest for the college men resulted in James Fitzgerald's victory with a selection from "Tales of Mean Streets" by Arthur Morrison, entitled "On the Stairs." William J. Dooley, of Freshman Class, was second in merit. Then followed two songs by Joseph F. Bigane, which were received with the enthusiastic applause they so well merited.

In the first division of the Academy grades in elocution, Harry P. Beam, who spoke "The Stowaway," was given the medal; and in

the second, William J. Bowe was awarded first place for his presentation of "Kissing Cup's Race." Dr. John D. Robertson, Messrs. Michael J. Ahern and Dr. W. N. Dorland were the judges.

This year the class leaders in the College Department are to be presented with very handsome gold fobs with the seal of the University. This innovation will be acceptable to the recipients, no doubt, for the prize is artistically fashioned and more serviceable and attractive than a medal.

The Elocution Contest of the Third and Fourth grades was held on the afternoon of May 6th, Saturday, in the College Hall. A large audience of pupils from the Eighth grade of the PAROCHIAL ACADEMY, chial schools and of representatives from various Sisterhoods in the city was present. In the Third grade, Lawrence Patzelt was awarded the medal. His selection was "The Owl Critic." Charles Oink was given second place. In the Fourth grade "The Royal Archer's Proof" was spoken by William Horgan, to whom the medal was awarded by the judges, Rev. J. R. Rosswinkel, S. J., Messrs. Payton J. Tuohy, Francis J. Tschan and J. P. Sweney.

The first and second year classes, as has been the custom heretofore of the graduating class. The speakers will be the LAW. Hon. William Dillon, dean of the school, Mr. Arnold D. McMahon and, representing the University faculty, Rev. Alexander J. Burrowes.

In the competitive examination for interneship at the Cook County Hospital, our students made a splendid showing. Six entered the examination and each won a place. No other MEDICINE. school can boast of 100 per cent. There were about 175 contestants for the positions. The names and places of the winners are as follows: 9, A. C. Apking; 11, Cleveland J. Shambaugh; 24, Frances H. Cook; 35, Robert S. Westaby; 43, Daniel J. Paradine; 44, Francis T. McHugh. The first two begin work on June 1st, the rest begin next January.

Other members of the Senior Class won interneships at various hospitals, both in the city and out of it. The Seniors may well be proud of their showing, which should be an incentive to the Seniors of 1912.

On the morning of May 29th the annual meeting of the Alumni was held. There was a strong attendance from the various parts of the country. Mr. Fulliam, who was elected President for the ensuing year, suggested that a first class hospital be built in connection with the school. He started the fund with a donation of \$1,000. This was immediately followed by three other gifts of the same amount. Plans for the building have assumed a definite shape and matters will be rushed along as quickly as possible. During the meeting Dr. Robertson was presented with a water set by the Seniors.

The Forty-third Annual Commencement was held at 2 P. M. of the same day at the Garrick Theatre. Henry S. Spalding, S. J., delivered the address of the day. The valedictorian was Robert S. Westaby. The degree of Doctor of Medicine was conferred by Alexander J. Burrowes, S. J., on fifty-five successful graduates. Short addresses were delivered by Doctors Reading, Pollock, Dorland, Rankin and Robertson. The music was furnished by Sloan's Orchestra.

The Summer semester began on June 1st with a good attendance.

Doctor J. D. Robertson will be the principal orator at the graduating exercises of one of the leading homes for nurses in Philadelphia.

Mary S. Stewart, who was graduated last January, is in charge of a missionary hospital at Serol, Korea.

There are eight students taking the Summer course at St. Ignatius for the degree of Bachelor of Science.

The clinic is in charge of Doctor McWilliams, who founded the College of Physicians and Surgeons. The clinic rooms are being remodeled, and everything is done to improve the clinical facilities.

Doctor Rankin has been appointed to the position of Junior Dean.

An opportunity has been given to all former graduates of Bennett Medical College to obtain a Loyola diploma if they so desire. So far about fifteen Alumni have taken advantage of this offer.

BOHUMIL E. PECHOUS.

Alumni Notes

This year the Alumni Banquet which was held in the new Sherman House on the evening of May the fourth, was characterized by the fact that nearly every class of previous years was represented—some by a few members, others by a very large number that attested their spirit of loyalty and good fellowship. And the presence of so many delegates from the classes of the past brought together numerous friends and left no man without an intimate acquaintance. The consequence was a gracious spirit that made the gathering on this particular Wednesday evening wholly informal, as had been the intention and desire of the Committee that arranged and carried out so successfully the details of the banquet.

Dr. John Dill Robertson of the Bennett Medical College, and Rev. Thomas V. Shannon, assistant pastor of St. Malachy's church, criticised in vigorous speech the Carnegie Fund, because of the trust it has in reality formed and the injustices and domineering spirit it has practiced and fostered.

Father Shannon's remarks were widely quoted in the daily papers, as he clearly stated, and with emphasis, several objectionable features in the conditions which the Carnegie Foundation lays down for those who would receive of its beneficence—features objectionable not only to Catholics and their institutions, but to all Christian educational institutions and Christian people at large. "Mr. Carnegie has a well developed grouch against religion," said Father Shannon, "and it has well been said that he is the cruelest incarnation of anti-Christianity that you could pack into five feet; and that constructively at least, he is the bitterest foe of Christian education in the universe." "The Carnegie Foundation for the care of superannuated teachers," he said later, "was looked upon with praise at first; but Carnegie, with a venom not always credited to him, inserted the insulting provision that no institution was to profit thereby which did not renounce all religious affiliations. * * * College pirates who have cared little whether they sailed under the cross or the skull and bones, have fallen over themselves in the effort to procure part of this fund, and have succumbed to its disgusting conditions."

Dr. Roberston's remarks were equally forceful. Exception was taken to the unfair and ungracious means by which the inspectors of the Carnegie Commission dealt with those not under their beneficent eyes. This zeal for scholarship, for medical training so much heralded by them, is for the power and fame of their own coterie—their trust. "A. 'Ananias' Flexner," said the speaker, "came here when the schools were not in session. He went in at the front door and out at the back and wrote much, though he saw little." The speaker also objected to the state's taxing the people for the education of professional students. Taxes are for the general welfare and not for the very few chosen individuals who take up the career of doctor, lawyer or engineer.

Judge Harry Olson commented on the late system adopted by several universities—by Chicago—and but a week previous by North-Western—whereby those who desire to study law or medicine may begin their courses after two years of collegiate training and may carry several collegiate studies along with their professional subjects and at the end receive the A. B. degree as well as that in medicine or law.

In reply to this suggestion Rev. Alexander J. Burrowes, president of Loyola, stated that the Catholic university, Loyola, had been established for this very purpose. For of late years the university work has dipped down into that of the college, and the high school had reached up and encroached upon the other side, so that the college proper has everywhere been forced to ally itself with the university in this manner to avoid extinction. Saint Ignatius College, therefore, has developed into an university with various higher schools of law, medicine, etc., to which its students may pass without being compelled to spend more years before beginning their professional work than are those who attend other academies and colleges.

The Honorable Mayor Carter H. Harrison spoke briefly, recalling past conditions of St. Ignatius College and the West Side, and pointing to a great future for Loyola in the large field open to its activity and expansion.

At the annual elocution contest in the college hall May 26th, one of the distinguished judges was Mr. Richard J. Murphy. Mr. Murphy holds the unique distinction of first chronicling the rumbings and echoes of student happenings at St. Ignatius. That was

over a quarter of a century ago and in looking through a few back numbers of the COLLEGIAN we find a very interesting account from Mr. Murphy's pen of that enterprising journal which first gave voice to the busy doings around St. Ignatius:

"Though not the official organ, with the faculty's imprimatur displayed, the *Amateurs' Progress*," says Mr. Murphy, "naturally depended upon much of its news from the college associates of its editor, and as a consequence many interesting and oftentimes ludicrous articles which centered about the college found entrance into the monthly chronicle.

"After a creditable existence, the *Amateurs' Progress* gave way to the more pretentious *West Side Advertiser*, and," concludes Mr. Murphy, "this publication's growth in popularity enhanced its worth as an advertising medium, and during the rest of its career easily tided over financial difficulties."

* * * *

The very noble, but until recently unheralded, work among the Italian children at the Guardian Angel's Mission on Forquer Street has been materially aided by several of the alumni during past years. Prominent among those who have persevered in the arduous and for some time apparently fruitless task of enlightening neglected Italian children, have been and are: Ernest Shneidwind, James R. Quinn, both of the class of '09, and Philip Byrne, Poetry '08. And among the workers at the Mission are also a large number of St. Ignatius students who this year responded to the call for teachers in the Sunday School there.

Mrs. William A. Amberg and Mrs. William J. Brogan are directors of the Sunday School Society that has been laboring at the Mission for the last fourteen years. The Society's work is unostentatious and there has been much self-sacrifice and devotion displayed, but its beneficial influence is now manifesting itself and has recently been very marked.

On the fifth day of May a large benefit play and ball was given at the Marquette Council Club House. Mr. Quinn was on the managing committee, and the pronounced success of the event is in a large measure due to his untiring devotion and energy in its behalf.

* * * *

A member of the Staff recently had a very pleasant chat with Joseph A. O'Donnell, Jr., of past literary fame. Joe completed his

studies at St. Ignatius in '05, and was distinguished as the youngest member of a class of twenty-three. Eleven of his classmates departed for various seminaries, but Joe was undaunted by the general exodus, and entered the Law School of North Western University. Since his graduation two years ago, he has been associated in his law practice with his father, Joseph A. O'Donnell, Sr., with offices in the Metropolitan Building.

* * * *

Rev. Bernard T. Brady left last month for a brief sojourn in California and Texas where he hopes to recuperate after his trying duties at St. John's in the lengthy absence of its pastor who has lately been restored to health.

* * * *

We have a newspaper clipping stating that Frank Herbert, Freshman '10, played the leading role in "A Lesson in Marriage," given at the Whitney Opera House last May by students of the Hart-Conway School of Acting. As a promising amateur a distinguished future was predicted for Mr. Herbert.

* * * *

George F. Egan, '05, and Miss Emily Biggs were married on the fourteenth of June. The wedding took place at St. Margaret's Church, 99th and Throop Streets. The COLLEGIAN extends wishes for years of happiness.

* * * *

John V. Clarke, president of the Hibernian Banking Association, who died May 31st, at his home, 1441 N. State Street, after a career of much success and prominence as a financier, was a student in the Preparatory Classes for two years, '73-'75.

* * * *

One of the early June weddings was that of Miss Bessie Ashenden to Clarence H. Kavanagh at St. Ignatius Church, Rogers Park. The honeymoon is being made abroad and Mr. and Mrs. Kavanagh expect to witness the coronation ceremonies in London.

* * * *

News from William P. O'Neill, Poetry '07, informs us that strenuous life and study for him at United States Military Camp, West Point, is budding forth into the much coveted Lieutenant's commission. The youthful West Pointer graduates in June and expects to be stationed at Fort Sheridan, after enjoying a three months' furlough.

The COLLEGIAN extends heartiest congratulations to St. Ignatius' graduating representative.

* * * *

Joseph Dolan, '10, spent a few days in Chicago recently, recuperating from the strenuous management of his brother's farm interests at Maxwell, Nebraska. After visiting the college he left for Omaha but informed us that at some future time he hopes to bring on the football team he is grooming and give Loyola a practice game.

* * * *

Michael C. Coogon, who attended St. Ignatius '06-'07, recently resigned a responsible position at Sears Roebuck's to work in the general offices of the C. B. & Q. Railroad.

* * * *

Alphonse J. Zamara recently came from Florissant to visit his mother in Chicago who had been ill. Though his stay was short he found time to drop in and see a few of his former classmates. If the sole occupation at Florissant were to grow stout and healthy many likely would have gladly accompanied him back.

* * * *

Ignatius P. Doyle, '09, is in the employ of the Germania Insurance Co. and attending Loyola Law School.

THOMAS J. O'BRIEN, '12.

Academy Notes

Vacation time with its green fields and silvery lakes is almost here, boys, and it's time for you to locate some stock farms where, at reasonable cost, those poor overworked ponies can be turned out to pasture and kept in condition to be ridden by future generations.

* * * *

Since John Mann of Elgin commenced the study of chemistry, a passion for analyzing things has possessed him, and a few days ago we received from him the following explanation of Terlecki's much-discussed name :

Now *Ter* is of Latin, its meaning "three times,"
And *lecki* from "lego," "to spout—prose or rhymes."
If *lecki* means "speak" when translated from Dutch,
Does then our li'l Artha' talk three times too much?

* * * *

From reliable sources we learn that "Henry" Beam is to be a book agent this summer and is to have one of the six best sellers. Perhaps he is merely trying to get a little experience that will help him in selling one of Regan's books, "The Amours of William Doody."

* * * *

Great is the college faculty and exceedingly to be praised because in its wisdom it has placed the study of French on the curriculum. Those of us who have been in the modern language classes can now speak in a somewhat dignified manner about those games at Lisle and Kankakee.

* * * *

Now Charles Henricks and Gerard Fey were in the chemical laboratory at noontime and, as the class had ended, they began to disport themselves right merrily and often did they run about. And Charles, seeing in the hall a brazen telescope, did possess himself of it and did many times change the length thereof until he could see buildings which are at a great distance from the college. Then Gerard bespoke him and asked that he too be allowed to look. And he, seeing, did believe what Charles had told him, and he did furthermore espy outside the college walls stout Richard Regan and good Harry Beam, who were arguing and were at variance one with

another, for there was not peace among them. And now there came running in great haste to them lusty Ralph Byrnes, who had combined chemicals of evil smell and was forced to seek safety in flight. And they that had the telescope, also feeling in themselves that the smell was evil, departed.

* * * *

As it seems to be the custom of former Academy editors to bow themselves out of office and to give a little advice and more discouragement to the hapless ones who succeed them, we have borrowed Dick Regan's dictionary and our lucubration is somewhat as follows: Get all your friends to subscribe for the COLLEGIAN when you come back next September with your little brother—join the band and the Boosterknaben and attend every game played on the college campus. To you, our successor, we extend our heartfelt sympathy and our earnest hopes that your fellow students will do something that you can write about. As for us, we wrap ourself in the mantle of private life and join the immeasurable line of job-hunters. We have done.

JOHN J. FITZGERALD, Fourth High.

Athletics

Both the University and the Academy team have disbanded for the remainder of the season, the former with a defeat, the latter with a victory. It has been a rather jagged journey for

the "big" nine this year, as we seem to have been the
TEAM. "goat" for cold weather, rains and storms; in fact, we

had this setting for almost every game: First two innings, smiling sun, and the last seven, laughing waters. One of the contests occurred in the midst of a weird downpour. It was the game with St. Procopius. At one stage of the game it grew too dark to see the oncoming sphere. We had two men on bases, Mr. "Stoney Jackson" Gavin was at the bat and the score stood 1-0 against us. Everyone expected the aforementioned Mr. Gavin to get "beaned" by the ball in the gloom. But it was not so. The pitcher wound up, and threw the sphere, there was a flash of lightning illuminating the whole field; Mr. Gavin proceeded to take advantage of the momentary glimpse of the ball by swatting it high over the fence, scoring two runs and putting us ahead. If we could have maintained the lead, this victory would doubtlessly have been commemorated by a poem, such as "The Struggle in the Dark." However, this is irrelevant.

* * * *

Hahnemann College of Medicine visited our ball-yard, but were repulsed in goodly fashion by the uneven score of 15-3. Some unevenness, no doubt. Mr. Jack Ryan administered the unevenness by his masterful pitching.

* * * *

On May 2nd Notre Dame University came down from their South Bend rendezvous and gave a sample of their magnificent playing. Cold, rainy weather was responsible for eleven errors by Loyola. Suffice it to say, "*Venerunt, viderunt, vicerunt.*" What was the score, did you ask? Why, 15-3. Archie.

* * * *

Marquette University then became the ultimate goat for our warriors. Victory in baseball satisfied us for the football defeat. The boys were entertained lavishly in Milwaukee, and it was indeed hard to whack Marquette. But it had to be done. Quan's pitching and Gavin's batting and fielding aided considerably in the 7-2 victory.

And then, lo! Cometh St. Viateur's College with a certain Mr. Moynihan, who knocks us to the tune of 10-4. Jack Ryan, our pitcher, was decidedly off form, as was the rest of the team. We hit frequently but not in "bunches," and so we lost. Mr. Moynihan was a great factor in our defeat, as his 3 hits started us on the downward path.

* * * *

The St. Procopius game, before mentioned, was brilliantly contested throughout. Time and time again we stood in a fair way to win only to be shut off by the excellent work of Kubat, the star second baseman of the opposing team. The bases were filled with none out, in the ninth, yet only one run was scored. And "freedom shrieked again" as Kolpec, shortstop for Procopius, picked up Connelly's fast drive and snuffed out the last hope. The score was 6-4.

* * * *

Jack Ryan was the whole show in the game against Cathedral College. His fast ball was some fast, and his curve curved, and his drop drooped and droppeth. Eighteen strike-outs resulted from this kind of flinging. And when the proverbial, time-honored "smoke had cleared away," the scoreboard showed 4-3 in our favor.

* * * *

Up in Wisconsin, the home and the nursery of "Insurgency," there is a college surnamed Beloit, which hath a baseball team of goodly parts, which same infested our diamond some weeks ago. The goodliest game of the season ensued. It was delightful to behold, as phenomenal stops, sharp hitting and swell pitching (somewhat paradoxical) reigned throughout. Quan had a good day, allowing the enemy but one run, while we accumulated four. Rob Connelly distinguished himself by his good hitting.

* * * *

This is the history of the 1911 team. Some defeats and some splendid victories. We lost to good teams, in fact to some of the best in the state, and so defeat is not disgraceful. We might blame defeat to the cork-centered ball, as most major league managers do; but that would put us "in bad" with the Academy nine, who won most of their games. Furthermore, the cork-centered ball as an excuse would hardly suffice, as we did not use it, but rather stuck to that with a "gutta-percha" nucleus.

Seven games were played by the Academy, six of which resulted in victories. We believe that if the Academy nine were in the High School League, it would easily win the flag, as it dispatched the teams thereof with considerable eclat.

ACADEMY
TEAM. The best way to get a ball team is to train youngsters, and if the youngsters of this year remain at school, by the time they grow up they will—pshaw, what's the use of idle boasting and, besides, boasting uses up magazine space, the same as sensible statements.

The untiring interest and work of Manager Walter Wade have made the Academy team his lasting debtor. An acknowledgment is here made of the appreciation and thanks due him.

Lake High crossed bats with us at Sherman park, but sad to relate, they only crossed bats. Our boys were not so foolish, but crossed the plate twenty times to the opponent's twice. Consequently, we won. A team which scores twenty runs invariably beats one which scores two runs, so the above conclusion is silly. Quan pitched a masterful game.

Now came De La Salle from the sunny "South" side, and now went De La Salle with a 9-1 defeat. Quan once more did valiant work.

Maher pitched the next against Chicago Normals, and despite the fact that we used substitutes, we won by the score of 10-2. Maher struck out eleven of the foe.

Harvard School was the next victim of the "subs." A lively battle was waged, and Maher succeeded in finally quelling and squelching the enemy. 11-9 was the finale.*

Crane "Tech" handed us the only set-back of the year. It was wild, weird and woolly. 11-8 with St. Ignatius on the 8 end. Kreuger pitched for Crane and Deschenes for Loyola.

Lane "Tech," from the fashionable north side, was the next to be given a trimming. It was a general slugging match. 18-11 was the finale. Maher and Quan succeeded in holding the enemy below 18 and so we won again. Gavin, Noonan and Kiley starred at the bat for the Academy and Pollard, of Lane, proved himself a fine "Leland Giant."

[Editor's note: This is not Harvard University. Harvard School is at 47th Street, but the University is out of the city at present.]

McKinley gave us our final game. The pitcher for McKinley, Kresel, was pelted safely ten times for as many runs. Ergo, score: 10-1.

NOON
LEAGUES. In the Noon League, the Sophomores copped the pennant and the recreant Juniors did the Boston National act, while the Seniors and the Freshmen were go-betweens tied together. The league has been a success and has afforded a diversion for the pent-up students.*

In the Minor League, Second High C defeated Second High B.

A goodly crowd always watched the hotly contested games of the Junior League. First Commercialites won full honors though hard pushed by the team representing First High B.

*"Pent-up" is not meant as a criticism of the system of surrounding the students with a lofty wall. Far be it!

J. FRED REEVE, '12.

Exchanges

"A man must serve his time to every trade
Save censure; critics all are ready-made."

It is June—the month of brides and sheepskins. It is also the month of departures, and with its culmination, the ex-man must depart, and sorrowfully too, for he has found a deal of pleasure in his task of good-fellowship. He leaves it with the hope that his successor, whoever he be, will like it as well and fulfill it better, striving to elevate it to the prominence it deserves.

The May number of the *Fordham Monthly* furnishes some excellent fiction, two readable essays and one poem. "Bink's Terrific Encounter," a sketch portraying an inebriated individual, is really amusing, judiciously told, and (we conjecture) true to life. The author of "The Story of a MONTHLY. Scar" possesses a correct conception of short-story writing, for his tale was interesting as well as flawless in style. Superfluity of matter spoils "A Twentieth Century Proposal," which is good in the plot and in places cleverly presented. Inasmuch as we have touched elbows with "Amateur Theatricals," we found it a very instructive essay and one well worth the reading. The same cannot be said of "The Cost of Pleasure," as the writer takes too superficial a view of his subject. We have always maintained that the unnecessary introduction of slang or colloquialisms into literary compositions is highly improper and the latter essay is no exception. "To 1912" is a poem with well-chosen thought set in most impressive form. There is true sentiment appropriate to the season. We note that *Exchanges* in the *Fordham Monthly* receive all too meagre attention.

The standard of the *Mountaineer* is ever on the rise. "De Whip-poo'll," though a trifle strained in parts, has enough of the negro sentiment and rhythm to remind one of Frank Stanton's masterpieces. A simple, charming bit of THE MOUNTAINEER. verse is "Ad Sororculam," expressing a truly beautiful thought. Of the fiction, "A Midnight Adventure" is the best, as it is more mature in treatment than "A Bachelor's Party" or "A Bet Won." Sound sense, solid thought and fluent style characterize both the essays of the issue, a fact

which renders them more praiseworthy as '14 contributions. The usual balance of the *Mountaineer* is destroyed by an overabundance of fiction and a lack of verse.

The May *Buff and Blue* boasts only of two essays and a short story. Verse seems to be an unknown quantity in the college at Washington, D. C. "The Protective Water Works of THE BUFF NETHERLANDS" is commendable, treating of a rare subject AND BLUE. in an interesting manner. "The Cynic" is a profound effort, being what one might term Baconesque in its conciseness. A weird admixture of sense and nonsense is the composition of "A Modern Tale." The reader receives a sort of dazed impression of having waded deep in slang phrases and muddled situations. But one radical drawback in the makeup of the *Buff and Blue* is the annoying frequency of misspelled words. The fault lies either in the proofreader or the compositor and should be corrected. As a matter of fact, to be candid with the *Buff and Blue* as a college journal, we must state that there is a general lack of finish in the magazine. The editors would do well to look to this matter, as it is fatal to the standard of the paper.

St. Mary's Sentinel for May offers an essay, "The Character of Iago," that is a masterly piece of writing, with almost perfect structure, rich diction and original exposition of a well-ST. MARY'S worn theme. A close rival is "A Good Cause Makes SENTINEL. a Stout Heart," a brief but pregnant essay of the thoughtful kind. "Cicero as a Statesman and an Orator" is more of a biography than an essay. Though original, "Swat Milligan" and "The Adventures of a Coin" are somewhat too juvenile to be ranked among the good fiction. The writer of "A Bird of Paradise" strikes the true note of lightness and enthusiasm.

PHILIP J. CARLIN, '11.

The Saint Ignatius Collegian

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**NON
CIRCULATING**

